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THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

BY THE

AUTHORS AND ORATORS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

HENRY COPPEÉ, LL.D.,
EDITOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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THE CLASSIC AND THE BEAUTIFUL

FROM THE

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

EDITION OF 1895.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY CARSON & SIMPSON.

IN this progressive period, when University Extension is beginning its great work of promoting the education and refinement of all who choose to embrace its advantages, we have prepared this collection of literature, independent of that movement but in harmony with its plan, to aid in developing the admirable idea of extending the benefits of an education in Belles Lettres to the people as well as to the student. The work is intended to give to every reader of the family an opportunity of becoming familiar with the great writers of every age and every land, not confining this knowledge, as heretofore, to the favored son upon whom is conferred an expensive education.

In carrying out this enterprise the publishers have been so fortunate as to secure for the compilation of this work the services of that distinguished and cultured scholar, Professor Henry Coppée, who has devoted the greatest portion of his life to the study and teaching of literature. Dr. Coppée graduated at West Point, served with honor in the Mexican War, and afterward for years filled the chair of Belles Lettres at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was called to the same position at the Lehigh. Of Professor Coppée as an author little need be said, as his works are widely and favorably known: many of them are of an educational character, and some of them are used as text-books.

The design of the work is to embrace the whole field of literature, ancient and modern, giving choice selections from eminent Historians, Poets, Philosophers, Sages, Scientists, Travelers, Statesmen, Dramatists and Authors of all ages, and also from the celebrated writers of story and song.

The authors of our country and the best writers of England, Scotland and Ireland will be largely represented. Much space will also be devoted to translations from the French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and other modern tongues, thus affording facilities for becoming acquainted with the literature of Europe and the best results of culture and investigation in those fields.

The classics will also be largely represented—Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Plato, Juvenal, Seneca and many others—giving the most popular renderings.

Oriental literature will occupy a place in the present work. From the Chinese classics selections are given from Mih Teih, who flourished about 400 B. C., and who advocated as a cure for all human ills universal mutual love; Yen Hwuy (521 B. C.), who wished to aid some prince to establish a reign of universal peace; Mencius (371 B. C.) who,

maintained that man's nature was evil, but that he had only to learn and his nature would become good; and from the philosopher Seun (270 B. C.), a powerful reasoner, the John Calvin of those days, who took issue with Mencius and contended that man's nature was only evil. The student of literature, when comparing the theories of the worthies of those ancient days with the theories of the statesmen, philanthropists and philosophers of our own time, will find that as men differed then as to the best mode of curing or mitigating human ills, so men differ now. From the Chinese classics we have also the wisdom of their great teacher, of whom the Chinese say, "O Confucius, Confucius! before him there was none such, and after him there will come none like unto him."

India, the land of story and fable, rich in its ancient literature, presents to our readers choice selections from its sacred books, the Vedas, and its great poem of ages, the Mahabharata.

Asiatic literature is also represented by the famous writers of Palestine, the Koran of Mohammed and the wise maxims of that very ancient, world-renowned sage of Persia, Zoroaster.

Our columns are enriched from Africa by the authors of Egypt, the ancient storehouse of primitive literature, the once proud possessor of that lost treasury of knowledge, the Alexandrian Library. Cyrene, also of the Dark Continent, bequeaths to us the writings of Callimachus, and from her famous city of Carthage, once the rival of proud Rome, she gives us the eloquent address of Hannibal and the dramatic writings of Afer.

Australia and New Zealand present their valuable contributions from the writings of such authors as Charles Harper, the forefather of Australian poetry, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Garnet Walch and Mary Colborne Veel.

Moorish literature contributes the fiery, eloquent address of that hero, patriot and able general, Musa ben Abel Gazan, who defended Granada to the last against the army of Ferdinand, and then sacrificed his life in combat rather than submit to the conqueror; we have also from the same literature the tender, poetic lament of Sultana Morayma for her brave father, Ali Atar, who was killed, and her husband, Sultan Boabdil, who was taken prisoner, at the battle of Lucena, which was fought on the 21st of April, 1483, and in which the army of the Moors was almost annihilated. Cidi Caleb, a solitary horsemen, brought the sad news of defeat to Granada. The song of the royal minstrels, sung to comfort the Sultana, is also given.

Mexico before the advent of the white man presents us with some fine specimens of the literature of a partially civilized people. Selections will be found from the beautiful poems of Nezahualcoyoti, the poet-king of Tezcuco, whose capital has been called "The Athens of the Western World." Our columns will also contain selections from the same rich literature, gathered by that wonderful antiquarian linguist and historian, Bernardino de Sahagun.

While the work abounds with choice gems from the authors of ancient days, and while it also shows authorship of every century from twelve hundred years before Christ to our own times, and has choice selections from countries the literature of which is almost unknown to the general reader and is even but little known to many students, yet the editor has devoted the largest portion of the work to the productions of the distinguished

writers of civilized lands and of modern days. He has also introduced many pieces especially adapted to private and public readings.

The following ancient authors are represented in the work. The date before the author's name is the year in which he was born or flourished:

BEFORE CHRIST.

ZOROASTER, THE PERSIAN SAGE. Very ancient. Time he lived unknown. Aristotle, who was born 384 B. C., places him 6000 years before Plato, who lived 429 B. C. His disciples claim for him the invention of the wheel.

2357 YAOU, THE SAGE.
1600 MOSES, THE LAWGIVER.
1150 to 1200 ORPHEUS.
1033 SOLOMON.
1015 LOKMAN THE SAGE.
900 HOMER.
850 HESIOD.
740 ISAIAH, THE PROPHET.
685 TYRTÆUS.
665 PERIANDER.
650 PITTACUS.
640 THALES.
638 SOLON.
611 ALCÆUS.
600 ERINNA.
600 SAPPHO.
600 MUSÆUS.
600 CLEOBULUS.
600 ÆSOP.
570 BIAS.
563 ANACREON.
556 SIMONIDES.
556 CHILO or CHILON.
551 CONFUCIUS.
525 ÆSCHYLUS.
522 PINDAR.
521 YEN HWUY.
495 TZETZE.
495 SOPHOCLES.
484 HERODOTUS.
480 EURIPIDES.
471 THUCYDIDES.
470 KING ARCHIDAMUS.
468 SOCRATES.
445 XENOPHON.
444 ARISTOPHANES.
429 PLATO.
400 YANG CHOO.
400 MIH TEIH.
385 DEMOSTHENES.
384 ARISTOTLE.
371 MENCIUS.
342 MENANDER.
300 CLEANTHES.
280 BION.
272 THEOCRITUS.
270 SEUN (Philosopher).
256 CALLIMACHUS.
250 M. JUNIANUS JUSTINUS.
247 HANNIBAL.
235 APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.
204 POLYBIUS.
200 MOSCHUS.
195 PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER.
137 NICANDER.
108 LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILINE.
106 MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.
100 JULIUS CÆSAR.
96 MELEAGER.
95 TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS.
86 CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.
85 CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUST.
69 VIRGIL.
64 HORACE.
59 TITUS LIVIUS.
54 ALBIUS TIBULLUS.
52 SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS.
50 DIODORUS SICULUS.
50 MARCUS MANILIUS.
50 CALIDASA or KALIDASA.
43 OVID.
35 CAIUS PEDO ALBINOVANUS.
24 PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SEVERUS.
19 C. VALLEUS PATERCULUS.
7 LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

The following writers lived and wrote between the beginning of the first century and the close of the thirteenth century:

AFTER CHRIST.

23 PLINY (The Elder).
34 AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.
37 FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.
43 MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS.
50 PLUTARCH.
50 DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS.
52 EMPEROR TRAJAN.
55 CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.
61 PLINY (The Younger).
72 CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS.
120 LUCIAN.
172 FLAVIUS PHILOSTRATUS.
211 OPPIAN.
220 JEHUDA-HA NASSI.
250 RHIANUS.
264 EUSEBIUS PAMPHILUS.
310 DECIUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS.
322 AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.
350 QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS.
365 CLAUDIAN or CLAUDIUS.
400 RUFUS FESTUS AVIENUS.
460 NONNUS PANOPOLITES.
470 TRYPHIODORUS.
475 ANICIUS MANLIUS SAVARINUS BOETHIUS.
570 MOHAMMED or MAHOMET.
581 ABU-HAFSA-IBN-AL-KHETTAB OMAR.
600 THEBÆUS COLUTHUS.
600 MUSÆUS (The Grammarian).
640 CÆDMON.
671 EMPEROR TEN-JI.
680 EMPRESS JI-TO.
673 to 735 VENERABLE BEDE.
849 ALFRED THE GREAT.
940 FERDOUSEE or FERDUZI.
1020 MICHAEL CONSTANTINUS PSELLUS.
1056 SÆMUND (The Learned).
1077 CHAOU YUNG.
1157 RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.
1175 SADI.
1185 THOMAS OF CELANO.
1265 DANTE.
1280 ROBERT D. BRUNNE.
1300 MOHAMMED HAFIZ.

The above lists of writers and orators, who, with others also, are represented in the work, show a chain of authorship commencing in remote antiquity and extending down to the close of the thirteenth century. Literature began in very ancient times with occasional

writers belonging to different parts of the world, giving to the men of those days a light of knowledge whose faint rays scarcely penetrated that dark night of ignorance the canopy of which enveloped our race. As time moved on writers increased in number, until, between the sixth century B. C. and the fifth century A. D., there flourished a galaxy of authors and orators who for deep thought and beautiful expression have rarely been equaled in the history of literature. These great lights of learning gradually disappeared, leaving, from about the sixth until the close of the thirteenth century of our era, a dearth of letters. During this time the tide of human thought appeared to be rolling backward to that night of ages from which it sprang: only now and then some writer, like a star in a cloudy sky, loomed forth to shed a ray of knowledge upon a period of pitchy darkness. The close of the thirteenth century, however, gave one great name to literature—that of the poet Dante.

With the dawn of the fourteenth century thought commenced again to assert itself, and a new life of letters began which has steadily grown from that time to the present day.

The Editor has given the selections without comment, leaving it to his readers to consider speculative points for themselves. The thought, however, will occur to the reflecting mind, "Will there come another blight on knowledge, or will literature and science continue on their grand march of progress until ignorance and its offspring, superstition, shall be driven from the dark places of the world?"

The following writers and orators are a few of the many hundreds represented in our work who flourished between the fourteenth century and the present time:

1304 Francesco Petrarch.
1316 John Barbour.
1328 Geoffrey Chaucer.
1335 Franco Sacchetti.
1337 Sir John Froissart.
1436 Christopher Columbus.
1445 Philip de Comines.
1467 Desiderius Erasmus.
1469 Niccolo Macchiavelli.
1474 Ludovico Ariosto.
1490 Sir David Lindsay.
1492 Musa ben Abel Gazan.
1493 Sultana Morayma.
1495 Saa de Miranda.
1500 Bernardino de Sahagun.
1528 Antonio Ferreira.
1533 Don Alonzo Zuniga.
1547 Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.
1559 George Chapman.
1561 Sir Francis Bacon.
1562 Christopher Marlow.
1564 William Shakespeare.
1574 Ben Jonson.
1586 Francis Beaumont.
1601 Don Pedro de la Barca.
1612 Samuel Butler.
1618 Abraham Cowley.
1631 John Dryden.
1632 John Locke.
1642 Sir Isaac Newton.
1651 Thomas Otway.
1661 Daniel De Foe.
1667 Jonathan Swift.
1672 Joseph Addison.
1684 Bishop George Berkeley.
1688 Emanuel Swedenborg.
1688 Alexander Pope.
1694 Philip Dormer Stanhope (Chesterfield).
1703 Jonathan Edwards.
1706 Benjamin Franklin.
1709 Dr. Samuel Johnson.
1711 David Hume.
1723 Sir William Blackstone.
1728 Oliver Goldsmith.
1730 Edmund Burke.
1740 Junius.
1740 James Boswell.
1749 Count Vittorio Alfieri.
1749 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.
1754 Charles Maurice Talleyrand.
1757 Alexander Hamilton. [ler.
1759 Johann Christoph von Schil-
1759 Robert Burns.
1766 T. R. Malthus.
1767 John Quincy Adams.
1768 François Auguste Chateaubriand.
1769 Baron Cuvier.
1780 Pierre Jean de Béranger.
1785 Mahmoud II., Sultan.
1787 François Pierre Guizot.
1794 William Cullen Bryant.
1795 Thomas Carlyle.
1796 William H. Prescott.
1800 Thomas Babington Macaulay.
1800 Heinrich Heine.
1802 Victor Hugo.
1804 Baroness Dudevant.
1805 Edward Lytton Bulwer.
1807 Henry W. Longfellow.
1807 Louis Agassiz.
1807 Nathaniel Hawthorne.
1807 John Greenleaf Whittier.
1809 Oliver Wendell Holmes.
1812 Charles Dickens.
1814 John Lothrop Motley.
1817 David Livingstone.
1819 John Ruskin.
1820 Herbert Spencer.
1820 John Tyndall.
1823 Friedrich Max Muller.
1825 Thomas H. Huxley.
1826 Dom Pedro II. of Brazil.
1828 Jules Verne.
1834 C. H. Spurgeon.
1837 C. A. Swinburne.
1840 Henry M. Stanley.
1845 Will Carleton.
1855 Talhaiarn.

The work, we believe, will be not only instructive, but also interesting to the general reader. The field of literature represented is so large and so various that there will be selections in it suited to almost every taste. One author belongs to distant lands or ancient days; another represents the Middle Ages; while yet another, of our own country or of Europe, has reached distinction in our own days. The subjects treated and the styles of authorship also differ. From one writer we have an essay; from another a scientific or an historical article; while another is represented by a poem or a story,—thus yielding that variety which gives both pleasure and instruction.

In order to aid the student and the careful reader in the study of literature, we have thoroughly indexed the work. There is an index of contents for each volume, and at the end of the last volume an index of authors, of forty-one pages, double column, giving the places where the writers or orators were born, and the dates of their birth and death; also the titles of the selections taken from each one.

This index of itself furnishes a fund of most valuable information. More than fifteen hundred authors and orators are represented in the work, which will contain, when completed, over three thousand royal octavo pages.

To those who may desire to acquire a library this collection will be found very valuable, as through it they may become acquainted with numerous authors, and thus be enabled to select judiciously the writings of such as may suit their own taste and that of their family. To persons also who have not had an opportunity of becoming conversant with literature the work will be invaluable, as it will enable them, when in society, to converse intelligently on authors and authorship.

The following continents countries islands, ancient cities and ancient places are represented in this work:

Africa.	Carthage.	France.	Mexico.	South America.
Alexandria.	Castile.	Germany.	New Brunswick.	Spain.
America.	Central America.	Granada.	Newfoundland.	Sparta.
Andes.	China.	Greece.	New Zealand.	Stageira.
Aquinum.	Colonus.	Greenland.	Norway.	Sweden.
Arabia.	Corinth.	Hayti.	Nova Scotia.	Switzerland.
Arcadia.	Corsica.	Holland.	Palestine.	Syracuse.
Armenia.	Crete.	Hungary.	Persia.	Syria.
Asia.	Cuba.	Iceland.	Poland.	Tartary.
Asia Minor.	Cyprus.	India.	Portugal.	Tasmania.
Athens.	Cyrene.	Ionia.	Rhodes.	Tezcuco.
Attica.	Demerara,	Ireland.	Rome.	Thracia.
Australia.	(British Guiana.)	Italy.	Rugen.	Turkey.
Austria.	Denmark.	Japan.	Russia.	Umbria.
Bactria.	Egypt.	Jerusalem.	Salamis.	United States.
Belgium.	England.	Judea.	Sandwich Islands.	Vassus in the Troad
Bermuda.	Europe.	Lesbos.	Scotland.	Venusium.
Bohemia.	Fayal.	Lexa.	Servia.	Verona.
Burdigala.	Finland.	Lydia.	Sicily.	Wales.
Canada.	Flanders.	Mecca.	Smyrna.	West Indies.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

IN presenting this work, we desire to return our thankful acknowledgments to all the authors and publishers who have so kindly permitted the use of selections from their works and publications. In no case has our request been met with refusal.

We are indebted to Messrs. Putnam & Co. of New York for "Stratford-on-Avon," from the *Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving; to George Bancroft, Esq., and Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. for "Lexington and Concord," from Bancroft's *History of the United States*, and to Mr. William Everett and the same publishers for Edward Everett's Dudley Observatory speech on the "Uses of Astronomy;" to Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. for the translation of "The Convict and the Good Bishop" in their English version of Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

To Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston for the following pieces: "How the Old Horse Won the Bet" and "The Tread-Mill Song," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "The Day is Done" and "Hiawatha's Wooing," by H. W. Longfellow; "An Order for a Picture," "The Bridal-Veil," "Pictures of Memory," and "Coming Home," by Alice and Phœbe Carey; "Her Letter," "His Answer to 'Her Letter,'" and "The Society upon the Stanislaus," by Bret Harte; "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," by John Hay; "Lake Saratoga," by John G. Saxe; "Eternal Goodness" and "Barbara Frietchie," by J. G. Whittier; "The Silurian Beach," by Professor Louis Agassiz; "Repression," from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Little Foxes;* "Baby Bell," by T. B. Aldrich; "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "Longing," by James Russell Lowell; "Storm-Song," by Bayard Taylor.

To Messrs. Harper & Brothers for "Betsey and I are Out," "How Betsey and I Made Up," and "Gone with a Handsomer Man," from *Farm Ballads;* also "The First Settler's Story," by Will Carleton; a selection from *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ*, by Lew Wallace; "Through the Dark Continent," by Henry M. Stanley; translation of "Story of a Gun," from *'93*, by Victor Hugo; and for "What was It?" We also have to thank the executors of the late John Lathrop Motley and the same publishers for "The Fire-Ships," from *The History of the United Netherlands*.

We have availed ourselves of the courtesy of Mrs. Henry Armitt Brown by publishing "The Congress of 1774," an oration pronounced by her late distinguished husband in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, on the one hundreth anniversary of the first meeting of the First Continental Congress.

We feel ourselves under obligation, also, to the Baltimore Publishing Company for the following selections from the poems of Father Ryan: "Out of the Depths," "Rest," "Song of the Mystic," "Sword of Robert Lee" and "The Conquered Banner;" to the J. B. Lippincott Company for "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Read; "Mexican Mythology," from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, "The Battle of Nancy," from John Foster Kirk's *Charles the Bold*, and also for the poems "Outgrown" and "Margery Gray," by Miss Julia C. R. Dorr; to Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brother for "Farmer Brown," from *Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems*, and "The Battle of the Store," from *The Outcast, and Other Poems*—both by J. W. Watson; to Mr. Benson J. Lossing and his publisher, Henry Johnson, for "The Battle of New Orleans;" to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Pearl of the Philippians" and "The Stork and the Ruby," from the poems of Richard Henry Stoddard; to Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) for "Baden-Baden" and "The Centre of the Earth and the Tomb of Adam;" to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. for "Ismael Pacha," from *A Confederate Soldier in Egypt;* to Mrs. E. A. Allen (Elizabeth Akers) for "Rock Me to Sleep," "Loved too Late," "Skeletons" and "The Shadow;" to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for "The Church of St. Isaac's," from Loubat's *Narrative of the Mission to Russia of the Hon. G. A. Fox;* to Professor H. H. Boyesen and the Century Company for "Briar Rose," from *St. Nicholas;* to Mr. Charles E. Warburton of Philadelphia for his translation of "The Suttee," by Jules Verne; to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. and B. A. Hinsdale for the address made by the late President James A. Garfield at the Morse memorial celebration; to Mrs. U. S. Grant and her publishers, Charles L. Webster & Co., for "Appomattox Court-House," from *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant;* and to the Hon. George H. Boker for selections from his poetical works.

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THE USES OF ASTRONOMY.*

THE telescope may be likened to a wondrous Cyclopean eye endued with superhuman power, by which the astronomer extends the reach of his vision to the further heavens and surveys galaxies and universes compared with which the solar system is but an atom floating in the air. The transit may be compared to a measuring-rod which he lays from planet to planet and from star to star to ascertain and mark off the heavenly spaces and transfer them to his notebook. The clock is the marvellous apparatus by which he equalizes and divides into nicely-measured parts a portion of that unconceived infinity of duration, without beginning and without end, in which all existence floats as on a shoreless and bottomless sea.

In the contrivance and the execution of these instruments the utmost stretch of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity has been put forth. To such perfection have they been carried that a single second of magnitude or space is rendered a distinctly visible and appreciable quantity. "The arc of a circle," says Sir J. Herschel, "subtended by one second, is less than the two hundred thousandth part of the radius; so that on a circle of six feet in diameter it would occupy no greater linear extent than $\frac{1}{5700}$ part of an inch, a quantity requiring a powerful microscope to be discerned at all." The largest body in our system, the sun, whose real diameter is 882,000 miles, subtends, at a distance of 95,000,000 miles, but an angle of a little more than 32′; while so admirably are the best instruments constructed that both in Europe and America a satellite of Neptune, an object of comparatively inconsiderable diameter, has been discovered at a distance of 2,850,000,000 of miles.

The object of an observatory erected and supplied with instruments of this admirable construction and at proportionate expense is to provide for an accurate and systematic survey of the heavenly bodies, with a view to a more correct and extensive acquaintance with those already known, and, as instrumental power and skill in using it increase, to the discovery of bodies hitherto invisible, and in both classes of objects to the determination of their distances, their time of passing the meridian, their relations to each other and the laws which govern their movements.

Why should we wish to obtain this knowledge? What inducement is there to expend large sums of money in the erection of observatories, in furnishing them with costly instruments, and in the support of the men of science employed in making, discussing and recording, for successive generations,

* From a discourse delivered at Albany on occasion of the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, in that city, August 28, 1856.

these minute observations of the heavenly bodies? In an exclusively scientific treatment of this subject, an inquiry into its utilitarian relations would be superfluous—even wearisome. But on an occasion like the present you will not, perhaps, think it out of place if I briefly answer the questions, What is the use of an astronomical observatory? and What benefit may be expected from the operations of such an establishment in a community like ours?

In the first place, we derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory our only adequate measures of time and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers—clocks, watches and chronometers—however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfection of all machinery the work of human hands, and the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west it fails us. It will keep home-time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clockwork of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they, and not our mainsprings, our expansion-balances and our compensation-pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope,

> 'Tis with our watches as our judgments: none
> Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men, each upon their own meridian, from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies chime twelve at midnight—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary, thing which exists in the sense, the intellect or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Not only do we resort to the observation of the heavenly bodies for the means of regulating and rectifying our clocks, but the great divisions of day and month and year are derived from the same source. By the constitution of our nature the elements of our existence are closely connected with the celestial times. Partly by his physical organization, partly by the habit—second nature—of the race from the dawn of creation, man as he is and the times and seasons of the heavenly bodies are part and parcel of one system. The first great division of time,

the day-night (*nytchthemerum*, for which we have no precise synonym in our language), with its primal alternation of waking and sleeping, of labor and rest, is a vital condition of the existence of such a creature as man. The revolution of the year, with its various incidents of summer and winter and seedtime and harvest, is not less involved in all our social, material and moral progress. It is true that at the poles and on the equator the effects of these revolutions are variously modified or wholly disappear, but, as the necessary consequence, human life is extinguished at the poles, and on the equator attains only a languid or feverish development. Those latitudes only in which the great motions and cardinal positions of the earth exert a mean influence exhibit man in the harmonious expansion of his powers. The lunar period, which lies at the foundation of the month, is less vitally connected with human existence and development, but is proved by the experience of every age and race to be eminently conducive to the progress of civilization and culture.

But indispensable as are these heavenly measures of time to our life and progress, and obvious as are the phenomena on which they rest, yet, owing to the circumstance that in the economy of nature the day, the month and the year are not exactly commensurable, some of the most difficult questions in practical astronomy are those by which an accurate division of time applicable to the various uses of man is derived from the observation of the heavenly bodies. I have no doubt that to the supreme Intelligence which created and rules the universe there is a harmony, hidden to us, in the numerical relation to each other of days, months and years, but in our ignorance of that harmony their practical adjustment to each other is a work of difficulty. The great embarrassment which attended the reformation of the calendar after the error of the Julian period had in the lapse of centuries reached ten (or rather twelve) days sufficiently illustrates this remark. It is most true that scientific difficulties did not form the chief obstacle. Having been proposed under the auspices of the Roman pontiff, the Protestant world for a century or more rejected the new style. It was in various places the subject of controversy, collision and bloodshed. It was not adopted in England till nearly two centuries after its introduction at Rome, and in the country of the Struves and the Pulkova equatorial they persist at the present day, for civil purposes, in adding eleven minutes and twelve seconds to the length of the tropical year.

Connected with the use of astronomy in all determinations of time is its application to the purposes of history and chronology. The want of reliable historical eras has involved many portions of ancient history, especially Oriental history, in the greatest confusion. Almost the only events in very remote times of which the date can be ascertained with precision are those which can be referred to eclipses. Thus, the battle between the Lydian and the Median armies narrated by Herodotus is by the eclipse of the sun supposed to have been predicted by Thales ascertained to have happened on the 30th of September, 610 B. C. The delay of Nicias to embark from Sicily—a delay which proved "a sentence of death to the Athenian army" —was caused by an eclipse of the moon on the 27th of August, 413 B. C., and the date of Alexander's passage of the Tigris, before

the mighty battle of Arbela, is determined by a similar eclipse of the moon on the 20th of September, 331 B. C. These dates are ascertained by modern astronomy with as much precision as if they had happened yesterday, and without its aid no event in profane Oriental history as ancient as the seventh century before our Saviour could be fixed within a generation.

The second great practical use of an astronomical observatory is connected with the science of geography. The first page of the history of our continent illustrates this connection. Profound meditation on the sphericity of the earth was one of the main reasons which led Columbus to undertake his momentous voyage, and his thorough acquaintance with the astronomical science of that day was, in his own judgment, what enabled him to overcome the almost innumerable obstacles which attended its prosecution. In return, I find that Copernicus in the very commencement of his immortal work appeals to the discovery of America as completing the demonstration of the sphericity of the earth. Much of our knowledge of the figure, size, density and position of the earth as a member of the solar system is derived from this science, and it furnishes us the means of performing the most important operations of practical geography. Latitude and longitude, which lie at the basis of all descriptive geography, are determined by observation. No map deserves the name on which the position of important points has not been astronomically determined. Some even of our most important political and administrative arrangements depend upon the co-operation of this science. Among these I may mention the land-system of the United States and the determination of the boundaries of the country. I believe that till it was done by the federal government a uniform system of mathematical survey had never in any country been applied to an extensive territory. Large grants and sales of public land took place before the Revolution and in the interval between the peace and the adoption of the Constitution, but the limits of these grants and sales were ascertained by sensible objects—by trees, streams, rocks, hills—and by reference to adjacent portions of territory previously surveyed. The uncertainty of boundaries thus defined was a never-failing source of litigation. Large tracts of land in the Western country granted by Virginia under this old system of special and local survey were covered with conflicting claims, and the controversies to which they gave rise formed no small part of the business of the federal courts after their organization. But the adoption of the present land-system brought order out of chaos. The entire public domain is now scientifically surveyed before it is offered for sale; it is laid off into ranges, townships, sections and smaller divisions with unerring accuracy, resting on the foundation of base and meridian lines; and I have been informed that under this system scarce a case of contested location and boundary has ever presented itself in court. The general land-office contains maps and plans in which every quarter-section of the public land is laid down with mathematical precision. The superficies of half a continent is thus transferred in miniature to the bureaus at Washington, while the local land-offices contain transcripts of these plans, copies of which are furnished to the individual purchaser. When we consider the tide of

population annually flowing into the public domain and the immense importance of its efficient and economical administration, the utility of this application of astronomy will be duly estimated.

I will here venture to repeat an anecdote which I heard lately from a son of the late Hon. Timothy Pickering. Mr. Octavius Pickering, on behalf of his father, had applied to Mr. David Putnam of Marietta to act as his legal adviser with respect to certain land-claims in the Virginia military district in the State of Ohio. Mr. Putnam declined the agency. He had had much to do with business of that kind, and found it beset with endless litigation. "I have never," he adds, "succeeded but in a single case, and that was a location and survey made by General Washington before the Revolution, and I am not acquainted with any surveys, except those made by him, but what have been litigated."

Astronomical observation furnishes by far the best means of defining the boundaries of states when the lines are of great length and run through unsettled countries. Natural indications like rivers and mountains, however distinct in appearance, are in practice subject to unavoidable error. By the treaty of 1783 a boundary was established between the United States and Great Britain depending partly on the course of rivers and upon the highlands dividing the waters which flow into the Atlantic Ocean from those which flow into the St. Lawrence. It took twenty years to find out which river was the true St. Croix, that being the starting-point. England then having made the extraordinary discovery that the Bay of Fundy is not a part of the Atlantic Ocean, forty years more were passed in the unsuccessful attempt to recreate the highlands which this strange doctrine had annihilated, and just as the two countries were on the verge of a war the controversy was settled by compromise. Had the boundary been accurately described by lines of latitude and longitude, no dispute could have arisen. No dispute arose as to the boundary between the United States and Spain and her successor, Mexico, where it runs through untrodden deserts and over pathless mountains along the forty-second degree of latitude. The identity of rivers may be disputed, as in the case of the St. Croix; the course of mountain-chains is too broad for a dividing-line; the division of streams, as experience has shown, is uncertain; but a degree of latitude is written on the heavenly sphere, and nothing but an observation is required to read the record.

But the scientific element, like sharp instruments, must be handled with care. A part of our boundary between the British provinces ran upon the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and about forty years ago an expensive fortress was commenced by the government of the United States at Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, on a spot intended to be just within our limits. When the line came to be more carefully surveyed, the fortress turned out to be on the wrong side: we had been building a fortification for our neighbor. But in the general compromises of the Treaty of Washington by the Webster and Ashburton treaty of the 9th of August, 1842, the fortress was left within our limits.

Errors still more serious had nearly resulted a few years since in a war with Mexico. By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, of the 2d of February, 1848, the boun-

dary-line between the United States and that country was in part described by reference to the town of El Paso as laid down on a specified map of the United States, of which a copy was appended to the treaty. This boundary was to be surveyed and run by a joint commission of men of science. It soon appeared that errors of two or three degrees existed in the projection of the map. Its lines of latitude and longitude did not conform to the topography of the region; so that it was impossible to execute the text of the treaty. The famous Mesilla Valley was a part of the debatable ground, and the sum of ten millions of dollars paid to the Mexican government for that and for an additional strip of territory on the south-west was the smart-money which expiated the inaccuracy of the map—the necessary result, perhaps, of the want of good materials for its construction. Ten millions of dollars would have gone a good way toward the expense of a national observatory, and of a map of the continent constructed with entire accuracy.

It became my official duty in London a few years ago to apply to the British government for an authentic statement of their claim to jurisdiction over New Zealand. The official gazette of the 2d of October, 1840, was sent me from the foreign office as affording the desired information. This number of the gazette contained the proclamations issued by the lieutenant-governor of New Zealand "in pursuance of the instructions he had received from the marquess of Normanby, one of Her Majesty's principal secretaries of state," asserting the jurisdiction of his government over the islands of New Zealand, and declaring them to extend "from thirty-four degrees thirty minutes north to forty-seven degrees ten minutes south latitude." It is scarcely necessary to say that south latitude was intended in both instances. This error of sixty-nine degrees of latitude, which would have extended the claim of British jurisdiction over the whole breadth of the Pacific, had apparently escaped the notice of that government.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the great practical importance of accurate scientific designations drawn from astronomical observation in various relations connected with boundaries, surveys and other geographical purposes; but I must hasten to a third important department, in which the services rendered by astronomy are equally conspicuous. I refer to commerce and navigation. It is chiefly owing to the results of astronomical observation that modern commerce has attained such a vast expansion, compared with that of the ancient world. I have already reminded you that accurate astronomical notions contributed materially to the conception in the mind of Columbus of his immortal enterprise, and to the practical success with which it was conducted. It was mainly his skill in the use of astronomical instruments, imperfect as they were, which enabled him, in spite of the bewildering variations of the compass, to find his way across the ocean.

One of the first practical applications contemplated by Galileo of his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter was the use that might be made of them in ascertaining the longitude at sea. With the progress of the true system of the universe toward general adoption, this problem was the object of universal attention. It was the avowed object of the

foundation of the observatory at Greenwich, and no one subject has received more of the consideration of astronomers than those investigations of the lunar theory on which the requisite tables of the navigator are founded. The pathways of the ocean are marked out in the sky above; the eternal lights of the heavens are the only Pharos whose beams never fail, which no tempest can shake from its foundations. Within my recollection it was deemed a necessary qualification for the master and the mate of a merchant-ship, and even for a prime hand, to be able to "work a lunar," as it was called. The improvements in the chronometer have in practice to a great extent superseded this laborious operation, but observation remains, and unquestionably will for ever remain, the only dependence for ascertaining the ship's time and deducing the longitude from comparison of that time with the chronometer.

It may perhaps be thought that astronomical science is brought already to such a state of perfection that nothing more is to be desired, or at least that nothing more is attainable in reference to such practical applications as I have described. This, however, is an idea which generous minds will reject in this as in every other department of human knowledge. In astronomy, as in everything else, the discoveries already made, theoretical or practical, instead of exhausting the science or putting a limit to its advancement, do but furnish the means and instruments of further progress. I have no doubt we live on the verge of discoveries and inventions in every department as brilliant as any that have ever been made—that there are new truths, new facts, ready to start into recognition on every side—and it seems to me there never was an age since the dawn of time when men ought to be less disposed to rest satisfied with the progress already made than the age in which we live; for there never was an age more distinguished for ingenious research, for novel result and bold generalization.

That no further improvement is desirable in the means and methods of ascertaining the ship's place at sea, no one, I think, will from experience be disposed to assert. The last time I crossed the Atlantic I walked the quarter-deck with the officer in charge of the noble vessel on one occasion when we were driving along before a leading breeze and under a head of steam, beneath a starless sky, at midnight, at the rate, certainly, of ten or eleven miles an hour. There is something sublime, but approaching the terrible, in such a scene—the rayless gloom, the midnight chill, the awful swell of the deep, the dismal moan of the wind through the rigging, the all-but volcanic fires within the hold of the ship. I scarce know an occasion in ordinary life on which a reflecting mind feels more keenly its hopeless dependence on irrational forces beyond its own control. I asked my companion how nearly he could determine his ship's place at sea under favorable circumstances. "Theoretically," he answered, "I think, within a mile; practically and usually, within three or four." My next question was, "How near do you think we may be to Cape Race?" that dangerous headland which pushes its iron-bound unlighted bastions from the shore of Newfoundland far into the Atlantic, first landfall to the homeward-bound American vessel.*

* Since the voyage in question was made a lighthouse has been built on Cape Race.

"We must," said he, "by our last observations and reckonings, be within three or four miles of Cape Race." A comparison of these two remarks, under the circumstances in which we were placed at the moment, brought my mind to the conclusion that it is greatly to be wished that the means should be discovered of finding the ship's place more accurately, or that navigators would give Cape Race a little wider berth. Still, I do not remember that one of the steam-packets between England and America was ever lost upon that formidable point.

It appears to me by no means unlikely that with the improvement of instrumental power, and of the means of ascertaining the ship's time with exactness, as great an advance beyond the present state of art and science in finding a ship's place at sea may take place as was effected by the invention of the reflecting quadrant, the calculation of lunar tables and the improved construction of chronometers. In the wonderful versatility of the human mind, the improvement, when it takes place, will very probably be made by paths where it is least expected.

Whatever advances may be made in astronomical science, theoretical or applied, I am strongly inclined to think that they will be made in connection with an increased command of instrumental power. The natural order in which the human mind proceeds in the acquisition of astronomical knowledge is minute and accurate observation of the phenomena of the heavens, the skilful discussion and analysis of these observations and sound philosophy in generalizing the results. In pursuing this course, however, a difficulty presented itself which for ages proved insuperable, and which to the same extent has existed in no other science—namely, that all the leading phenomena are in their appearance delusive. It is indeed true that in all sciences superficial observation can only lead, except by chance, to superficial knowledge; but I know of no branch in which, to the same degree as in astronomy, the great leading phenomena are the reverse of true, while they yet appeal so strongly to the senses that sagacious philosophers in antiquity who could foretell eclipses and who discovered the precession of the equinoxes still believed that the earth was at rest in the centre of the universe, and that all the hosts of heaven performed a daily revolution about it as a centre.

It usually happens in scientific progress that when a great fact is at length discovered it approves itself at once to all competent judges. It furnishes a solution to so many problems and harmonizes with so many other facts that all the other data as it were crystallize at once about it. In modern times we have often witnessed such an impatience, so to say, of great truths to be discovered that it has frequently happened that they have been found out simultaneously by more than one individual. A disputed question of priority is an event of very common occurrence. Not so with the true theory of the heavens. So complete is the deception practised on the senses that it failed more than once to yield to the announcement of the truth, and it was only when the visual organs were armed with an almost preternatural instrumental power that the great fact found admission to the general mind.

It is supposed that in the very infancy of science Pythagoras or his disciples explained the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies about the earth by the diurnal revolution of the earth on its axis. But this theory, though bearing so deeply impressed upon it the great seal of truth, simplicity, was in such glaring contrast with the evidence of the senses that it failed of acceptance in antiquity or the Middle Ages. It found no favor with minds like those of Aristotle, Archimedes, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, or any of the acute and learned Arabian or mediæval astronomers. All their ingenuity and all their mathematical skill were exhausted in the development of a wonderfully complicated and ingenious but erroneous theory. The great master-truth, rejected for its simplicity, lay disregarded at their feet.

At the second dawn of science the great fact again beamed into the mind of Copernicus. Now, at least, in that glorious age which witnessed the invention of printing, the great mechanical engine of intellectual progress, and the discovery of America, we may expect that this long-hidden revelation, a second time proclaimed, will command the assent of mankind. But the sensible phenomena were still too strong for the theory; the glorious delusion of the rising and the setting sun could not be overcome. Tycho de Brahe furnished his observatory with instruments superior in number and quality to all that had been collected before, but the great instrument of discovery which, by augmenting the optic power of the eye, enables it to penetrate beyond the apparent phenomena and to discern the true constitution of the heavenly bodies was wanting at Uranienburg. The observations of Tycho, as discussed by Keppler, conducted that most fervid, powerful and sagacious mind to the discovery of some of the most important laws of the celestial motions, but it was not till Galileo, at Florence, had pointed his telescope to the sky that the Copernican system could be said to be firmly established in the scientific world.*

On this great name, my friends, assembled as we are to dedicate a temple to instrumental astronomy, we may well pause for a moment.

There is much in every way in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine-clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan, power, the flowery city (Fiorenza) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of mediæval structure; a majestic dome the prototype of St. Peter's; basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest of the dead; the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the campanile; the house of Michael Angelo, still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name, his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday; airy bridges which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span; the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to "enchant the world"—the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing can-

* It is another interesting coincidence of events in the year 1609 that Keppler's works *De Motu Martis* and *Astronomia Nova*, in which his two first laws are propounded, appeared in this year. I am indebted for this suggestion to Dr. B. A. Gould.

vas of Raphael and Titian; museums filled with medals and coins of every age from Cyrus the Younger, and gems and amulets and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans; libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature; gardens of rose and orange and pomegranate and myrtle; the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume,—such is Florence. But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory and the heart there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce, no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage passed the sad closing years of his life, the beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him, the eyes with which he had discovered worlds before unknown quenched in blindness:

"Ahimè! quegli occhi si son fatti oscuri,
Che vider più di tutti i tempi antichi,
E luce fur dei secoli futuri."

That was the house "where," says Milton —another of those of whom the world was not worthy—"I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking on astronomy otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought."* Great heavens! what a tribunal, what a culprit, what a crime! Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art—statues and paintings, and jewels and manuscripts, the admiration and the delight of ages—there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube a few feet in length, the work of his own hands—that very "optic glass" through which the "Tuscan artist" viewed the moon

"At evening from the top of Fesolé
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe;'

that poor little spyglass—for it is scarcely more—through which human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon, first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter and the seeming handles of Saturn, first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens, first pierced the clouds of visual error which from the creation of the world involved the system of the universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492—Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow—beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres

* Milton's prose works, vol. i. p. 313.

of the hempen cord of his kite that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the planet predicted by him was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right: *E pur si muove*—"It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. They may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye: it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spyglass: it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science with solemn acts of consecration shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

It is not my intention, in dwelling with such emphasis upon the invention of the telescope, to ascribe undue importance, in promoting the advancement of science, to the increase of instrumental power. Too much, indeed, cannot be said of the service rendered by its first application in confirming and bringing into general repute the Copernican system, but for a considerable time little more was effected by the wondrous instrument than the gratification of curiosity and taste by the inspection of the planetary phases and the addition of the rings and satellites of Saturn to the solar family. Newton, prematurely despairing of any further improvement in the refracting telescope, applied the principle of reflection, and the nicer observations now made no doubt hastened the maturity of his great discovery of the law of gravitation; but that discovery was the work of his transcendent genius and consummate skill.

With Bradley, in 1741, a new period commenced in instrumental astronomy—not so much of discovery as of measurement. The superior accuracy and minuteness with which the motions and distances of the heavenly bodies were now observed resulted in the accumulation of a mass of new materials both for tabular comparison and theoretical speculation. These materials formed the enlarged basis of astronomical science between Newton and Sir William Herschel. His gigantic reflectors introduced the astronomer to regions of space before unvisited, extended beyond all previous conception the range of the observed phenomena, and with it proportionably enlarged the range of constructive theory. The discovery of a new primary planet and its attendant satellites was but the first step of his progress into the labyrinth of the heavens. Contemporaneously

with his observations, the French astronomers, and especially La Place, with a geometrical skill scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of its great author, resumed the whole system of Newton and brought every phenomenon observed since his time within its laws. Difficulties of fact with which he struggled in vain gave way to more accurate observations, and problems that defied the power of his analysis yielded to the modern improvements of the calculus.

But there is no *ultima Thule* in the progress of science. With the recent augmentations of telescopic power, the details of the nebular theory, proposed by Sir W. Herschel with such courage and ingenuity, have been drawn in question. Many—most—of those milky patches in which he beheld what he regarded as cosmical matter, as yet in an unformed state, the rudimental material of worlds not yet condensed, have been resolved into stars as bright and distinct as any in the firmament. I well recall the glow of satisfaction with which, on the 22d of September, 1847—being then connected with the University at Cambridge—I received a letter from the venerable director of the observatory there beginning with these memorable words: "You will rejoice with me that the great nebula in Orion has yielded to the powers of our incomparable telescope. . . . It should be borne in mind that this nebula and that of Andromeda [which has been also resolved at Cambridge] are the last strongholds of the nebular theory."

But if some of the adventurous speculations built by Sir William Herschel on the bewildering revelations of his telescope have been since questioned, the vast progress which has been made in sidereal astronomy—to which, as I understand, the Dudley Observatory will be particularly devoted—the discovery of the parallax of the fixed stars, the investigation of the interior relations of binary and triple systems of stars, the theories for the explanation of the extraordinary, not to say fantastic, shapes discerned in some of the nebulous systems—whirls and spirals radiating through spaces as vast as the orbit of Neptune—the glimpses at systems beyond that to which our sun belongs,—these are all splendid results which may fairly be attributed to the school of Herschel, and will for ever ensure no secondary place to that name in the annals of science.

In the remarks which I have hitherto made I have had mainly in view the direct connection of astronomical science with the uses of life and the service of man. But a generous philosophy contemplates the subject in higher relations. It is a remark as old at least as Plato, and is repeated from him more than once by Cicero, that all the liberal arts have a common bond and relationship. The different sciences contemplate as their immediate object the different departments of animate and inanimate nature, but this great system itself is but one. Its various parts are so interwoven with each other that the most extraordinary relations and unexpected analogies are constantly presenting themselves, and arts and sciences seemingly the least connected render to each other the most effective assistance.

The history of electricity, galvanism and magnetism furnishes the most striking illustration of this remark. Commencing with the meteorological phenomena of our own atmosphere and terminating with the observation of the remotest heavens, it may

well be adduced on an occasion like the present. Franklin demonstrated the identity of lightning and the electric fluid. This discovery gave a great impulse to electrical research with little else in view but the means of protection from the thundercloud. A purely accidental circumstance led the physician Galvani, at Bologna, to trace the mysterious element under conditions entirely novel, both of development and application. In this new form it became in the hands of Davy the instrument of the most extraordinary chemical operations, and earths and alkalis, touched by the creative wire, started up into metals that float on water and kindle in the air. At a later period the closest affinities are observed between electricity and magnetism on the one hand, while on the other the relations of polarity are detected between acids and alkalis. Plating and gilding henceforth become electrical processes. In the last applications of the same subtle medium it has become the messenger of intelligence across the land and beneath the sea, and is now employed by the astronomer to ascertain the difference of longitudes, to transfer the beats of the clock from one station to another, and to record the moment of his observations with automatic accuracy. How large a share has been borne by America in these magnificent discoveries and applications among the most brilliant achievements of modern science will sufficiently appear from the repetition of the names of Franklin, Henry, Morse, Walker, Mitchel, Locke and Bond.

It has sometimes happened, whether from the harmonious relations to each other of the different departments of science or from rare felicity of individual genius, that the most extraordinary intellectual versatility has been manifested by the same person. Although Newton's transcendent talent did not blaze out in childhood, yet as a boy he discovered great aptitude for mechanical contrivance. His water-clock, self-moving vehicle and mill were the wonder of the village—the latter propelled by a living mouse. Sir David Brewster represents the accounts as differing whether the mouse was made to advance "by a string attached to its tail" or by "its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel." It seems more reasonable to conclude that the youthful discoverer of the law of gravitation intended, by the combination of these opposite attractions, to produce a balanced movement. It is consoling to the average mediocrity of the race to perceive in these sportive essays that the mind of Newton passed through the stage of boyhood. But, emerging from boyhood, what a bound it made as from earth to heaven! Soon after commencing Bachelor of Arts, at the age of twenty-four, he untwisted the golden and silver threads of the solar spectrum, simultaneously or soon after conceived the method of fluxions, and arrived at the elemental idea of universal gravity before he had passed to his Master's degree. Master of Arts, indeed! That degree, if no other, was well bestowed. Universities are unjustly accused of fixing science in stereotype. That diploma is enough of itself to redeem the honors of academical parchment from centuries of learned dulness and scholastic dogmatism.

But the great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as

the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system—the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power. How grand the conception of the ages on ages required for several of the secular equations of the solar system! of distances from which the light of a fixed star would not reach us in twenty millions of years! of magnitudes compared with which the earth is but a football! of starry hosts—suns like our own—numberless as the sands on the shore! of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces with a velocity compared with which the cannon-ball is a way-worn, heavy-paced traveller!

Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion a few weeks since to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night. The sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance, till at length, as we reached the blue hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand; but I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age and in the heart of

the Christian world there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

Numerous as are the heavenly bodies visible to the naked eye, and glorious as are their manifestations, it is probable that in our own system there are great numbers as yet undiscovered. Just two hundred years ago this year Huygens announced the discovery of one satellite of Saturn, and expressed the opinion that the six planets and six satellites then known, and making up the perfect number of *twelve*, composed the whole of our planetary system. In 1729 an astronomical writer came to the conclusion that there might be other bodies in our system, but that the limit of telescopic power had been reached and no further discoveries were likely to be made. The orbit of one comet only had been definitely calculated. Since that time the power of the telescope has been indefinitely increased; two primary planets of the first class, ten satellites and forty-three small planets (August, 1856), revolving between Mars and Jupiter, have been discovered; the orbits of six or seven hundred comets, some of brief period, have been ascertained; and it has been computed that hundreds of thousands of these mysterious bodies wander through our system. There is no reason to think that all the primary planets which revolve about the sun have been discovered. An indefinite increase in the number of asteroids may be anticipated; while, outside of Neptune, between our sun and the nearest fixed star, supposing the attraction of the sun to prevail through half the distance, there is room for ten more primary planets, succeeding each other at distances increasing in a geometrical ratio. The first of these will unquestionably be discovered as soon as the perturbations of Neptune shall have been accurately observed, and with maps of the heavens on which the smallest telescopic stars are laid down any one of them may be discovered much sooner.

But it is when we turn our observation and our thoughts from our own system to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the centre of a system as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns—centres of planetary systems—thousands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschel, in the account of his operations at the Cape of Good Hope, calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be distinctly counted in a twenty-foot reflector in both hemispheres. He adds, "That the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt." His illustrious father estimated on one occasion one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve million for the entire circuit of the heavens in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed into suns.

These stupendous calculations, however, form but the first column of the inventory of the universe. Faint white specks are

visible even to the naked eye of a practised observer in different parts of the heavens. Under high magnifying powers several thousands of such spots are visible—no longer, however, faint white specks, but many of them resolved by powerful telescopes into vast aggregations of stars, each of which may with propriety be compared with the Milky Way of our system. Many of these nebulæ, however, resisted the power of Sir William Herschel's great reflector, and were, accordingly, still regarded by him as masses of unformed luminous matter. This, till a few years since, was perhaps the prevailing opinion, and the nebular theory filled a large space in modern astronomical science. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector and the great refractors at Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulæ have given way; and the better opinion now is that every one of them is a galaxy like our own Milky Way, composed of millions of suns. In other words, we are brought to the bewildering conclusion that thousands of these misty specks, the greater part of them too faint to be seen by the naked eye, are, not each a universe like our solar system, but each a "swarm" of universes of unappreciable magnitude. The mind sinks overpowered by the contemplation. We repeat the words, but they no longer convey distinct ideas to the understanding.

But these conclusions, however vast their comprehension, carry us but another step forward in the realms of sidereal astronomy. A proper motion in space of our sun and of the fixed stars, as we call them, has long been believed to exist; their vast distances only prevent its being more apparent. The great improvement which has taken place in instruments of measurement within the last generation has not only established the existence of this motion, but has pointed to the region in the starry vault around which our whole solar and stellar system, with its myriad of attendant planetary worlds, appears to be performing a mighty revolution. If, then, we assume that outside of the system to which we belong, and in which our sun is but a star like Aldebaran or Sirius, the different nebulæ of which we have spoken, thousands of which spot the heavens, constitute each a distinct family of universes, we must, following the guide of analogy, attribute to each of them also, beyond all the revolutions of their individual attendant planetary systems, a great revolution comprehending the whole; while the same course of analogical reasoning would lead us still farther onward, and in the last analysis require us to assume a transcendental connection between all these mighty systems—a universe of universes, circling round in the infinity of space and preserving its equilibrium by the same laws of mutual attraction which bind the lower worlds together.

It may be thought that conceptions like these are calculated rather to depress than to elevate us in the scale of being—that, banished as he is by these contemplations to a corner of creation and there reduced to an atom, man sinks to nothingness in this infinity of worlds. But a second thought corrects the impression. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire awe, but not abasement. Mind and matter are incommensurable. An immortal soul, even while clothed in "this muddy vesture of de-

cay," is in the eye of God and reason a purer essence than the brightest sun that lights the depths of heaven. The organized human eye, instinct with life and spirit, which, gazing through the telescope, travels up to the cloudy speck in the handle of Orion's sword and bids it blaze forth into a galaxy as vast as ours, stands higher in the order of being than all that host of luminaries. The intellect of Newton, which discovered the law that holds the revolving worlds together, is a nobler work of God than a universe of universes of unthinking matter.

If, still treading the loftiest paths of analogy, we adopt the supposition—to me, I own, the grateful supposition—that the countless planetary worlds which attend these countless suns are the abodes of rational beings like men, instead of bringing back from this exalted conception a feeling of insignificance, as if the individuals of our race were but poor atoms in the infinity of being, I regard it, on the contrary, as a glory of our human nature that it belongs to a family, which no man can number, of rational natures like itself. In the order of being they may stand beneath us or they may stand above us; he may well be content with his place who is made "a little lower than the angels."

Finally, my friends, I believe there is no contemplation better adapted to awaken devout ideas than that of the heavenly bodies —no branch of natural science which bears clearer testimony to the power and wisdom of God than that to which you this day consecrate a temple. The heart of the ancient world, with all the prevailing ignorance of the true nature and motions of the heavenly orbs, was religiously impressed by their survey. There is a passage in one of those admirable philosophical treatises of Cicero, composed in the decline of life as a solace under domestic bereavement and patriotic concern at the impending convulsions of the state, in which, quoting from some lost work of Aristotle, he treats the topic in a manner which almost puts to shame the teachings of Christian wisdom:

"Nobly does Aristotle observe that if there were beings who had always lived under ground in convenient—nay, magnificent—dwellings adorned with statues and pictures, and everything which belongs to prosperous life, but who had never come above ground—who had heard, however, by fame and report, of the being and power of the gods—if at a certain time, the portals of the earth being thrown open, they had been able to emerge from those hidden abodes to the regions inhabited by us; when suddenly they had seen the earth, the seas and the sky, had perceived the vastness of the clouds and the force of the winds, had contemplated the sun, his magnitude and his beauty, and still more his effectual power, that it is he who makes the day by the diffusion of his light through the whole sky; and when night had darkened the earth should then behold the whole heavens studded and adorned with stars, and the various lights of the waxing and waning moon, the risings and the settings of all those heavenly bodies, and their courses fixed and immutable in all eternity,—when, I say, they should see these things, truly they would believe that there are gods, and that these so great things are their works."

There is much by day to engage the attention of the observatory—the sun, his apparent motions, his dimensions, the spots on

his disc—to us the faint indications of movements of unimagined grandeur in his luminous atmosphere—a solar eclipse, a transit of the inferior planets, the mysteries of the spectrum, all phenomena of vast importance and interest; but night is the astronomer's accepted time: he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest. A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life; terrestrial objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts. There they shine and there they move as they moved and shone to the eyes of Newton and Galileo, of Keppler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus; yea, as they moved and shone when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. All has changed on earth, but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plough passes over the site of mighty cities, the homes of powerful nations are desolate, the languages they spoke are forgotten; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us, the same eclipses run their steady cycle, the same equinoxes call out the flowers of spring and send the husbandman to the harvest, the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began, and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star and constellation and galaxy, still bear witness to the power, the wisdom and the love of Him who placed them in the heavens and upholds them there.

EDWARD EVERETT.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC SCHOPIN.

THIS artist, whose parents were French, was born in the German town of Lubeck on the 12th of June, 1804, and at an early age became a pupil of Baron Gros. His painting of "Achilles pursued by the Hunters" took the grand prize at Paris in 1831. He was a most industrious and prolific worker, and enjoys a greater reputation abroad than in this country, where few, if any, of his pieces have been brought. Among his best works are "The Last Moments of the Cenci," "Charles IX. signing the Edict of the St. Bartholomew," "The Martyrs of Cilicia," "Jesus and the Virgin appearing to St. Francis of Assisi," "Laban receiving Jacob," "The First Interview of Jacob and Rachel," several subjects from Eugene Sue's *Mystères de Paris*, and a few battle-pieces of the Napoleonic wars.

SELECTIONS FROM DIODORUS SICULUS, THE HISTORIAN OF THE FIRST AGES OF THE WORLD.

EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

THERE be two opinions of the first generation of men amongst those excellent and learned persons which have written the true nature and history of things. Some of them say that the world is incorruptible and was not made, and that mankind hath been from all times without original or beginning. Others maintain to the contrary, that it is corruptible and was made, and that men at first were produced by generation. For at the beginning of all things both the heaven and the earth had one only essence and form, their natures being confounded together, and that afterward, the bodies and elements being separated the one from the other, the world took the form and order wherein now we see it.

In the beginning men sought their meat in the fields and led a rude and savage life; that the herbs and the trees of themselves furnished them with that which was necessary for their living, and that the wild beasts were afterward enemies to men, who to resist them and for their common benefit began out of fear of them to assemble together in companies, giving mutual succor to each other and seeking up and down safe places for their habitation and abode. Now, the sound of their voices was at that time confused and not intelligible, but within a while they made a separation and distinction of their voices, and called everything by its proper name. And, forasmuch as they were then abiding in divers parts of the world, they did not all of them use one and the same language, whence it followed that they had also different characters of letters. And thus were these first assemblies the true beginning of every people and nation. Howbeit these first men, having neither succor nor aid from elsewhere, led a hard and miserable life, in regard they were naked, without the use of houses or fire, seeking their daily meat from hand to mouth, as they that had not the knowledge of keeping their wild fruits for their future use, nor reserving them for the time of need, whence it happened that in winter many of them died through famine or cold. But finally, taught by experience, they began to seek out dens and caves, both to shelter them from cold and therein also to store up their fruits. Having gotten, then, the knowledge of fire and of other necessary and profitable things, they found out also within a while many other commodities for a humane life, which in time necessity itself, the inventress of all things, made known by degrees to the understanding of men.

DISCOVERY OF THE USE OF CORN.

Osiris, having married Isis and taken the kingdom upon him, invented many things serving for the use and sustentation of life, and by his good understanding and virtue gave an end to the slaughters which men made of one another for meat and victuals; for Isis having first of all found out the use of wheat and barley, which before unknown grew by chance amongst other herbs, and Osiris having discovered the great benefit that redounded to them which did eat of that grain, all men began to use that food, as well for the sweetness of it as for that it seemed very commodious to them for taking away the cause of so many promiscuous cruelties and inhumanities. And these priests of Egypt do moreover allege (to demonstrate that Isis was the inventor of the grain) how it hath been observed by them from all antiquities, and is still at this present, that the reapers do in summer gather an handful of the ripest ears, thereof to make an oblation to the goddess, invoking the said Isis and rendering her the honor of that invention.

ISIS' LAW OF MARRIAGE.

In that time the Egyptians made a law against the common custom of the other nations whereby every man was permitted to take his sister to wife, after the example of Osiris, that married his sister Isis, who after his decease never married again; but, having thoroughly revenged the murder of her said husband, she reigned justly all her lifetime, and by her many benefits to the people so obliged them as ever since a

queen is more honored and reverenced in Egypt than a king. And there is to this day among the common sort the wife is master over the husband, the men confessing, when they assign a dowry to their wives, that they are bound to obey their pleasure.

THE EPITAPH OF ISIS.

I am not ignorant that some historians have written how the sepulchres of these two gods are in the town of Nysa, in Arabia, and that there is in that place for each of them a pillar erected whereon are sacred letters engraven, and on that of Isis is that which followeth written:

"Isis I am, of Egypt mighty Queen—
So mighty as more mighty ne'er was seen;
From Mercurie much knowledge I attain'd:
The Laws which were so well by me ordained
Let none dare abrogate. The wife am I
Of great Osiris, famed both far and nigh.
I was the first found out the use of corn
King Orus was of me, his mother, born,
Next to the Dog my star is brightly sphear'd;
Bubastia's Town was in my honor rear'd,
Be joyful, Egypt, then, O joyful be,
For that I, Isis, was brought up in thee."

Done into English by H. C. GENT.

THE CIRCUIT.

FROM "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

I WAS always well mounted: I am fond of a horse, and always piqued myself on having the fastest trotter in the province. I have made no great progress in the world; I feel doubly, therefore, the pleasure of not being surpassed on the road. I never feel so well or so cheerful as on horseback, for there is something exhilarating in quick motion, and, old as I am, I feel a pleasure in making any person whom I meet on the way put his horse to the full gallop to keep pace with my trotter. Poor Ethiope! you recollect him—how he was wont to lay back his ears on his arched neck and push away from all competition. He is done, poor fellow! The spavin spoiled his speed, and he now roams at large upon "my farm at Truro." Mohawk never failed me till this summer. I pride myself—you may laugh at such childish weakness in a man of my age, but still I pride myself—in taking the conceit out of coxcombs I meet on the road, and on the ease with which I can leave a fool behind whose nonsense disturbs my solitary musings.

On my last journey to Fort Lawrence, as the beautiful view of Colchester had just opened unto me, and as I was contemplating its richness and exquisite scenery, a tall thin man with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes, on a good bay horse somewhat out of condition, overtook me, and, drawing up, said,

"I guess you started early this morning, sir?"

"I did, sir," I replied.

"You did not come from Halifax, I presume, sir, did you?" in a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genuine Yankee. "And which way may you be travelling?" asked my inquisitive companion.

"To Fort Lawrence."

"Ah!" said he; "so am I: it is in my circuit."

The word "circuit" sounded so professional I looked again at him to ascertain whether I had ever seen him before, or whether I had met with one of those nameless but innumerable limbs of the law who now flourish in every district of the province. There was a keenness about his eye and an acuteness of expression much in favor of the law, but the dress and gen-

eral bearing of the man made against the supposition. His was not the coat of a man who can afford to wear an old coat, nor was it one of Tempests & More's, that distinguish country lawyers from country boobies. His clothes were well made and of good materials, but looked as if their owner had shrunk a little since they were made for him; they hung somewhat loose on him. A large brooch and some superfluous seals and gold keys which ornamented his outward man looked New-England like. A visit to the States had perhaps, I thought, turned this Colchester beau into a Yankee fop. Of what consequence was it to me who he was? In either case I had nothing to do with him, and I desired neither his acquaintance nor his company. Still, I could not but ask myself, "Who can this man be?"

"I am not aware," said I, "that there is a court sitting at this time at Cumberland."

"Nor am I," said my friend.

What, then, could he have to do with the circuit? It occurred to me he must be a Methodist preacher. I looked again, but his appearance again puzzled me. His attire might do: the color might be suitable, the broad brim not out of place; but there was a want of that staidness of look, that seriousness of countenance—that expression, in short—so characteristic of the clergy.

I could not account for my idle curiosity—a curiosity which in him I had the moment before viewed both with suspicion and disgust, but so it was: I felt a desire to know who he could be who was neither lawyer nor preacher, and yet talked of his circuit with the gravity of both. "How ridiculous," I thought to myself, "is this! I will leave him." Turning toward him, I said I feared I should be late for breakfast, and must therefore bid him good-morning. Mohawk felt the pressure of my knees, and away we went at a slapping pace. I congratulated myself on conquering my own curiosity and on avoiding that of my travelling companion. "This," I said to myself—"this is the value of a good horse." I patted his neck; I felt proud of him. Presently I heard the steps of the unknown's horse; the clatter increased. "Ah, my friend," thought I; "it won't do! You should be well mounted if you desire my company." I pushed Mohawk faster, faster, faster—to his best. He outdid himself; he had never trotted so handsomely, so easily, so well.

"I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse," said the stranger as he came beside me and apparently reined in to prevent his horse passing me; "there is not, I reckon, so spry a one on my circuit."

Circuit or no circuit, one thing was settled in my mind: he was a Yankee, and a very impertinent Yankee too. I felt humbled; my pride was hurt, and Mohawk was beaten. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

"Yes," continued he, "a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty fair trotter, too, I guess."

Pride must have a fall; I confess mine was prostrate in the dust. These words cut me to the heart. What! is it come to this, poor Mohawk, that you, the admiration of all but the envious, the great Mohawk, the standard by which all other horses are measured, trots next to Mohawk, only yields to Mohawk, looks like Mohawk—that you are, after all, only a counterfeit, and pronounced

by a straggling Yankee to be merely a pretty fair trotter?

"If he was trained, I guess that he might be made do a little more. Excuse me; but if you divide your weight between the knee and the stirrup—rather most on the knee—and rise forward on the saddle, so as to leave a little daylight between you and it, I hope I may never ride this circuit again if you don't get a mile more an hour out of him."

"What! Not enough," I mentally groaned, "to have my horse beaten, but I must be told that I don't know how to ride him, and that, too, by a Yankee? Ay, there's the rub! A Yankee what? Perhaps a half-bred puppy, half Yankee, half Bluenose. As there is no escape, I'll try to make out my riding-master."

"Your circuit," said I, my looks expressing all the surprise they were capable of—"your circuit? Pray what may that be?"

"Oh," said he, "the eastern circuit; I am on the eastern circuit, sir."

"I have heard," said I, feeling that I now had a lawyer to deal with, "that there is a great deal of business on this circuit. Pray, are there many cases of importance?"

"There is a pretty fair business to be done—at least, there has been—but the cases are of no great value; we do not make much out of them. We get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit."

"What a beast!" thought I, "is this! and what a curse to a country to have such an unfeeling, pettifogging rascal practising in it! A horse-jockey, too! What a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business."

"That is a superior animal you are mounted on," said I; "I seldom meet one that can travel with mine."

"Yes," said he, coolly, "a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom."

I hesitated; this man who talks with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases and making profit out of them cannot be offended at the question. Yes, I will put it to him:

"Do you feel an inclination to part with him?"

"I never part with a horse, sir, that suits me," said he; "I am fond of a horse. I don't like to ride in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose."

"Is it possible," I thought, "that he can know me—that he has heard of my foible and is quizzing me—or have I this feeling in common with him?"

"But," continued I, "you might supply yourself again."

"Not on this circuit, I guess," said he, "nor yet in Campbell's circuit."

"'Campbell's circuit'? Pray, sir, what is that?"

"That," said he, "is the western; and Lampton rides the shore circuit. And, as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses that Lampton tells me a man from Aylesford once sold a hornless ox there whose tail he had cut and nicked for a horse of the Goliath breed."

"I should think," said I, "that Mr. Lampton must have no lack of cases among such enlightened clients."

"'Clients,' sir!" said my friend. "Mr. Lampton is not a lawyer."

"I beg pardon; I thought you said he rode the circuit?"

"We call it a circuit," said the stranger.

who seemed by no means flattered. "We divide the province, as in the almanac, into circuits, in each of which we separately carry on our business of manufacturing and selling clocks. There are few, I guess," said the clockmaker, "who go upon tick as much as we do who have so little use for lawyers; if attorneys could wind a man up again after he has been fairly run down, I guess they'd be a pretty harmless sort of folks."

This explanation restored my good-humor, and, as I could not quit my companion and he did not feel disposed to leave me, I made up my mind to travel with him to Fort Lawrence, the limit of his circuit.

JUDGE THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

MRS. MAYTON INTERVIEWED.

THE course of Budge's interview with Mrs. Mayton was related by that lady as follows:

She was sitting in her own room (which was on the parlor floor and in the rear of the house), and was leisurely reading *Fated to be Free*, when she accidentally dropped her glasses. Stooping to pick them up, she became aware that she was not alone. A small, very dirty, but good-featured boy stood before her, his hands behind his back and an inquiring look in his eyes.

"Run away, little boy," said she. "Don't you know it isn't polite to enter rooms without knocking?"

"I'm looking for my uncle," in most melodious accents, "an' the other ladies said you would know when he would come back."

"I'm afraid they were making fun of you —or me," said the old lady, a little severely. "I don't know anything about little boys' uncles. Now, run away, and don't disturb me any more."

"Well," continued Budge, "they said your little girl went with him and you'd know when she would come back."

"I haven't any little girl," said the old lady, her indignation at a supposed joke threatening to overcome her dignity. "Now, go away."

"She isn't a *very* little girl," said Budge, honestly anxious to conciliate—"that is, she's bigger'n I am—but they said you was her mother, an' so she's your little girl, isn't she? I think she's lovely, too."

"Do you mean Miss Mayton?" asked the lady, thinking she had a possible clue to the cause of Budge's anxiety.

"Oh yes; that's her name. I couldn't think of it," eagerly replied Budge. "An' ain't she *awful* nice? I know she is."

"Your judgment is quite correct, considering your age," said Mrs. Mayton, exhibiting more interest in Budge than she had heretofore done. "But what makes you think she is nice? You are rather younger than her male admirers usually are."

"Why, my uncle Harry told me so," replied Budge, "an' he knows everything."

Mrs Mayton grew vigilant at once, and dropped her book:

"Who is your uncle Harry, little boy?"

"He's Uncle Harry; don't you know him? He can make nicer whistles than my papa can. An' he found a turtle—"

"Who is your papa?" interrupted the old lady.

"Why, he's papa. I thought everybody knew who *he* was."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Mayton.

"John Burton Lawrence," promptly answered Budge.

Mrs. Mayton wrinkled her brows for a moment, and finally asked,

"Is Mr. Burton the uncle you are looking for?"

"I don't know any Mr. Burton," said Budge, a little dazed; "uncle is mamma's brother, an' he's been livin' at our house ever since mamma an' papa went off visitin', an' he goes ridin' in our carriage, an'—"

"Humph!" remarked the lady, with so much emphasis that Budge ceased talking. A moment later she said, "I didn't mean to interrupt you, little boy; go on."

"An' he rides with just the loveliest lady that ever was. He thinks so, an' I know she is. An' he 'spects her."

"What?" exclaimed the old lady.

"'Spects her, I say; that's what he says. *I* say 'spect means just what I call 'love.' 'Cos if it don't, what makes him give her hugs an' kisses?"

Mrs. Mayton caught her breath, and did not reply for a moment. At last she said,

"How do you know he gives her hugs and kisses?"

"'Cos I saw him the day Toddie hurt his finger in the grass-cutter. An' he was so happy that he bought me a goat-carriage next morning; I'll show it to you if you come down to our stable, an' I'll show you the goat too. An' he bought—"

Just here Budge stopped, for Mrs. Mayton put her handkerchief to her eyes. Two or three moments later she felt a light touch on her knee, and, wiping her eyes, saw Budge looking sympathetically into her face.

"I'm awful sorry you feel bad," said he. "Are you 'fraid to have your little girl ridin' so long?"

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Mayton, with great decision.

"Well, you needn't be," said Budge, "for Uncle Harry's awful careful an' smart."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," exclaimed the lady.

"I guess he is, then," said Budge, "'cos he's everything he ought to be. He's awful careful. T'other day, when the goat ran away, an' Toddie an' me got in the carriage with them, he held on to her tight, so she couldn't fall out."

Mrs. Mayton brought her foot down with a violent stamp.

"I know you'd 'spect him if you knew how nice he was," continued Budge. "He sings awful funny songs an' tells splendid stories."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the angry mother.

"They ain't no nonsense at all," said Budge. "I don't think it's right for to say that, when his stories are always about Joseph, an' Abraham, an' Moses, an' when Jesus was a little boy, an' the Hebrew children, an' lots of people that the Lord loved. An' he's awful 'fectionate, too."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Mayton.

"When we says our prayers, we prays for the nice lady what he 'spects, an' he likes us to do it," continued Budge.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Mayton.

"'Cos he always kisses us when we do it, an' that's what my papa does when he likes what we pray."

Mrs. Mayton's mind became absorbed in

earnest thought, but Budge had not said all that was in his heart:

"An' when Toddie or me tumbles down an' hurts ourselves, 'tain't no matter what Uncle Harry's doin', he runs right out an' picks us up an' comforts us. He frowed away a cigar the other day, he was in such a hurry when a wasp stung me, an' Toddie picked the cigar up an' ate it, an' it made him awful sick."

The last-named incident did not affect Mrs. Mayton deeply—perhaps on the score of inapplicability to the question before her. Budge went on:

"An' wasn't he good to me to-day? Just 'cos I was forlorn 'cos I hadn't nobody to play with, an' wanted to die an' go to heaven, he stopped shavin', so as to comfort me."

Mrs. Mayton had been thinking rapidly and seriously, and her heart had relented somewhat to the principal offender.

"Suppose," said she, "that I don't let my little girl go riding with him any more?"

"Then," said Budge, "I know he'll be awful, awful unhappy; an' I'll be awful sorry for him, 'cos nice folks oughtn't to be made unhappy."

"Suppose, then, that I do let her go," said Mrs. Mayton.

"Then I'll give you thousands of kisses for being so good to my uncle," said Budge; and, assuming that the latter course would be the one adopted by Mrs. Mayton, Budge climbed into her lap and began at once to make payment.

"Bless your dear little heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayton; "you're of the same blood, and it *is* good, if it *is* rather hasty."

JOHN HABBERTON.

ANCIENT CASTLES.

MOSS-GROWN and gray, behold yon mould'ring walls,
Time-honored castle, in whose bannered halls
Were wont to meet the beautiful and brave,
Now names forgotten, and their homes the grave,
The falling towers now hastening to decay,
The ruined fastness of a feudal day.
There, on the dais raised above the throng,
The baron sate to list the minstrel's song;
Cold, vast and comfortless the vaulted room,
Few flickering lamps broke in upon the gloom;
Rushes fresh plucked were strewed upon the floor,
And dogs whipt out could rush beneath the door.
Fair dames were seen in ermined robes to freeze;
No stoves dispersed a mitigated breeze;
The cow'ring bloodhounds crouched beneath their feet,
And hawks together nestling kept their seat,
Whilst the old harper, now grown hoarse and hoary,
Sang the old song that told his patron's glory.
From unwashed mouths that took a lingering sup
To maiden lips was passed the undainty cup;
Menials on either side, an ill-trained pack,
Drained the strong ale from out the huge black jack.
Rude as the times they lived in, and unfit
For modern ears, their ill-imagined wit,
Coarse in expression, boisterous and loud,
Were the old feasts whereof our sires were proud.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL.

SELECTIONS FROM "SACONTALÁ," AN INDIAN DRAMA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSCRIT OF CALIDASA.

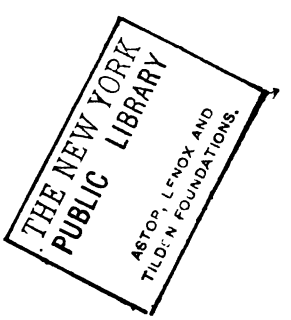
O GOD OF LOVE.

MY heart can no more return to its former placid state than water can reascend the steep down which it has fallen. O god of Love, how can thy darts be so keen, since they are pointed with flowers? Yes, I discover the reason of their keenness: they are tipped with the flames which the wrath of Hara kindled, and which blaze at this moment like the Bárava fire under the waves. How else couldst thou, who wast consumed even to ashes, be still the inflamer of our souls? By thee and by the moon, though each of you seems worthy of confidence, we lovers are cruelly deceived. They who love as I do ascribe flowery shafts to thee and cool beams to the moon with equal impropriety, for the moon sheds fire on them with her dewy rays and thou pointest with sharp diamonds those arrows which seem to be barbed with blossoms. Yet this god, who bears a fish on his banners and who wounds me to the soul, will give me real delight if he destroy me with the aid of my beloved, whose eyes are large and beautiful as those of a roe. O powerful divinity, even when I thus adore thy attributes, hast thou no compassion? Thy fire, O Love, is fanned into a blaze by a hundred of my vain thoughts. Does it become thee to draw thy bow even on thy ear, that the shaft, aimed at my bosom, may inflict a deeper wound?

THE TIME OF THE NIGHT.

I am ordered by the venerable Canna, who is returned from the place of his pilgrimage, to observe the time of the night, and am, therefore, come forth to see how much remains of it. On one side the moon, who kindles the flowers of the Oshadhí, has nearly sunk in his western bed, and on the other the sun, seated behind his charioteer Arun, is beginning his course. The lustre of them both is conspicuous when they rise and when they set, and by their example should men be equally firm in prosperous and in adverse fortune. The moon has now disappeared, and the night-flower pleases no more; it leaves only a remembrance of its odor and languishes like a tender bride whose pain is intolerable in the absence of her beloved. The ruddy morn impurples the dewdrops on the branches of yonder Vadarí; the peacock, shaking off sleep, hastens from the cottages of hermits interwoven with holy grass; and yonder antelope, springing hastily from the place of sacrifice, which is marked with his hoofs, raises himself on high and stretches his graceful limbs. How is the moon fallen from the sky with diminished beams!—the moon, who had set his foot on the head of Suméru, king of mountains, and had climbed, scattering the rear of darkness, even to the central palace of Vishnu. Thus do the great men of this world ascend with extreme labor to the summit of ambition, but easily and quickly descend from it.

Translation of SIR WILLIAM JONES.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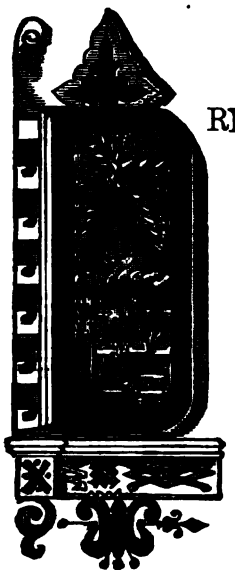
P. Krämer, artist.

THOMAS MOORE.



DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh, woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers played,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her, "Which might pass?"
She answered, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold-mines;
But oh, the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere:
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.*

GO feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

* These beautiful and touching verses were written by a young lady in reply to a friend who had called her a monomaniac on the subject of temperance.

Go stand where I have stood
And see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing a drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight a drunkard's child.

Go hear and see and feel and know
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow:
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try
If all proclaimed, "'Tis drink and die."
Tell me I hate the bowl;
"Hate" is a feeble word:
I loathe—abhor; my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see or hear or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell. ANON.

THE LIFE-BOOK.

WRITE, mother, write!
A new unspotted book of life before thee,
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages
The first few characters, to live in glory
Or live in shame through long unending ages.
Write, mother, write!
Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter;
The lot is on thee: nerve thee, then, with care;
A mother's tracery time may never alter:
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.
Write, mother, write!

Write, father, write!
Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,
And write immortal actions for thy son;
Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion
Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone.
Write, father, write!
Leave on his life-book a fond father's blessing
To shield him 'mid temptation, toil and sin,
And he shall go to glory's field possessing
Strength to contend and confidence to win.
Write, father, write!

Write, sister, write!
Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy.
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears:
No bud of sweet affection, howe'er lowly,
But planted here will bloom in after years.
Write, sister, write!
Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing,
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours;
He may not pause: he must be up and doing
Whilst thou sittst idly dreaming among flowers.
Write, sister, write!

Write, brother, write!
Strike a bold blow upon those kindred pages.
Write, "Shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go;
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages,
We will defy the battle and the foe."
Write, brother, write!
"We who have trodden boyhood's path together
Beneath the summer's sun and winter's sky—
What matter if life brings us some foul weather?
We may be stronger than adversity."
Write, brother, write!

Fellow-immortal, write!
One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other—
And all mankind are brethren: thus 'tis spoken;
And whoso aids a sorrowing, struggling brother
By kindly word or deed or friendly token
Shall win the favor of our heavenly Father,
Who judges evil and rewards the good,
And who hath linked the race of man together
In one vast, universal brotherhood.
Fellow-immortal, write!

HOME JOURNAL.

THE SCHOLAR.

MY days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years—
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity,
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching. Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead—
All lovely tales that we have heard or read,
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heavens' brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour. No! Even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast
That whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

JOHN KEATS.

MOLLIE MEADE.

A STORY WITH TWO SIDES.

I.

"COME right in! How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and have a light."
"Well, old boy, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night?"
"Didn't dance: the German's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead.
Awful bore! But where were you?"
"Sat it out with Mollie Meade:
Jolly little girl she is.
Said she didn't care to dance—
'D rather have a quiet chat;
Then she gave me such a glance!
So, when you had cleared the room
And had captured all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs:
I was on the lower step,
Mollie on the next above—
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to draw off her glove.
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life,
Said my sole salvation must
Be a true and gentle wife;
Then, you know, I used my eyes.
She believed me—every word;
Almost said she loved me. Jove!
Such a voice I never heard!
Gave me some symbolic flower;
Had a meaning—oh, so sweet!
Don't know what it is, I'm sure:
Must have dropped it in the street.
How I spooned! And she— Ha! ha!
Well, I know it wasn't right,
But she did believe me so
That I—kissed her. Pass a light."

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John Keats-

II.

"Mollie Meade! Well, I declare!
Who'd have thought of seeing you
After what occurred last night
Out here on the Avenue?
Oh, you awful, awful girl!
There! Don't blush: I saw it all."
"Saw all what?" "Ahem! Last night,
At the Mathers', in the hall."
"Oh, you horrid! Where were you?
Wasn't he an awful goose?
Most men must be caught, but he
Ran his neck right in the noose.
I was almost dead to dance—
I'd have done it if I could—
But old Gray said I must stop,
And I promised ma I would;
So I looked up sweet and said
That I'd rather talk with him.
Hope he didn't see my face:
Luckily, the lights were dim.
And then how he squeezed my hand!
And he looked up in my face
With his lovely great big eyes;
Really, it's a dreadful case.
He was all in earnest, too;
But I thought I'd have to laugh
When he kissed the flower I gave,
Looking—oh, like such a calf!
I suppose he has it now
In a wine-glass on his shelves.
It's a mystery to me
Why men will deceive themselves.
Saw him kiss me! Oh, you wretch!
Well, he begged so hard for one,
And I thought there'd no one know;
So I let him—just for fun.
I know it was not really right
To trifle with his feelings, dear,
But men are such conceited things
They need a lesson once a year."

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest:
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky;
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle-home
Leave thee naked to laughter
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

THE TEMPLE.

From the Works of Flavius Josephus.

HIRAM, king of Tyre, when he had heard that Solomon succeeded to his father's kingdom, was very glad of it, for he was a friend of David's. So he sent ambassadors to him and saluted him, and congratulated him on the present happy state of his affairs. Upon which Solomon sent him an epistle, the contents of which here follow:

SOLOMON TO KING HIRAM.

"Know thou that my father would have built a temple to God, but was hindered by wars and continual expeditions, for he did not leave off to overthrow his enemies till he made them all subject to tribute. But I give thanks to God for the peace I at present enjoy, and on that account I am at leisure and design to build a house to God, for God foretold to my father that such a house should be built by me; wherefore I desire thee to send some of thy subjects with mine to Mount Lebanon to cut down timber; for the Sidonians are more skilful than our people in cutting of wood. As for wages to the hewers of wood, I will pay whatsoever price thou shalt determine."

When Hiram had read this epistle, he was pleased with it, and wrote back this answer to Solomon:

HIRAM TO KING SOLOMON.

"It is fit to bless God that he hath committed thy father's government to thee, who art a wise man and endowed with all virtues. As for myself, I rejoice at the condition thou art in, and will be subservient to thee in all that thou sendest to me about; for when by my subjects I have cut down many and large trees of cedar and cypress wood, I will send them to sea, and will order my subjects to make floats of them, and to sail to what place soever of thy country thou shalt desire, and leave them there, after which thy subjects may carry them to Jerusalem; but do thou take care to procure us corn for this timber, which we stand in need of, because we inhabit in an island."

The copies of these epistles remain at this day, and are preserved not only in our books, but among the Tyrians also; insomuch that if any one would know the certainty about them, he may desire of the keepers of the public records of Tyre to show him them, and he will find what is there set down to agree with what we have said. I have said so much out of a desire that my readers may know that we speak nothing but the truth, and do not compose a history out of some plausible relations which deceive men and please them at the same time, nor attempt to avoid examination, nor desire men to believe us immediately; nor are we at liberty to depart from speaking truth, which is the proper

commendation of a historian, and yet to be blameless. But we insist upon no admission of what we say unless we be able to manifest its truth by demonstration and the strongest vouchers.

Now, King Solomon, as soon as this epistle of the king of Tyre was brought him, commended the readiness and good-will he declared therein, and repaid him in what he desired, and sent him yearly twenty thousand cori of wheat and as many baths* of oil. Now, the bath is able to contain seventy-two sextaries. He also sent him the same measure of wine. So the friendship between Hiram and Solomon hereby increased more and more, and they swore to continue it for ever. And the king appointed a tribute to be laid on all the people of thirty thousand laborers, whose work he rendered easy to them by prudently dividing it among them, for he made ten thousand cut timber in Mount Lebanon for one month, and then to come home, and to rest two months, until the time when the other twenty thousand had finished their task at the appointed time; and so afterward it came to pass that the first ten thousand returned to their work every fourth month. And it was Adoram who was over this tribute. There were also of the strangers who were left by David, who were to carry the stones and other materials, seventy thousand; and of those that cut the stones, eighty thousand. Of these, three thousand and three hundred were rulers over the rest. He also enjoined them to cut out large stones for the foundations of the temple, and that they should fit them and unite them together in the mountain, and so bring them to the city. This was done, not only by our own country workmen, but by those workmen whom Hiram sent also.

* Bath, a Hebrew measure of seven and a half gallons.

OF THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

Solomon began to build the temple in the fourth year of his reign, on the second month, which the Macedonians call *Artemisius*, and the Jews *Jur*, five hundred and ninety-two years after the exodus out of Egypt, but one thousand and twenty years from Abraham's coming out of Mesopotamia into Canaan; and after the Deluge one thousand four hundred and forty years; and from Adam, the first man who was created, until Solomon built the temple, there had passed in all three thousand one hundred and two years. Now, that year on which the temple began to be built was already the eleventh year of the reign of Hiram, but from the building of Tyre to the building of the temple there had passed two hundred and forty years.

Now, therefore, the king laid the foundations of the temple very deep in the ground, and the materials were strong stones and such as would resist the force of time: these were to unite themselves with the earth and become a basis and a sure foundation for that superstructure which was to be erected over it. They were to be so strong in order to sustain with ease those vast superstructures and precious ornaments, whose own weight was to be not less than the weight of those other high and heavy buildings which the king designed to be very ornamental and magnificent. They erected its entire body, quite up to the roof, of white stone: its height was sixty cubits, and its length was the same, and its breadth twenty. There was another building erected over it, equal

to it in its measures; so that the entire altitude of the temple was a hundred and twenty cubits. Its front was to the east. As to the porch, they built it before the temple. Its length was twenty cubits, and it was so ordered that it might agree with the breadth of the house; and it had twelve cubits in latitude, and its height was raised as high as a hundred and twenty cubits. He also built round about the temple thirty small rooms, which might include the whole temple by their closeness one to another, and by their number and outward position round it. He also made passages through them, that they might come into one through another. Every one of these rooms had five cubits in breadth and the same in length, but in height twenty. Above these were other rooms, and others above them, equal both in their measures and number; so that these reached to a height equal to the lower part of the house, for the upper part had no buildings about it. The roof that was over the house was of cedar, and truly every one of these rooms had a roof of their own that was not connected with the other rooms; but for the other parts there was a covered roof common to them all, and built with very long beams that passed through the rest and through the whole building, that so the middle walls, being strengthened by the same beams of timber, might be thereby made firmer; but, as for that part of the roof that was under the beams, it was made of the same materials, and was all made smooth, and had ornaments proper for roofs, and plates of gold nailed upon them; and as he enclosed the walls with boards of cedar, so he fixed on them plates of gold which had sculptures upon them; so that the whole temple shined, and dazzled the eyes of such as entered by the splendor of the gold that was on every side of them. Now, the whole structure of the temple was made, with great skill, of polished stones, and those laid together so very harmoniously and smoothly that there appeared to the spectators no sign of any hammer or other instrument of architecture, but as if, without any use of them, the entire materials had naturally united themselves together, that the agreement of one part with another seemed rather to have been natural than to have arisen from the force of tools upon them. The king also had a fine contrivance for an ascent to the upper room over the temple, and that was by steps in the thickness of its wall; for it had no large door on the east end, as the lower house had, but the entrances were by the sides, through very small doors. He also overlaid the temple, both within and without, with boards of cedar, that were kept close together by thick chains, so that this contrivance was in the nature of a support and a strength to the building.

Now, when the king had divided the temple into two parts, he made the inner house of twenty cubits [every way], to be the most secret chamber, but he appointed that of forty cubits to be the sanctuary; and when he had cut a door-place out of the wall, he put therein doors of cedar and overlaid them with a great deal of gold that had sculptures upon it. He also had veils of blue and purple and scarlet and the brightest and softest of linen, with the most curious flowers wrought upon them, which were to be drawn before those doors. He also dedicated for the most secret place, whose breadth was twenty cubits and the length the same, two cherubims of

solid gold; the height of each of them was five cubits. They had each of them two wings stretched out as far as five cubits; wherefore Solomon set them up not far from each other, that with one wing they might touch the southern wall of the secret place, and with another the northern. Their other wings, which joined to each other, were a covering to the ark, which was set between them; but nobody can tell, or even conjecture, what was the shape of these cherubims. He also laid the floor of the temple with plates of gold, and he added doors to the gate of the temple agreeable to the measure of the height of the wall, but in breadth twenty cubits, and on them he glued gold plates; and, to say all in one word, he left no part of the temple, neither internal nor external, but what was covered with gold. He also had curtains drawn over these doors, in like manner as they were drawn over the inner doors of the most holy place; but the porch of the temple had nothing of that sort.

Now, Solomon sent for an artificer out of Tyre whose name was Hiram. He was by birth of the tribe of Naphtali, on the mother's side (for she was of that tribe), but his father was Ur, of the stock of the Israelites. This man was skilful in all sorts of work, but his chief skill lay in working in gold, in silver and brass; by whom were made all the mechanical works about the temple, according to the will of Solomon. Moreover, this Hiram made two [hollow] pillars, whose outsides were of brass, and the thickness of the brass was four fingers' breadth, and the height of the pillars was eighteen cubits,* and their circumference twelve cubits; but there was cast with each of their chapiters lily-work that stood upon the pillar, and it was elevated five cubits, round about which there was network interwoven with small palms made of brass and covered with lily-work. To this also were hung two hundred pomegranates in two rows. The one of these pillars he set at the entrance of the porch on the right hand, and called it *Jachin;* and the other at the left hand, and called it *Boaz.*

Solomon also cast a brazen sea, the figure of which was that of an hemisphere. This brazen vessel was called *a sea* for its largeness, for the laver was ten feet in diameter and cast of the thickness of a palm. Its middle part rested on a short pillar that had ten spirals round it, and that pillar was ten cubits in diameter. There stood round about it twelve oxen that looked to the four winds of heavens, three to each wind, having their hinder parts depressed, so that the hemispherical vessel might rest upon them, which itself was also depressed round about inwardly. Now, this sea contained three thousand baths.

He also made ten brazen bases for so many quadrangular lavers; the length of every one of these bases was five cubits, and the breadth four cubits, and the height six cubits. This vessel was partly turned, and was thus contrived: There were four small quadrangular pillars that stood one at each corner; these had the sides of the base fitted to them on each quarter; they were parted into three parts; every interval had a border fitted to support [the laver], upon which was engraven, in one place a lion, and in another place a bull and an eagle. The small pillars had

* The sacred cubit of the Hebrews was twenty-one inches; the ordinary cubit is but eighteen inches.

the same animals engraven that were engraven on the sides. The whole work was elevated and stood upon four wheels, which were also cast, which had also naves and felloes and were a foot and a half in diameter. Any one who saw the spokes of the wheels—how exactly they were turned and united to the sides of the bases, and with what harmony they agreed to the felloes —would wonder at them. However, their structure was this: Certain shoulders of hands stretched out held the corners above, upon which rested a short spiral pillar, that lay under the hollow part of the laver, resting upon the fore part of the eagle and the lion, which were adapted to them, insomuch that those who viewed them would think they were of one piece; between these were engravings of palm trees. This was the construction of the ten bases. He also made ten large round brass vessels, which were the lavers themselves, each of which contained forty baths; for it had its height four cubits, and its edges were as much distant from each other. He also placed these lavers upon the ten bases that were called *Mechonoth*, and he set five of the lavers on the left side of the temple, which was that side toward the north wind, and as many on the right side, toward the south, but looking toward the east; the same [eastern] way he also set the sea. Now, he appointed the sea to be for washing the hands and the feet of the priests when they entered into the temple and were to ascend the altar, but the lavers to cleanse the entrails of the beasts that were to be burnt-offerings, with their feet also.

He also made a brazen altar, whose length was twenty cubits, and its breadth the same, and its height ten, for the burnt offerings. He also made all its vessels of brass; the pots and the shovels and the basins, and besides these the snuffers and the tongs, and all its other vessels, he made of brass, and such brass as was in splendor and beauty like gold. The king also dedicated a great number of tables, but one that was large and made of gold, upon which they set the loaves of God; and he made ten thousand more that resembled them, but were done after another manner, upon which lay the vials and the cups. Those of gold were twenty thousand; those of silver were forty thousand. He also made ten thousand candlesticks, according to the command of Moses, one of which he dedicated for the temple, that it might burn in the daytime, according to the law; and one table with loaves upon it, on the north side of the temple, over against the candlestick; for this he set on the south side, but the golden altar stood between them. All these vessels were contained in that part of the holy house which was forty cubits long, and were before the veil of that most secret place wherein the ark was to be set.

The king also made pouring-vessels, in number eighty thousand, and a hundred thousand golden vials, and twice as many silver vials; of golden dishes, in order therein to offer kneaded fine flour at the altar, there were eighty thousand, and twice as many of silver. Of large basins also, wherein they mixed fine flour with oil, sixty thousand of gold, and twice as many of silver. Of the measures like those which Moses called the *hin* and the *assaron* (a tenth deal) there were twenty thousand of gold and twice as many of silver. The golden censers, in which they carried the incense to the altar, were twenty thousand; the other censers, in

which they carried fire from the great altar to the little altar, within the temple, were fifty thousand. The sacerdotal garments which belong to the high priest, with the long robes and the oracle and the precious stones, were a thousand; but the crown upon which Moses wrote [the name of God] was only one, and hath remained to this very day. He also made ten thousand sacerdotal garments of fine linen, with purple girdles, for every priest; and two hundred thousand trumpets, according to the command of Moses; also two hundred thousand garments of fine linen for the singers that were Levites; and he made musical instruments, and such as were invented for singing of hymns, called *nablæ* and *cinyræ* [psalteries and harps], which were made of electrum [the finest brass], forty thousand.

Solomon made all these things for the honor of God, with great variety and magnificence, sparing no cost, but using all possible liberality in adorning the temple; and these things he dedicated to the treasures of God. He also placed a partition round about the temple, which in our tongue we call *gison*, but it is called *thrigcos* by the Greeks, and he raised it up to the height of three cubits; and it was for the exclusion of the multitude from coming into the temple, and showing that it was a place that was free and open only for the priests. He also built beyond this court a temple the figure of which was that of a quadrangle, and erected for it great and broad cloisters; this was entered into by very high gates, each of which had its front exposed to one of the [four] winds and were shut by golden doors. Into this temple all the people entered that were distinguished from the rest by being pure and observant of the laws, but he made that temple which was beyond this a wonderful one indeed, and such as exceeds all description in words—nay, if I may so say, is hardly believed upon sight; for when he had filled up great valleys with earth, which on account of their immense depth could not be looked on, when you bended down to see them, without pain, and had elevated the ground four hundred cubits, he made it to be on a level with the top of the mountain on which the temple was built, and by this means the outmost temple, which was exposed to the air, was even with the temple itself. He encompassed this also with a building of a double row of cloisters, which stood on high upon pillars of native stone, while the roofs were of cedar, and were polished in a manner proper for such high roofs; but he made all the doors of this temple of silver.

When King Solomon had finished these works, these large and beautiful buildings, and had laid up his donations in the temple, and all this in the interval of seven years, and had given a demonstration of his riches and alacrity therein, insomuch that any one who saw it would have thought it must have been an immense time ere it could have been finished, and [would be surprised] that so much should be finished in so short a time—short, I mean, if compared with the greatness of the work—he also wrote to the rulers and elders of the Hebrews, and ordered all the people to gather themselves together to Jerusalem, both to see the temple which he had built and to remove the ark of God into it; and when this invitation of the whole body of the people to come to Jerusalem was everywhere carried abroad, it was the seventh month before they came together; which

month is by our countrymen called *Thisri*, but by the Macedonians *Hyperberetæus*. The feast of tabernacles happened to fall at the same time, which was kept by the Hebrews as a most holy and most eminent feast. So they carried the ark and the tabernacle which Moses had pitched, and all the vessels that were for ministration to the sacrifices of God, and removed them to the temple.

WILLIAM WHISTON.

COMFORT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM "HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES."

IF the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A. D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are specially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses.

If we compare this account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honor of the earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the North—not at the same period, for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient, but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement—we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling, but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

In the construction of farmhouses and cottages, especially the latter, there have probably been fewer changes, and those it would be more difficult to follow. Cottages in England seem to have generally consisted of a single room, without division of stories. Chimneys were unknown in such dwellings till the early part of Elizabeth's reign, when a very rapid and sensible improvement took place in the comforts of our yeomanry and cottagers.

HENRY HALLAM.

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be stolen from you; it cannot be bought or sold. You may be poor and the sheriff come into your house and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow or take your lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds.

I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose, now, that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor anything that shone in the black brow of night, and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world. Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come one by one to you and light each his lamp by yours; would they rob you of any light? Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can."

The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps which I have given you was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable; and whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a-burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted. ELIHU BURRITT.

REQUIEM.

LOWLY, shining head, where we lay thee down
With the lowly dead, droop thy golden crown!
Meekly, marble palms, fold across the breast,
Sculptured in white calms of unbreaking rest!
Softly, starry eyes, veil your darkened spheres,
Nevermore to rise in summer-shine or tears!
Calmly, crescent lips, yield your dewy rose
To the wan eclipse of this pale repose!
Slumber, aural shells! No more dying Even
Through your spiral cells weaveth gales of heaven.
Stilly, slender feet, rest from rosy rhyme,
With the ringing sweet of her silver chime!
Holy smile of God, spread the glory mild
Underneath the sod on this little child!

JULIA R. MCMASTERS.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

IN DIALECT.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault:
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family-vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a Palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old Mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE.

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

SHE has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
She has counted six, and over,
Of a purse well filled and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time," for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip;
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling,
With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
From her eyelids rising and falling;
Speaks common words with a blushful air;
Hears bold words unreproving;
But her silence says what she never will swear,
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady, lean to the night-guitar
And drop a smile to the bringer,
Then smile as sweetly when he is far
At the voice of an indoor singer.
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes,
Glance lightly on their removing,
And join new vows to old perjuries,
But dare not call it loving.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death,"—
Oh fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past,—
Oh never call it loving!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

MY life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, his hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when years went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
In grief unnamed, untold;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision, pure and bright
There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may—and weave I must—
That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
What more then, can be said?

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

FONTENOY.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed,
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst
The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
The bloody duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try;
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;
Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill,
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy as through a furnace-blast,
Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava-tide French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell and grape and round-shot pour: still on they marched and fired;
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock; not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod; King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed: "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish: there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes.
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown;
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy as, halting, he commands:
"Fix bayonets!" "Charge!" Like mountain-storm rush on these fiery bands.
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show:
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face the battle-wind,
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men behind.
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza:
"Revenge! Remember Limerick! Dash down the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel: 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled:
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand: the field is fought and won.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

THE TWO ARMIES; OR, A BOY'S REVERIE OVER AN OLD PICTURE.

WHAT shall I be?
I'd like to be a soldier strong and tall,
Like grandpapa, drawn in the picture here;
And be the first to hear the trumpet's call,
And be the first to scale the castle-wall.

But then, you see,
The worst of it is this: mamma, poor dear!—
Just because these brave fighters sometimes fall—
Won't hear about this soldiering at all.

Papa's a clergyman,
And nobody's one half as good as he,
Nor ever was, I think, since time began—
No, and I don't believe will ever be:
I know mamma thinks so,
And that's the reason partly, I dare say,

She hopes with all her heart her boy some day
Will lead the people in his father's way.
And when I tell her, "No,
I want to be a soldier—meet the foe,"
She says (and dear old auntie just the same)
That there's a soldier's service nobler far,
With surer triumph and a grander fame,
Than any fighting in an earthly war—
Great battles that no eye has ever seen
'Gainst foes more fierce than men have ever been,
And that a clergyman does wear a sword
As captain in the armies of the Lord.

I think I know what she and auntie mean,
And like to hear them tell of it, but still
I should like a sword that I can see,
Like grandpapa's, and wield it in my hand,
Just as he's painted here upon the hill,
While all the soldiers charge at his command.
That's just how I should like to look—so grand.

Oh dear! oh dear! I don't know what to do!
I shouldn't worry if I only knew;
But now it's quite a burden on my mind,
Because in both directions I'm inclined.
I'd like to be a good man like papa,
And, best of all, it would so please mamma;
But then I want to fight like grandpapa.
Still mamma whispers as I bow to pray,
"'Tis nobler far to save than 'tis to slay:
Heaven's glory's endless; earth's, but of a day."

S. J. Stone.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

HO, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear!
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin:
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window-panes:
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass:
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

CURSED with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast,
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume;
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat,
Felt Heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound,
And now the spot he seems to tread
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend,
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

OH, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian—
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger
That honorable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was;
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures; to a boy
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness—
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee—
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear; I must task thee:
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE RECONCILIATION.

AS through the land at eve we went
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LIFE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN 1750.

YES, doctor, I have seen the British Museum, which is a noble collection, and even stupendous if we consider it was made by a private man, a physician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the same time; but, great as the collection is, it would appear more striking if it were arranged in one spacious saloon, instead of being divided into different apartments which it does not entirely fill. I could wish the series of medals were connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expense, those articles that are wanting. It would likewise be a great improvement with respect to the library if the deficiencies were made up by purchasing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection. They might be classed in centuries, according to the dates of their publication, and catalogues printed of them and the manuscripts, for the information of those that want to consult or compile from such authorities. I could also wish, for the honor of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a course of mathematics, mechanics and experimental philosophy, and a good salary settled on an able professor who should give regular lectures on these subjects.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

But this is all idle speculation which will never be reduced to practice. Considering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to see any institution whatsoever established for the benefit of the public. The spirit of party is risen to a kind of frenzy unknown to former ages, or, rather, degenerated to a total extinction of honesty and candor. You know I have observed for some time that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the most cruel and perfidious defamation. Every rancorous knave, every desperate incendiary, that can afford to spend half a crown or three shillings may skulk behind the press of a newsmonger and have a stab at the first character in the kingdom without running the least hazard of detection or punishment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr. Barton, whom Jery knew at Oxford—a good sort of man, though most ridiculously warped in his political principles; but his partiality is the less offensive as it never appears in the style of scurrility and abuse. He is a member of Parliament and a retainer to the court, and his whole conversation turns on the virtues and perfections of the ministers who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of those worthies with the most fulsome praise, I told him I had seen the same nobleman characterized very differently in one of the daily papers—indeed, so stigmatized that if one half of what was said of him was true he must be not only unfit

to rule, but even unfit to live; that those impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of fresh matter; and that, as he had taken no steps toward his own vindication, I began to think there was some foundation for the charge.

"And pray, sir," said Mr. Barton, "what steps would you have him take? Suppose he should prosecute the publisher who screens the anonymous accuser and bring him to the pillory for a libel; this is so far from being counted a punishment *in terrorem* that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection as a martyr to the cause of defamation, which they have always espoused. They pay his fine, they contribute to the increase of his stock, his shop is crowded with customers, and the sale of his paper rises in proportion to the scandal it contains. All this time the prosecutor is inveighed against as a tyrant and oppressor for having chosen to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance; but if he lays an action for damages, he must prove the damage. And I leave you to judge whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt and all his views in life blasted by calumny without his being able to specify the particulars of the damage he has sustained. This spirit of defamation is a kind of heresy that thrives under persecution. The liberty of the press is a term of great efficacy, and, like that of the Protestant religion, has often served the purposes of sedition. A minister, therefore, must arm himself with patience and bear those attacks without repining. Whatever mischief they may do in other respects, they certainly contribute in one particular to the advantage of government; for these defamatory articles have multiplied papers in such a manner and augmented their sale to such a degree that the duty on stamps and advertisements has made a very considerable addition to the revenue."

Certain it is a gentleman's honor is a very delicate subject to be handled by a jury composed of men who cannot be supposed remarkable either for sentiment or impartiality. In such a case, indeed, the defendant is tried not only by his peers, but also by his party; and I really think that, of all patriots, he is the most resolute who exposes himself to such detraction for the sake of his country.

As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community. If the lowest ruffian may stab your good name with impunity in England, will you be so uncandid as to exclaim against Italy for the practice of common assassinatian? To what purpose is our property secured if our moral character is left defenceless? People thus baited grow desperate, and the despair of being able to preserve one's character untainted by such vermin produces a total neglect of fame; so that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually destroyed.

Mr. Barton's last consideration—respecting the stamp-duty—is equally wise and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers; namely, to connive at drunkenness, riot and dissipation because they enhance the receipt of the excise, not reflecting that in providing this

temporary convenience they are destroying the morals, health and industry of the people.

AUTHORS.

I should renounce politics the more willingly if I could find other topics of conversation discussed with more modesty and candor, but the demon of party seems to have usurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taste is divided into the most virulent factions, which revile, decry and traduce the works of one another. Yesterday I went to return an afternoon's visit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whose house I found one of the authors of the present age who has written with some success. As I had read one or two of his performances which gave me pleasure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his person; but his discourse and deportment destroyed all the impressions which his writings had made in his favor. He took on him to decide dogmatically on every subject without deigning to show the least cause for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquiesce in the *ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras. He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors who had died within a century of the present time, and in this revision paid no sort of regard to the reputation they had acquired. Milton was harsh and prosaic; Dryden, languid and verbose; Butler and Swift, without humor; Congreve, without wit; and Pope, destitute of any sort of poetical merit. As for his contemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applause: they were all dunces, pedants, plagiaries, quacks and impostors; and you could not name a single performance but what was tame, stupid and insipid. It must be owned that this writer had nothing to charge his conscience with on the side of flattery, for I understand he was never known to praise one line that was written even by those with whom he lived on terms of goodfellowship. This arrogance and presumption in depreciating authors for whose reputation the company may be interested is such an insult on the understanding as I could not bear without wincing.

I desired to know his reasons for decrying some works which had afforded me uncommon pleasure, and, as demonstration did not seem to be his talent, I dissented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been spoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper; and the dispute might have grown warm had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard, at whose appearance he always quits the place. They are of different cabals, and have been at open war these twenty years. If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory: he did not discourse, but harangued; and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He too pronounces *ex cathedrâ* on the characters of his contemporaries; and, though he scruples not to deal out praise, even lavishly, to the lowest reptile in Grub street who will either flatter him in private or mount the public rostrum as his panegyrist, he damns all the other writers of the age with the utmost insolence and rancor. One is a blunderbuss, as being a native of Ireland; another half starved, from the

banks of the Tweed; a third an ass, because he enjoys a pension from the government; a fourth the very angel of dulness, because he succeeded in a species of writing in which this Aristarchus had failed; a fifth, who presumed to make strictures on one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticism whose stench is more offensive than his sting. In short, except himself and his myrmidons, there is not a man of genius or learning in the three kingdoms. As for the success of those who have written without the pale of this confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taste in the public, not considering that to the approbation of that very tasteless public he himself owes all the consequence he has in life.

Those originals are not fit for conversation. If they would maintain the advantage they have gained by their writing, they should never appear but on paper. For my part, I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart. The human soul will be generally found most defective in the article of candor. I am inclined to think no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy, which perhaps may have been implanted as an instinct essential to our nature. I am afraid we sometimes palliate this vice under the specious name of emulation. I have known a person remarkably generous, humane, moderate and apparently self-denying who could not hear even a friend commended without betraying marks of uneasiness, as if that commendation had implied an odious comparison to his prejudice and every wreath of praise added to the other's character was a garland plucked from his own temples. This is a malignant species of jealousy of which I stand acquitted in my own conscience. Whether it is a vice or an infirmity I leave you to inquire.

WAS THE WORLD ALWAYS BAD?

There is another point which I would much rather see determined—whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at present. If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis*, *querulus*, *laudator*, *temporis acti*, or, which is more probable, the impetuous pursuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from observing those rotten parts of human nature which now appear so offensively to my observation.

We have been at court and 'Change and everywhere, and everywhere we find food for spleen and subject for ridicule. My new servant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original, and Tabby is a changed creature: she has parted with Chowder and does nothing but smile, like Malvolio in the play. I'll be hanged if she is not acting a part which is not natural to her disposition for some purpose which I have not yet discovered.

With respect to the characters of mankind my curiosity is quite satisfied: I have done with the science of men, and must now endeavor to amuse myself with the novelty of things. I am at present, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural bias, but, this power ceasing to act, I shall return to my solitude with redoubled velocity. Everything I see and hear and feel in this great reservoir of folly, knavery and so-

phistication contributes to enhance the value of a country life in the sentiments of

Yours always,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

LONDON, June 2.

LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are, in fact, much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the good town of Edinburgh, of which we have become free denizens and guild-brothers by the special favor of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath to a citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea and desired the favor I would drink it at a tavern with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R—— C——, a lawyer of this city. I charged myself with the commission, and, taking the guinea, "You see," said I, "I have pocketed your bounty."

"Yes," replied Quin, laughing, "and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair."

I made use of this introduction to Mr. C——, who received me with open arms and gave me the rendezvous according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy, and did Mr. C—— and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion on my youth and conveyed me home in the morning—by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headache: the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures on earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh, who with a great share of spirit and vivacity have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbors in the heyday of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual of the company, and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South Britain and never mention our country but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress and manners, their music, and even their cook-

ery. Our squire declares that he knows not another people on earth so strongly marked with a national character.

Now we are on the article of cookery, I must own some of their dishes are savory, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's head and haggis, which were provided at our request one day at Mr. Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of Congo in which I read of negroes' heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions and pepper enclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect on mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed color, when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this composition with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oatmeal bread, which is presented at every table in thin triangular cakes baked on a plate of iron called a girdle; and these many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection.

You know we used to vex poor Murray of Baliol College by asking if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland. Sure enough, I have seen turnips make their appearance—not as a dessert, but by way of a *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up between more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy and flavor to those of England as a muskmelon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish color, with a very thin skin, and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality.

As to the fruit now in season—such as cherries, gooseberries and currants—there is no want of them at Edinburgh, and in the gardens of some gentlemen who live in this neighborhood there is now a very favorable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have seen a very fine show of pineapples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, between this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues for ten miles around we have visited, much to our satisfaction. In the castle are some royal apartments where the sovereign occasionally resided, and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown—said to be of great value—a sceptre and a sword of state adorned with jewels. Of these symbols of sovereignty the people are exceedingly jealous. A report being spread, during the sitting of the Union Parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose that the lord commissioner would have been torn in pieces if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood House is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure—and, as I take it, unwholesome—bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurnished; and, as for the pictures of the Scottish kings

from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination or porters hired to sit for the purpose.

All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scots are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin or violoncello, and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable, and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre; but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English who have never crossed the Tweed imagine erroneously that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions, but I can declare with a safe conscience I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that I suppose we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated, as it were, into one focus, which was, indeed, so vehement that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss R——n, whom I had the honor to dance with at the ball. The countess of Melville attracted all eyes and the admiration of all present. She was accompanied by the agreeable Miss Grieve, who made many conquests; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly. She is become a toast at Edinburgh by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed; but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman the express image of that rascal Wilson went up to ask her to dance a minute, and his sudden appearance shocked her so much that she fainted away. I call Wilson a rascal because, if he had been really a gentleman with honorable intentions, he would have ere now appeared in his own character. I must own my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption, and Heaven confound me if I don't— But I won't be so womanish as to rail: time will perhaps furnish occasion. Thank God, the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady-directress of the ball, thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well as to return and join in the country-dances, in which the Scotch lasses acquit themselves with such spirit and agility as put their partners to the height of their metal.

I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly. She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantuamakers, preparing for the occasion, at which she made her appearance in a full suit of damask so thick and heavy that the sight of it alone at this season of the year was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination. She danced one minute with our friend Mr. Mitchelson, who favored her so far in the spirit of hospitality and politeness, and she was called out a second time by the young

laird of Balymawhaple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but, as the first was a married man and the second paid no particular homage to her charms, which were also overlooked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious. At supper she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure when they were a little improved by travelling, and therefore it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad. She said the women were awkward, masculine creatures; that they had no idea of graceful motion and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed, of the whole assembly. The neglect of the male sex rendered her malecontent and peevish; she now found fault with everything at Edinburgh and teased her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration. There is a sect of fanatics who have separated themselves from the Established Kirk under the name of Seceders. They acknowledge no earthly head of the Church, reject lay patronage and maintain the Methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works and the operations of the Spirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Christian called Mr. Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond that when the weather will permit you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the gayeties of Edinburgh but that I find time to make parties in the family way. We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Frith, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad that divides Lothian from the shire, or, as the Scots call it, "the kingdom of Fife." There is a num-

ber of large open seaboats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these our family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the seaside, including St. Andrews, which is the skeleton of a venerable city, but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland.

Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather, but we had not advanced halfway when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind, changing, blew directly in our teeth; so that we were obliged to turn or tack the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion, and at the same time most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed; but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha, finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted on my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her that his commission did not extend so far, and if it did he should let the people take their own way, for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance with the assistance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation. As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense. My uncle sat, re-collected in himself, without speaking; my man Archy had recourse to a brandy-bottle, with which he made so free that I imagined he had sworn to die of drinking anything rather than sea-water; but the brandy had no more effect on him in the way of intoxication than if it had been sea-water in good earnest. As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach to think of anything else. Meanwhile, the sea swelled mountains high; the boat pitched with such violence as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed and the rain descended in a deluge. Every time the vessel was put about we shipped a sea that drenched us all to the skin. When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier-head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our leeway; the next trip, however, brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon.

"To be sure," cried Tabby, when she

found herself on *terra firma*, "we must all have perished if we had not been the particular care of Providence."

"Yes," replied my uncle, "but I am much of the honest Highlander's mind. After he had made such a passage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence. 'Certainly,' said Donald; 'but I'se ne'er trouble Providence again so long as the brig of Stirling stands.'"

You must know the brig, or bridge, of Stirling stands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet.

I don't find that our squire has suffered in his health from this adventure, but poor Liddy is in a peaking way. I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind, and this apprehension distracts me, for she is really an amiable creature.

We shall set out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glasgow, and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands before we turn our course to the southward. In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be ever yours, J. MELFORD.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

THE JUST.

FOLLOW, from age to age, the history of the just, and see if Lot conformed himself to the habits of Sodom, or if nothing distinguished him from the other inhabitants; if Abraham lived like the rest of his age; if Job resembled the other princes of his nation; if Esther conducted herself in the court of Ahasuerus like the other women of that prince; if many widows in Israel resembled Judith; if among the children of the Captivity it is not said of Tobias alone that he copied not the conduct of his brethren, and that he even fled from the danger of their commerce and society. See if, in those happy ages when Christians were all saints, they did not shine like stars in the midst of the corrupted nations, and if they served not as a spectacle to angels and men by the singularity of their lives and manners; if the pagans did not reproach them for their retirement and shunning of all public theatres, places and pleasures; if they did not complain that the Christians affected to distinguish themselves in everything from their fellow-citizens—to form a separate people in the midst of the people, to have their particular laws and customs; and if a man from their side embraced the party of the Christians, they did not consider him as for ever lost to their pleasures, assemblies and customs. In a word, see if in all ages the saints whose lives and actions have been transmitted down to us have resembled the rest of mankind. JEAN BAPTIST MASSILLON.

THE CHARMED MAIDEN.

"HE does not come—he does not come," she murmured as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around

which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly, and with an incoherent sense of what she saw she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered, her soul was far away, and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses and took no heed of the forms that rose and floated or glided away before them. In this way the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head, and the black snake with the rapidity of an arrow darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were—to a single spot, gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes, bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these, fastened by a starlike, shining glance, a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the starlike eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful with wondrous intensity did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth! And her own glance became intense, fixed, also, but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her and wrapped it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown, but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gemlike thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever, as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes when angrily it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the starlike eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly

only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but in all this time the glance was never taken from her own: there it grew, fixed, a very principle of light. And such a light!—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam such as gathers in vapor above the old grave and binds us as we look, shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for as she looked a cloud of colors—bright, gay, various colors—floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spellbound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure; her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect—for which it really seemed intended—of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich starlike glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly-articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own, and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst and slowly nodding, as it were, toward her, the eye still peering deeply into her own, the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered for ever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head,

distended mouth and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form toward her, its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity, but the power of her limbs was gone; and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid, and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow.

Meanwhile, the stillness became deathlike with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still, but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed. Once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that—a last effort—she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy, her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach, now advancing, now receding, now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb, until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike, the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang charged with venom protruding from the cavernous mouth. And she sees no more: insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually in part writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season on his way to the blockhouse. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile

made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor, and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances he turned desperately round, and, striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and a moment after lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

"LINE FOR LINE, SIR, LIKE THAT!"

IN the mean time, the conversation went on, and, the count having been naturally drawn by the observation of some other person to pay Pelisson a compliment upon his graceful style, the abbé replied,

"Oh, my style is nothing, Monsieur le Comte, though you are good enough to praise it; and besides, after all, it is but style. I had a brother once—poor fellow!" he added—"who might, indeed, have claimed your praise; for in addition to a good style, which he possessed in an infinitely higher degree than myself, he had a peculiar art of speaking briefly, which, Heaven knows, I have not, and of leaving nothing unsaid that could be said upon the subject he treated. When he was only nineteen years of age, he was admitted to the academy of Castres; but upon his admission they made this singular and flattering condition with him—namely, that he should never speak upon any subject till everybody else had spoken; 'for,' said the academicians, 'when he speaks first, he never leaves anybody else anything to say upon the subject; and when he speaks last, he finds a thousand things to say that nobody else has said.' Besides all this," he continued, "my brother had another great and inestimable advantage over me."

"Pray, what was that?" demanded the count.

"He was not hideous," replied Pelisson.

"Oh, I do not think that such an advantage," said the chevalier. "It is the duty of a woman to be handsome, but I think men have a right to be ugly if they like."

"So say I," replied Pelisson, "but Mademoiselle de Scudery says that I abuse the privilege; and, upon my word, I think so, for just before I came from Paris something happened which is worth telling. I was walking along," he continued, "quite soberly and thoughtfully down the Rue de Beauvoisis—you know that little street that leads up by the convent of St. Mary—when, coming opposite to a large house nearly at the corner, I was suddenly met by as beautiful a creature as ever I saw, with her soubrette by her side and her loup in her hand, so that I could quite see her face. She was extremely well dressed, and, in fact, altogether fit to be the goddess of an idyl. However, as I did not know her, I was passing quietly on, when suddenly she stopped, took me by the hand, and said in an earnest voice, 'Do me the pleasure, sir, of accompanying me for one moment.' On my word, gentlemen, I did not know what was going to happen, but I was a great deal too gallant, of course, to refuse her, when, without another word, she

led me to the door of the house, up the stairs, rang the bell on the first floor and conducted me into an ante-room. A servant threw open another door for her, and then, bringing me into a second room, where I found a gentleman of good mien with two sticks in his hand, she presented me to him with these singular words: 'Line for line, sir, like that! Remember! Line for line, sir, like that!' and then, turning on her heel, she walked away, leaving me petrified with astonishment. The gentleman in whose presence I stood seemed no less surprised for a moment than myself, but the instant after he burst into a violent fit of laughter, which made me a little angry.

"'Pray, sir, what is the meaning of all this?' I asked.

"'Do you not know that lady?' he rejoined.

"'No, sir,' I replied; 'I neither know her nor you.'

"'Oh, as for me,' replied the gentleman, 'you have seen me more than once before, Monsieur Pelisson, though you do not know me. I am Mignard, the painter; but, as to the lady, I must either not give you the clue to her bringing you here or not give you her name, which you like.'

"'Give me the clue, give me the clue,' replied I; 'the lady's name I will find out hereafter.'

"'Do not be offended, then,' he said, 'but the truth is, I am painting for that lady a picture of the temptation in the wilderness. She came to see it this morning, and a violent dispute arose between us as to how I was to represent the devil, she contending that he was to be excessively ugly, and I that, though disfigured by bad passions, there was to be the beauty of an angel fallen. She left me a minute ago in a fit of playful pettishness, when, lo and behold! she returns almost instantly, bringing you in her hand, and saying, "Line for line, like that." I leave you to draw your own conclusion.'

"I did draw my own conclusion," continued Pelisson, "and got out of the way of Monsieur Mignard's brush as fast as possible, only saying that I thought the lady very much in the wrong, for there could lie no great temptation under such an exterior as mine."

G. P. R. James.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

THE prisoners had been left at the disposal of the officers of the guard, who determined to secure them for the night in the common dungeon of the fort—a dungeon known to the English by the name of "the Black Hole"—its size only eighteen feet by fourteen, its airholes only two small windows, and these overhung by a low veranda. Into this cell, hitherto designed and employed for the confinement of some half dozen malefactors at a time, was it now resolved to thrust a hundred and forty-five European men and one Englishwoman, some of them suffering from recent wounds, and this in the night of the Indian summer solstice, when the fiercest heat was raging. Into this cell, accordingly, the unhappy prisoners, in spite of their expostulations, were driven at the point of the sabre, the last, from the throng and narrow space, being pressed in with considerable difficulty, and the doors being then by main force closed and locked behind them.

Of the doleful night that succeeded narratives have been given by two of the sur-

vivors, Mr. Holwell and Mr. Cooke. The former, who even in this extremity was still in some degree obeyed as chief, placed himself at the window, called for silence, and appealed to one of the nabob's officers, an old man who had shown more humanity than the rest, promising him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would find means to separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returned in a few minutes with the fatal sentence that no change could be made without orders from the nabob, that the nabob was asleep, and that no one dared to disturb him.

Meanwhile, within the dungeon the heat and stench had become intolerable. It was clear to the sufferers themselves that without a change few, if any, amongst them would see the light of another day. Some attempted to burst open the door; others, as unavailingly, again besought the soldiers to unclose it. As their dire thirst increased, amidst their struggles and their screams "Water! Water!" became the general cry. The officer to whose compassion Mr. Holwell had lately appealed desired some skins of water to be brought to the windows, but they proved too large to pass through the iron bars, and the sight of this relief, so near and yet withheld, served only to infuriate and wellnigh madden the miserable captives; they began to fight and trample one another down, striving for a nearer place to the windows and for a few drops of the water. These dreadful conflicts, far from exciting the pity of the guards, rather moved their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars with fiendish glee to discern the amusing sight more clearly. On the other hand, several of the English, frantic with pain, were now endeavoring by every term of insult and invective to provoke these soldiers to put an end to their agony by firing into the dungeon. "Some of our company," says Mr. Cooke, "expired very soon after being put in; others grew mad, and, having lost their senses, died in a high delirium." At length, and by degrees, these various outcries sunk into silence; but it was the silence of death.

When the morning broke and the nabob's order came to unlock the door, it became necessary first to clear a lane by drawing out the corpses and piling them in heaps on each side, when, walking one by one through the narrow outlet, of the one hundred and forty-six persons who had entered the cell the evening before, only twenty-three came forth—the ghastliest forms, says Mr. Orme, that were ever seen alive. LORD MAHON.

CHARACTER MORE DESIRABLE THAN WEALTH.

A FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO CRITO.

FROM THE GREEK OF XENOPHON.

FOR be assured that Socrates often said to us that those who are anxious about their children that they may have abundance of wealth, but have no care that they may become honorable and upright, act like those who breed horses, but train them to no military uses, though they supply them with abundance of food; since they will thus have their horses fatter, but unqualified for what they ought to be able to do, as the merit of a horse consists, not in having abundance of flesh, but in being courageous and well exercised for the field of battle. The same fault, he said, was committed

by those who acquire a great quantity of land for their children, but are regardless of their personal improvement, since what they possess will be thought of great value, but themselves of very little, while, on the contrary, that which possesses ought to be more valuable than that which is possessed. Accordingly, he who renders his son deserving of high estimation has, though he bequeaths him but little, bestowed upon him much; for it is from the condition of the mind that our possessions appear greater or less, since to a well-ordered mind they seem sufficient, but to an ill-regulated and untaught mind too little. You give your children nothing more than necessity requires; this, however, by the well instructed, is considered not only sufficient for their wants, but absolute wealth, but as for the ignorant, though it frees them from bodily uneasiness, it does not at all diminish their despondent views of the future.

Translation of J. S. WATSON.

EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS IN SPAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SUE.

IN Spain the condemned criminal remains exposed during three days in a *chapelle ardente;* his coffin is continually before his eyes; the priests say the prayers for the dying; the bells of the church night and day ring a funeral knell. It will be conceived that this kind of initiation to death may alarm the most hardened criminals and inspire with salutary terror the crowd which surrounds the *chapelle mortuaire.* Then the day of the execution is a day of public mourning. The bells of all the churches toll; the condemned is slowly conducted to the scaffold with mournful and imposing pomp; his coffin is carried before him; the priests, walking at his side, chant the prayers for the dead; then comes the religious brotherhood, and finally the mendicant friars, asking from the crowd money for prayers for the repose of the culprit's soul. The crowd never remains deaf to this appeal.

Without doubt all this is frightful, but it is logical and imposing. It shows that they do not cut off from this world a creature of God full of life and strength as they would slaughter an ox. It causes the multitude to reflect (who always judge of the crime by the magnitude of the punishment) that homicide is a fearful offence, since its punishment disturbs, afflicts and sets in commotion a whole city.. Again, this dreadful spectacle may cause serious reflections, inspire salutary alarms, and that which is barbarous in this human sacrifice is at least hidden by the awful majesty of its execution.

Translation of ROUTLEDGE.

THE FATHER AND CHILD.

"FATHER, wake! the storm is loud;
The rain is falling fast:
Let me go to my mother's grave,
And screen it from the blast.

"She cannot sleep, she will not rest,
The wind is roaring so;
We prayed that she might lie in peace:
My father, let us go!"

"Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep
To heed the wind that blows;
There are angel-charms that hush the noise
From reaching her repose."

DEAN HENRY ALFORD.

A NIGHT-ADVENTURE DURING THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

"SHOULD you discover the position of the enemy," continued Sir William Johnson to Sybrandt, "you must depend upon your own sagacity and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! Who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession—by right of discovery, I suppose—of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them except Timothy either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded, in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and by dint of incredible exertions to reach a neighboring settlement distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the mean time, the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kritters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life

beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the redskins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian, and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these 'kritters.' It is a horrible propensity, but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children—all that man holds most dear to his inmost heart—is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "H-e-e-m-m!" ejaculated just outside of the door.

"That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the Indians.—Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man with extremely sharp, angular features and a complexion deeply bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sun-burnt color, his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarum.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-e-m-m!" answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What! right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well; that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The kritter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? H-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got everything to hand."

"Have you anything to eat, by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days, I sha'n't want anything."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt betokening disapprobation:

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a

companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he, again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of those tarnil kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger. That's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnil kritters and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy: his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper—"now, luck be with you, boys! Remember, you are to return before daylight without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy, coaxingly, "now, *mayn't* I take a pop at one of the tarnil kritters if I meet e'm?"

"I tell you no," replied the other, "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys!"

Each seized his paddle, and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"It's plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity—at least, to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper, disturbed the dead silence of nature

as they darted along unseen and unseeing. At least, our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whisht!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom.

Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat to discover, if possible, the reason of Timothy's manœuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights, but, recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying jist like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculations."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin, and how I could have peppered two or three of them if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"'Peppered them'! Why, they were half a dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards, the kritters! I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were 'kritters,' as you call the Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and, Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity and in the same intensity of darkness as before for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, at a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for, happening to look toward the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kritters!" whispered Timothy, exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow! Now, mister, let me ask you one question: will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain—for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No."

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come! there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kritters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No."

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me? I could have done better by myself. Are you afeared?"

"Try me."

"Well, then I must make the best of the matter. The kritters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you everything, but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do and say nothing, that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"'Play'! You'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close, make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat and let it go downward."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions, and Timothy proceeded toward the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence.

Timothy stopped his paddle and listened:

"It is the song of those tarnil kritters the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the kritters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore, whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes which here closely skirted the water.

"Now leave all behind but yourself and follow me," whispered Timothy as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night, and then laid himself down on his face and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind?" whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet, upon the whole, it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these kritters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the kritters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground, swaying to and fro, backward and forward and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the redcoat long-knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village and bore a striking resemblance of the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick, suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance,

"If I only had my gun! Stay here a moment," whispered he as he crept cautiously toward the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words which Sybrandt did not comprehend, and, raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged, and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No, but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long-knife."

"Good!" said the other; "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eying Sybrandt with suspicion, though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink and hand round at short intervals:

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is, but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good!" said the Utawas, and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself and, grasping his tomahawk, started up, rushed toward Sybrandt, and, raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking.

Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good!" said the Utawas again; "I am satisfied: the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the redcoats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians and *coureurs de bois* which composed the army, the time when they were to commence their march, the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side, then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to everything around him in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French in a low tone,

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober."

They then passed on; and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then, seizing the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of "the kritters," as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William, but the latter at length triumphed, and, motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came, launched their light canoe and plied their paddles with might and main.

"The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnil busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the waves, leaving scarce a wake behind her.

As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath:

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stud-dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you, too, I guess," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who? I? I must be a poor kritter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising toward the west.

Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kritter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnil tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands toward our hero and eagerly exclaimed,

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth Master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion, if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow-boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed, "but somehow or other I love to look at the kritters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward, for you have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His Majesty shall know of this; and in the mean time call yourself 'Major Westbrook,' for such you are from this moment."

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at Teos, a seaport of Ionia, B. C. 532. When Harpagus, the general of Cyrus the Elder, invaded the Ionian cities, Anacreon migrated to Abdera in Thrace, and afterward repaired to the court of Polycrates, monarch of Samos, whence he was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, who sent a galley of fifty oars to convey him across the Ægean Sea. When Hipparchus was slain, in the conspiracy of Harmodius, Anacreon returned to Teos, whence he was again driven by the revolt of Histiæus, and removed once more to Abdera, where he died. He is said by Pliny to have been choked by a grape-

stone, which he swallowed in a draught of new wine—a close of poetical justice to a life passed, according to the traditional accounts of him, in one protracted fever of intemperance. His statue in the citadel of Athens represents him in the character of a drunken old man. As a confirmed voluptuary, it was not to be expected that he should escape vices of a deeper dye: his amorous depravities were, indeed, the vices of his age; but Anacreon has not, like Horace, his redeeming excellences, nor do I know that he has left on record one solitary sentiment that might subserve the interests of virtue.

The drinking-songs of Anacreon have all the gayety of their subject without any of its grossness. His assumed philosophy, however irrational in itself, gives a dignity to his manner, and there is a pathos in the thought of fleeting life which perhaps constitutes the secret charm of many of these effusions of voluptuousness. On this Anacreontic philosophy a practical comment is supplied by a modern sage and poet:

> "O'er the dread feast malignant Chemia scowls,
> And mingles poison in the nectared bowls;
> Fell Gout peeps grinning through the flimsy scene,
> And bloated Dropsy pants behind unseen;
> Wrapped in his robe, white Lepra hides his stains,
> And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains."
>
> *Darwin.*

His amatory pieces are airy, graceful and delicately fanciful. His style is a model of classic simplicity—elegant, not florid, without studied ornaments or ambitious figures, natural in sentiment and pure from witty conceit.

The genuineness of Anacreon's odes has been singularly called in question by two men of learned celebrity—by Petrus Alcyonius, and by Father Hardouin. The former pretended that these odes had not the Attic propriety. The latter does not seem to have intended any particular slight to the genius of Anacreon, as his slashing system of critical paradox equally proscribed Homer, Plato and Aristotle, the odes of Horace and the *Æneid* of Virgil as fabrications of the monks of the thirteenth century. Never had the cowled head been so overshadowed with laurels.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

JAMES GRAHAME.

JAMES GRAHAME, the author of "The Sabbath," was the son of a respectable attorney in Glasgow, and was born in that city on the 22d of April, 1765. He was educated at the excellent public schools of that city, and had a very early and strong desire to enter the clerical profession; but it was the long-cherished wish of his father that he should be bred to his own calling. Accordingly, our poet sacrificed his own wishes to those of his parent, and studied the law. Many irksome years—the best years of his life—were wasted in this to him most uncongenial pursuit, and it was finally abandoned. For many years, however, he toiled on in it, and, from a sense of what he owed his family, he gave it all the attention of which a mind devoted to higher purposes was capable. In 1804 he published anonymously his poem "The Sabbath." He had kept from all his friends, and even from his wife, who was possessed of a fine literary taste, all knowledge of what he had been engaged in, and laid a copy of his poem on his parlor-table as soon as it appeared. Mrs. Grahame was led by curiosity to examine it, and while doing so he was walking up and down the room await-

ing some remark from her. At length she burst into enthusiastic admiration of the performance, and, well knowing her husband's weak side, very naturally added, "Ah, James, if you could produce a poem like this!" Longer concealment was impossible, and Mrs. Grahame, justly proud of her husband's genius, no longer checked its bent. "The Sabbath" was warmly received throughout Scotland. It came from the heart, and it spoke to the heart of the nation.

Grahame's vocation was now confirmed, and in the following two years, during the long recess of the Scottish courts, he retired with his family to a cottage at Kirkhill, on the classic banks of the Esk, and gave himself up to

"Calm contemplation and poetic ease."

He now determined to abandon the law, and zealously prepared himself for the ministry. This had been his early, his constant wish. His appearance, voice, manner, as well as his talents and his piety, were all in keeping with that calling. He was ordained in 1809, and soon after settled with his family at Shipton, in Gloucestershire. This year he published his "British Georgics," a didactic agricultural poem. His health had long been delicate, and he was induced in 1811 to go to Edinburgh for a change of air and for medical advice. But it was apparent to all that his days on earth could not be long. He had a natural desire of breathing his last in his own native city, and Mrs. Grahame set out with him on the 11th of September for Glasgow. He was barely able to reach the place, and died there on the 14th of September, 1811, in the forty-seventh year of his age, most sincerely and deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

Of the character of Grahame's poetry there is now scarcely but one opinion. Its great charms are its elevated moral tone and its easy, simple and unaffected description. His "Sabbath" will always hold its place among those poems which are, and deserve to be, in the hands of the people. He exhibits great tenderness of sentiment, which runs through all his writings and sometimes deepens into true pathos. We do not know any poetry, indeed, that lets us in so directly to the heart of the writer and produces so full and pleasing a conviction that it is dictated by the genuine feelings which it aims at communicating to the reader. If there be less fire and elevation than in the strains of some of his contemporaries, there is more truth and tenderness than is commonly found along with those qualities.

CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.

THE LAST DAYS OF CYRUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF XENOPHON.

CYRUS spent the seven winter months at Babylon because that climate is warm, the three spring months at Susa and the two summer months at Ecbatana, by which means he is said to have enjoyed a perpetual spring with respect to heat and cold. And men stood so affected toward him that every nation thought they did themselves an injury if they did not send Cyrus the most valuable productions of their country, whether they were the fruits of the earth or creatures bred there or manufactures of their own; and every city did the same. And every private man thought himself rich if he could oblige Cyrus

for as Cyrus accepted from each of what they possessed in abundance, so in return he distributed to them what he observed they were in want of.

After he had thus spent some considerable time, Cyrus, now in a very advanced age, takes a journey into Persia, which was the seventh from the acquisition of his empire, when his father and mother had probably been for some time dead. Cyrus made the usual sacrifices and danced the Persian dance, according to the custom of his country, and distributed to every one presents, as usual. Then, being asleep in the royal palace, he had the following dream: There seemed to advance toward him a person with a more than human majesty in his air and countenance, and to say to him, "Cyrus, prepare yourself, for you are now going to the gods." After this appearance in his dream he awaked, and seemed assured that his end drew near. Therefore, taking along with him the victims, he sacrificed on the summit of a mountain, as is the custom in Persia, to Jove Paternal, the Sun and the rest of the gods, accompanying the sacrifices with this prayer:

"O Jove Paternal, Sun and all ye gods, receive these sacrifices as the completion of many worthy and handsome actions, and as grateful acknowledgments for having signified to me, both by the victims, by celestial signs, by birds and by omens, what became me to do and not to do. And I abundantly return you thanks that I have been sensible of your care and protection, and that in the course of my prosperity I never was exalted above what became a man. I implore you now to bestow all happiness on my children, my wife, my friends and my country; and for myself, that I may die as I have always lived."

When he had finished his sacrifices and prayer, he returned home, and, finding himself disposed to be quiet, he lay down. At a certain hour proper persons attended and offered him to wash. He told them that he had rested very well. Then, at another hour, proper officers brought him his supper; but Cyrus had no appetite to eat, but seemed thirsty, and drank with pleasure. And, continuing thus the second and third days, he sent for his sons, who, as it happened, had attended their father and were then in Persia. He summoned likewise his friends and the magistrates of Persia. When they were all met, he began in this manner:

"Children, and all you, my friends, here present, the conclusion of my life is now at hand, which I certainly know from many symptoms. You ought when I am dead to act and speak of me in every thing as a happy man: for when I was a child I seemed to have received advantage from what is esteemed worthy and handsome in children; so likewise, when I was a youth, from what is esteemed so in young men; so, when I came to be a man, from what is esteemed worthy and handsome in men. And I have always seemed to observe myself increase with time in strength and vigor, so that I have not found myself weaker or more infirm in my old age than in my youth. Neither do I know that I have desired or undertaken anything in which I have not succeeded. By my means my friends have been made happy and my enemies enslaved, and my country, at first inconsiderable in Asia, I leave in great reputation and honor. Neither do I know that I have not preserved whatever I acquired. And though in time past all things

have succeeded according to my wishes, yet an apprehension lest in process of time I should see, hear or suffer some difficulty has not suffered me to be too much elated or too extravagantly delighted. Now, if I die, I leave you, children, behind me (whom the gods have given me), and I leave my country and my friends happy. Ought not I, therefore, in justice, to be always remembered and mentioned as fortunate and happy? I must likewise declare to whom I leave my kingdom, lest that, being doubtful, should hereafter raise dissensions among you. Now, children, I bear an equal affection to you both, but I direct that the elder should have the advising and conducting of affairs, as his age requires it and it is probable he has more experience. And as I have been instructed by my country and yours to give place to those older than myself, not only brothers, but fellow-citizens, both in walking, sitting and speaking, so have I instructed you from your youth to show a regard to your elders, and to receive the like from such as were inferior to you in age: receive then this disposition as ancient, customary and legal. Do you, therefore, Cambyses, hold the kingdom, as allotted you by the gods, and by me so far as it is in my power. To you, Tanoaxares, I bequeath the satrapy of the Medes, Armenians and Cadusians; which when I allot you, I think I leave your elder brother a larger empire and the title of a kingdom, but to you a happiness freer from care and vexation, for I do not see what human satisfaction you can need; but you will enjoy whatever appears agreeable and pleasing to men. An affection for such things as are difficult to execute, a multitude of pains and an impossibility of being quiet, anxiety from an emulation of my actions, forming designs yourself and having designs formed against you,—these are things which must more necessarily attend a king than one in your station; and be assured these give many interruptions to pleasure and satisfaction. Know, therefore, Cambyses, that it is not the golden sceptre which can preserve your kingdom, but faithful friends are a prince's truest and securest sceptre. But do not imagine that men are naturally faithful, for then they would appear so to all, as other natural endowments do, but every one must render others faithful to himself; and they are not to be procured by violence, but rather by kindness and beneficence. If, therefore, you would constitute other joint-guardians with you of your kingdom, whom can you better begin with than him who is of the same blood with yourself? and fellow-citizens are nearer to us than strangers, and those who live and eat with us than those that do not. And those who have the same original, who have been nourished by the same mother and grown up in the same house and beloved by the same parents, and who call on the same father and mother,—are not they, of all others, the nearest to us? Do not you, therefore, render those advantages fruitless by which the gods unite brothers in affinity and relation, but to those advantages add other friendly offices, and by that means your friendship will be reciprocally solid and lasting. The taking care of a brother is providing for one's self. To whom can the advancement of a brother be equally honorable as to a brother? Who can show a regard to a great and powerful man

equal to his brother? Who will fear to injure another so much as him whose brother is in an exalted station? Be, therefore, second to none in submission and good-will to your brother, since no one can be so particularly serviceable or injurious to you. And I would have you consider how you can hope for greater advantages by obliging any one so much as him? Or whom can you assist that will be so powerful an ally in war? Or what is more infamous than want of friendship between brothers? Who, of all men, can we so handsomely pay regard to as a brother? In a word, Cambyses, your brother is the only one you can advance next to your person without the envy of others. Therefore, in the name of the gods, children, have regard for one another, if you are careful to do what is acceptable to me. For you ought not to imagine—you certainly know—that after I have closed this period of human life I shall no longer exist; for neither do you now see my soul, but you conclude from its operations that it does exist. And have you not observed what terrors and apprehensions murderers are inspired with by those who have suffered violence from them? What racks and torture do they convey to the guilty? Or how do you think honors should have continued to be paid to the deceased if their souls were destitute of all power and virtue? No, children; I can never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on its separation; for I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them. Neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence on its separation from this gross, senseless body, but it is probable that when the soul is separated it becomes pure and entire, and is then more intelligent. It is evident that on man's dissolution every part of him returns to what is of the same nature with itself, except the soul; that alone is invisible, both during its presence here and at its departure. And you may have observed that nothing resembles death so much as sleep, but then it is that the human soul appears most divine and has a prospect of futurity; for then, it is probable, the soul is most free and independent. If, therefore, things are as I think, and that the soul leaves the body, having regard to my soul, comply with my request. But if it be otherwise, and that the soul, continuing in the body, perishes with it, let nothing appear in your thoughts or actions criminal or impious, for fear of the gods, who are eternal, whose power and inspection extend over all things, and who preserve the harmony and order of the universe free from decay or defect, whose greatness and beauty is inexplicable. Next to the gods have regard to the whole race of mankind, in perpetual succession; for the gods have not concealed you in obscurity, but there is a necessity that your actions should be conspicuous to the world. If they are virtuous and free from injustice, they will give you power and interest in all men; but if you project what is unjust against each other, no man will trust you, for no one can place a confidence in you, though his inclination to it be ever so great, when he sees you unjust where it most becomes you to be a friend. If, therefore, I have not rightly instructed you what you ought to be to one another, learn it from those who lived before our time; for that will be the best lesson. For there are many

who have lived affectionate parents to their children and friends to their brothers, and some there are who have acted the opposite part toward each other. Whichsoever of these you shall observe to have been most advantageous, you will do well in giving it the preference in your choice. But perhaps this is sufficient as to these matters. When I am dead, children, do not enshrine my body in gold nor in silver, nor anything else, but lay it in the earth as soon as possible; for what can be more happy than to mix with the earth, which gives birth and nourishment to all things excellent and good? And as I have always hitherto borne an affection to men, so it is now most pleasing to me to incorporate with that which is beneficial to men. Now," said he, "it seems to me that my soul is beginning to leave me, in the same manner as, it is probable, it begins its departure with others. If, therefore, any of you are desirous of touching my right hand or willing to see my face while it has life, come near to me; for when I shall have covered it, I request of you, children, that neither yourselves nor any others would look on my body. Summon all the Persians and their allies before my tomb to rejoice for me that I shall be then out of danger of suffering any evil, whether I shall be with the gods or shall be reduced to nothing. As many as come, do you dismiss with all those favors that are thought proper for a happy man. And remember this as my last and dying words. If you do kindnesses to your friends, you will be able to injure your enemies. Farewell, dear children, and tell this to your mother as from me. And all you, my friends, both such of you as are here present, and the rest who are absent, farewell!"

Having said this and taken every one by the right hand, he covered himself, and thus expired. Translation of MAURICE ASHLY COOPER.

THE JUDGE AND THE CULPRIT.

FROM "NATURE AND ART."

WILLIAM NORWYNNE having no child to create affection to his home, his study was the only relief from that domestic encumbrance called his wife; and though, by unremitting application there, joined to the influence of the potent relations of the woman he hated, he at length arrived at the summit of his ambitious desires, still they poorly repaid him for the sacrifice he had made in early life of every tender disposition. Striding through a list of rapid advancements in the profession of the law, at the age of thirty-eight he found himself raised to a preferment such as rarely falls to the share of a man of his short experience: he found himself invested with a judge's robe, and, gratified by the exalted office, curbed more than ever that aversion which her want of charms or sympathy had produced against the partner of his honors.

While William had thus been daily rising in Fortune's favor, poor Agnes Primrose had been daily sinking deeper and deeper under Fortune's frowns, till at last she became a midnight wanderer through the streets of London, soliciting or rudely demanding money of the passing stranger. Sometimes, hunted by the watch, she affrighted fled from street to street, from portico to portico, and once, unknowing in her fear which way she hurried, she found her trembling knees had sunk, and her wearied head was reclined against the stately pillars that guarded William's

door. At the sudden recollection where she was a swell of passion composed of horror, of anger, of despair and love, gave reanimated strength to her failing limbs, and, regardless of her pursuer's steps, she ran to the centre of the street, and, looking up to the windows of the mansion, cried, "Ah! there he sleeps in quiet, in peace, in ease! He does not even dream of me! He does not care how the cold pierces me or how the people persecute me! He does not thank me for all the lavish love I have borne him and his child! His heart is so hard he does not even recollect that it was he who brought me to ruin!"

Had these miseries been alone the punishment of Agnes—had her crimes and sufferings ended in distress like this—her story had not perhaps been selected for a public recital; for it had been no other than the customary history of thousands of her sex. But Agnes had a destiny yet more fatal. Unhappily, she was endowed with a mind so sensibly alive to every joy and every sorrow, to every mark of kindness, every token of severity, so liable to excess in passion, that, once perverted, there was no degree of error from which it would revolt. Taught by the conversation of the dissolute poor with whom she now associated, or by her own observation on the worldly reward of elevated villany, she began to suspect "that dishonesty was only held a sin to secure the property of the rich, and that to take from those who did not want by the art of stealing was less guilt than to take from those who did want by the power of the law." By false yet seducing opinions such as these, her reason estranged from every moral and religious tie, her necessities urgent, she reluctantly accepted the proposal to mix with a band of practised sharpers and robbers, and became an accomplice in negotiating bills forged on a country banker. But, though ingenious in arguments to excuse the deed before its commission, in the act she had ever the dread of some incontrovertible statement on the other side of the question. Intimidated by this apprehension, she was the veriest bungler in her vile profession; and on the alarm of being detected, while every one of her confederates escaped and absconded, she alone was seized, was arrested for issuing notes they had fabricated and committed to the provincial jail, about fifty miles from London, where the crime had been perpetrated, to take her trial for life or death.

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William. She who has watched for hours near his door to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home, who has walked miles to see his chariot pass,—she now will behold him and he will see her by command of the laws of their country. Those laws, which will deal with rigor toward her, are in this one instance still indulgent. The time of the assizes at the county-town in which she is imprisoned is arrived; the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall; the jail-doors are opened; they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds: it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial Agnes had read in the printed calendar of the prisoners his name as the learned justice before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she

bore him permitted her to taste even on the brink of the grave. After-reflection made her check those worldly transports as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her earth and William were so closely united that till she forsook the one she could never cease to think without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of joy, of love, of shame and of despair on the other. Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy. She feared that although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*, yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action or accent of speech might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea shame overcame all her other sensations, for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was. Once a ray of hope beamed on her—that if he knew her, if he recognized her, he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object. But, again, that rigorous honor she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice. In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted. Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind; his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office, nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance and meagre person of the poor prisoner once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes! She heard herself arraigned with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge. She then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William—unpitying but beloved William in every feature. It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her:

"What defence have you to make?"

It was William spoke to Agnes. The sound was sweet, the voice was mild—was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life. Not such a voice as when William last addressed her—when he left her undone, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She could have hung upon the present words for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation, which at times is but a copy by the unfeeling from his benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge tenderness was not designed for the consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors. There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when

last he parted from you: if there had, the awful William had been awed to marks of pity. Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified; all vital power seemed suspended.

Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered:

"Recollect yourself. Have you no witnesses—no proof in your behalf?"

A dead silence followed these questions.

He then mildly but forcibly added,

"What have you to say?"

Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated,

"Nothing, My Lord."

After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone,

"Have you no one to speak to your character?"

The prisoner answered,

"No."

A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was compelled to press hard upon the proof against her she shrunk and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow, writhed under the weight of his minute justice more than from the prospect of a shameful death.

The jury consulted for a few minutes. The verdict was,

"Guilty!"

She heard it with composure; but when William placed the fatal velvet on his head and rose to pronounce her sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and, lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed,

"Oh, not from *you!*"

The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience, and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying.

Serene and dignified as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the fatal speech ending with, "Dead, dead, dead!"

She fainted as he closed the period and was carried back to prison in a swoon, while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love rather than love of her that gave rise to these thoughts: he felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labor, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition, he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes. Yet the poor, the widow and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president

of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligations and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters; there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their husbands. "Duty" is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and, as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valor, self-denial and bounty where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private piety instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from remorse, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

THE LAST DYING WORDS OF AGNES PRIMROSE.

"March the 12th, 179–.

"Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ——" [William started at the name of the village and county], "but, being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing men, she took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex. The said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart to the jury who found her guilty and the judge who condemned her to death.

"And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of the crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child, for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul."

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

"So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth about sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her fatal sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses the said Agnes

Primrose raved continually on this child, and, asking for pen, ink and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy. But, notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her."

No sooner had the name of "Anfield" struck William than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction whom it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her, and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even a suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation, was absorbed by remorse: it wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one; it havocked on his firm, inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain. Spirit of Agnes, look down and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels remorse.

A few momentary sensations from the pangs of a guilty conscience were given to William as soon as he had despatched a messenger to the jail in which Agnes had been confined to inquire after the son she had left behind, and to give orders that immediate care should be taken of him. He likewise charged the messenger to bring back the petition she had addressed to him during her supposed insanity, for he now experienced no trivial consolation in the thought that he might possibly have it in his power to grant her a request.

The messenger returned with the written paper which had been considered by the persons to whom she had entrusted it as the distracted dictates of an insane mind, but proved to William beyond a doubt that she was perfectly in her senses:

"My Lord:

"I am Agnes Primrose, the daughter of John and Hannah Primrose of Anfield. My father and mother lived by the hill at the side of the little brook where you used to fish, and so first saw me.

"Pray, My Lord, have mercy on my sorrows; pity me for the first time, and spare my life. I know I have done wrong—I know it is presumption in me to dare to apply to you, such a wicked and mean wretch as I am—but, My Lord, you once condescended to take notice of me; and though I have been very wicked since that time, yet if you would be so merciful as to spare my life I promise to amend it for the future. But if you think it proper I should die, I will be resigned; but then I hope, I beg, I supplicate, that you will grant my other petition. Pray, pray, My Lord, if you cannot pardon me, be merciful to the child

I leave behind. What he will do when I am gone I don't know, for I have been the only friend he has had ever since he was born. He was born, My Lord, about sixteen years ago, at Anfield, one summer's morning, and carried by your cousin, Mr. Henry Norwynne, to Mr. Rymer's, the curate there, and I swore whose child he was before the dean, and I did not take a false oath. Indeed, indeed, My Lord, I did not.

"I will say no more, for fear this should not come safe to your hands; for the people treat me as if I were mad. So I will say no more, only this—that, whether I live or die, I forgive everybody, and I hope everybody will forgive me, and I pray that God will take pity on my son if you refuse; but I hope you will not refuse.

"AGNES PRIMROSE."

William rejoiced, as he laid down the petition, that she had asked a favor he could bestow, and hoped by his protection of the son to redress in some degree the wrongs he had done the mother. He instantly sent for the messenger into his apartment, and impatiently asked if he had seen the boy and given proper directions for his care.

"I have given directions, sir, for his funeral."

"How!" cried William.

"He pined away ever since his mother was confined, and died two days after her execution."

Robbed by this news of his only gleam of consolation, in the consciousness of having done a mortal injury for which he never now by any means could atone, he saw all his honors, all his riches, all his proud selfish triumphs, fade before him. They seemed like airy nothings which in rapture he would exchange for the peace of a tranquil conscience. He envied Agnes the death to which he first exposed, then condemned, her; he envied her even the life she struggled through from his neglect, and felt that his future days would be far less happy than her former existence. He calculated with precision.

ELIZABETH SIMPSON
(Mrs. Inchbald).

THE RESOLVE.

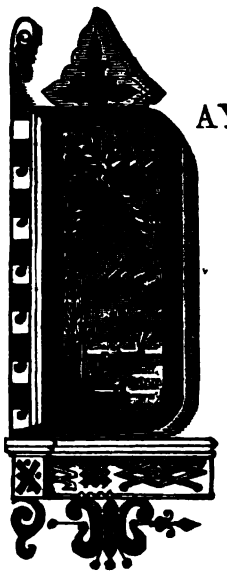
TELL me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
  That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love—
  And it must be a she—
The only argument can move
  Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings:
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
  And may the substance gain!
Then, if thou'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That with Canary lined.

ALEXANDER BROME.

DIES IRÆ.

FROM THE LATIN OF THOMAS OF CELANO.



DAY of vengeance, without morrow,
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, 'mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I, then, say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me in that day despairing.

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me,
By thy cross and passion bought me:
Spare the hope thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh, give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gavst remission,
Heardst the dying thief's petition,
Badst me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet, on me thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On thy right a place abiding.

When the wicked are confounded
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning,
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

Translation of JOHN A. DIX.

MATER DOLOROSA.

BECAUSE of one dear infant head
With golden hair,
To me all little heads
A halo wear,
And for one saintly face I knew
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide, earnest eyes
Of heavenly blue
Which looked with yearning gaze
My sad soul through,
All eyes now fill mine own with tears,
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
Which once did call
My name in plaintive tones,
No voices fall
Upon my ear in vain appeal
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own
Long, long ago
Now cause me, as I wander through
This world of woe,
To clasp each baby-hand stretched out
In fear of foe.
The lowest cannot plead in vain,
I loved *him* so.

C. C. HAHN.

EUTHANASY.

"Hawthorne had often expressed the hope that he might die in his sleep and unawares. And it was according to his wish that the end came to him."—*Biography of Hawthorne.*

NOT through the gate of Pain
Would I pass into heaven—
Not with its earthly stain,
And brow all anguish-riven.

Friend, in that solemn hour,
Calm thou the senses' riot
With some sweet draught of power,
And let me pass in quiet.

Ah! happy he who lies
All calmly down at even,
And sees the morning rise
Upon the hills of heaven.

Blessed is sudden death
When man has closed his story
And longs for fuller breath
Upon the heights of glory.

O Father, in that hour,
Though hand and brain betray me,
Uphold me with thy power,
Nor let the change dismay me.

Strengthen me with thy might
To tread Death's darksome portal
Until I see heaven's light
Glow on the shores immortal.

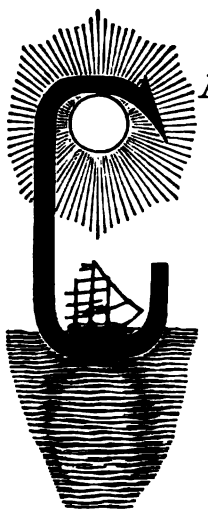
HENRY PETERSON.

AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION is the wholesome soil of virtue
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.

DAVID MALLET.

CÆDMON.



ÆDMON is considered the earliest of the English poets. He was a man sprung from the people, and at one time in his life was a mere cowherd. He was, however, addressed one night by a stranger, as he thought, in his sleep, and asked to sing a song. He replied that he could not, when the stranger urged that he could, and that he could sing the "Creation." Cædmon then, wondering at himself, began to sing most beautiful verses. He soon afterward awoke, and went immediately to the reeve of Whitby, who, wise and good man that he was, took him to the abbey and told the wondrous story to the abbess Hilda. He recounted the last night's adventure and repeated the verses, which at once obtained the admiration of the persons present. They then explained to him other parts of Holy Scripture, whereupon he went home and produced a beautiful poem. At the request of the abbess he became a monk, and continued to write poems founded on sacred history.

There is a striking resemblance between Cædmon's account of "The Fall of Man," etc., and portions of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Conybeare, in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, says: "The pride, rebellion and punishment of Satan and his princes have a resemblance to Milton so remarkable that most of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of lines from the great poet." The time of Cædmon's death is uncertain—probably about 680.

S. O. Beeton.

SATAN'S SPEECH.

SATAN harangued,
Sorrowing spake,
He who hell henceforth
Should rule,
Govern the abyss.
He was erst God's angel,
Fair in heaven,
Until him his mind urged,
And his pride
Most of all,
That he would not
The Lord of hosts'
Word revere.
Boiled within him
His thought about his heart,
Hot was without him
His dire punishment,
Then spake he the words:
"This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere knew,
High in heaven's kingdom,
Which my Master bestowed on me,
Though we it, for the All-powerful,
May not possess,
Must cede our realm.
Yet hath he not done rightly,
That he hath struck us down
To the fiery abyss
Of the hot hell,

Bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
Hath it decreed
With mankind
To people.
That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
That Adam shall,
Who of earth was wrought,
My strong
Seat possess;
Be to him in delight
And we endure this torment—
Misery in this hell.
Oh, had I power of my hands,
And might one season
Be without,
Be one winter's space,
Then with this host I—
But around me lie
Iron bonds;
Presseth this cord of chain:
I am powerless!
Me have so hard
The clasps of hell,
So firmly grasped!
Here is a vast fire
Above and underneath.
Never did I see
A loathier landskip;
The flame abateth not;
Hot over hell.
Me hath the clasping of these rings,
This hard-polished band,
Impeded in my course,
Debarred me from my way;
My feet are bound,
My hands manacled;
Of these hell-doors are
The ways obstructed,
So that with aught I cannot
From these limb-bonds escape;
About me lie
Of hard iron
Forged with heat,
Huge gratings,
With which me God
Hath fastened by the neck.
Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind,
And that knew also
The Lord of hosts
That should us, through Adam,
Evil befall
About the realm of heaven,
Where I had power of my hands.
But we now suffer chastisement in hell,
Which is darkness and heat—
Grim, bottomless;
God hath us himself
Swept into these swart mists,
Thus he cannot us accuse of any sin
That we against him in the land framed evil;
Yet hath he deprived us of the light,
Cast us into the greatest of all torments:
We may not for this execute vengeance,
Reward him with aught of hostility,
Because he hath bereft us of the light.
He hath now devised a world
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,
With whom he will repeople
The kingdom of heaven with pure souls;
Therefore must we strive zealously
That we on Adam, if we ever may,
And likewise on his offspring, our wrongs repair,
Corrupt him there in his will,
If we may it in any way devise.
Now I have no confidence farther in this bright state,
That which he seems long destined to enjoy,
That bliss with his angel's power.

We cannot that ever obtain,
That we the mighty God's mind weaken;
Let us avert it now from the children of men,
That heavenly kingdom now we may not have it;
Let us so do that they forfeit his favor,
That they pervert that which he with his word commanded.
Then with them will he be wroth in mind,
Will cast them from his favor;
Then shall they seek this hell,
And these grim depths;
Then may we them have to ourselves as vassals
The children of men in this fast durance.
Begin we now about the warfare to consult:
If to any follower I
Princely treasures
Gave of old,
While we in that good realm
Happy sat,
And in our seats had sway,
Then me he never, at time more precious,
Could with recompense
My gift repay;
If in return for it he would
(Any of my followers)
Be my supporter,
So that up from hence he
Forth might
Pass through these barriers;
And had power with him,
That he with wings
Might fly—
Revolve in cloud—
To where stand wrought
Adam and Eve,
On earth's kingdom,
With weal encircled;
And we are hither cast
Into this deep den.
Now with the Lord are they
Far higher in esteem,
And may for themselves that weal possess
That we in heaven's kingdom
Should have—
Our realm by right:
This counsel is decreed
For mankind.
That, to me is in my mind so painful,
Rueth in my thought,
That they heaven's kingdom
For ever shall possess.
If any of you may
With aught so turn it,
That they God's word
Through guile forsake,
Soon shall they be the more hateful to him;
If they break his commandment,
Then will he be incensed against them;
Afterward will the weal be turned from them,
And for them punishment will be prepared—
Some hard lot of evil."

CÆDMON, BY BENJAMIN THORP.

THE DEATH-BELL.

COME, list and hark! The bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul;
And was not that some ominous fowl—
The bat, the night-crow or screech-owl?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book death enroll,
For, hark! still, still the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

REYNARD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FROM time immemorial the fox has enjoyed a reputation for cunning which has given it great notoriety. "As cunning as a fox" is one of the most common adages in the languages of nations.

The fox never attacks animals capable of resistance. In the twilight it ventures out in quest of its prey, when it wanders silently around the country, prowling about the covers and hedges, hoping to surprise birds, rabbits or hares, its usual prey. In default of such delicate food, however, it will eat field-mice, lizards, frogs, etc. It does not dislike certain fruits. For grapes it exhibits a great predilection.

To domestic fowls it is terribly destructive. When during its nocturnal prowling the crow of a cock strikes its ear, it turns at once in the direction of the welcome sound. It wanders incessantly around the poultry-yard, examining, scrutinizing and observing all the weak points by which an entrance might be gained. When at last successful in reaching the hen-roost, a reckless carnage among its occupants is made, and this not so much to satisfy a craving for blood as to provide store for the future. With this object, one by one the victims are carried off and concealed in the woods or its den.

If all efforts to enter the hen-roost are unsuccessful, then Reynard undertakes to ruin it in detail, and to slay in one or more months those which he cannot kill in a day. With this intention he installs himself on the margin of a wood, in proximity to the farm, and anxiously watches every movement of the poultry. If his prey wander into the fields, his attentions are doubled; seizing the moment when the watch-dog is out of sight, he creeps toward them on his belly, draws near his victim without being seen, seizes, strangles and carries it off. When these manœuvres have once succeeded, they are repeated till the poultry-yard is depopulated.

The following story, narrated to me by an old woodman, also illustrates their cunning.

Two foxes located in a neighborhood where hares abounded adopted an ingenious stratagem for capturing them. One of them lay in ambush on the side of a road; the other started the quarry and pursued it with ardor, with the object of driving the game into the road guarded by his associate. From time to time, by an occasional bark, the associate in ambush was notified how the chase was succeeding. When a hare was driven into the road it was immediately pounced on, and both foxes devoured it in thorough good-fellowship. Nevertheless, it sometimes happened that the fox who kept watch miscalculated his spring, and the hare escaped, when, as though puzzled at his want of skill, he resumed his post, jumped on to the road, and several times repeated the movement. His comrade, arriving in the middle of this exercise, was not slow to comprehend its meaning, and, irritated at being fatigued to no purpose, chastised his clumsy

associate; but a tussle of a few minutes sufficed to expend the bad humor, and the *entente cordiale* was quickly re-established.

The adult fox is also assisted by its young in procuring food when they become sufficiently aged. Some observers aver that these family excursions are undertaken for the education of the cubs. When on a foray to obtain aquatic birds among the reeds and rushes that margin the borders of lakes and rivers, foxes always proceed with extreme caution and take especial care not to become unnecessarily wet.

M. La Vallée, in his work on *La Chasse à Courre*, gives a very remarkable example of the singular address of the fox in prosecuting his robberies. The animal he speaks of was taken when young by a druggist of Château-Thierry. It was perfectly tamed, liked being fondled, came at the call of its master and followed him to the chase, where it played the part of an excellent dog. But domesticity had not caused it to lose any of its taste for marauding, though it wanted for nothing at home.

It was the hero of an adventure which for a long time perplexed the good town of Château-Thierry. The house where it was kept was situated at the corner of the market-place and had two excessively narrow cellar-ventilators opening into the street, before which it was customary for the dealers who bought eggs from the neighboring peasants for the Paris or Meaux markets to range themselves. Before being packed off the eggs were inspected, and those which were cracked were laid on one side. One day a poor woman who had placed two dozen chipped eggs behind her was astonished, when turning round a few minutes afterward, to find them gone. She blamed her neighbor for having robbed her, and probably the discussion was only terminated by a quarrel.

On the next market-day the same larceny was committed. It was believed to be the waggish trick of some urchin in the neighborhood, and some suspicion was even attached to the young clerks of the sheriff, who occupied the ground-floor of the house.

At the succeeding market a watcher was placed before the dealer to observe what went on around her; but this person saw nothing, although one-half the number of broken eggs disappeared.

The case became serious. The dealer then bethought herself of depositing her property beneath her petticoat, between her feet, certain that there they would be in safety. But the eggs again vanished. As a matter of course, all was attributed to witchcraft.

It was not long after this when the truth was discovered. The druggist's fox was found squatted in the ventilators, and where no one could ever have believed it possible the beast could introduce itself, so narrow were the openings. As soon as an egg was laid on the ground it pushed up its head, seized it and withdrew. This operation it could perform with perfect security, concealed as it was not only by the feet and the petticoats of the dealer, but also by the panniers that lay around.

One of the most frequent stratagems of the fox, and which denotes an extraordinary amount of intelligence, consists in simulating death when surprised by the hunters and there is no hope of safety by flight. It may then be handled, kicked about in every direction, even lifted by the tail, hung up in

the air or carried thrown over one's shoulder, without showing the slightest sign of vitality. But as soon as released and opportunity for escape offers it will decamp with all haste, to the great amazement of those so cleverly duped.

The fox most frequently inhabits a burrow, or "earth," which it excavates among stones, rocks or under the trunk of a tree at the edge of a wood; at other times it digs its subterraneous retreat on cultivated land. Always it is careful to have it on an elevated slope, so as to be protected against rain and inundations. At times it appropriates the burrow of a rabbit or badger, and rearranges it to suit itself.

Its dwelling it divides into three parts. The first is the place from whence it examines the neighborhood before coming out, and from where it watches for a favorable moment to escape its persecutors when a fatiguing pursuit has driven it to seek an asylum in its retreat. Then comes the store-room, a place with several outlets, where the provisions are stored away. Lastly, behind the store-room, quite at the bottom of the burrow, is the den, the sleeping-chamber and real habitation of the animal. There it brings forth and suckles its young, and there the female takes refuge in great emergencies. The fox seldom regularly inhabits its burrow except when rearing young. After that period it generally sleeps in a cover near a spot where it thinks plunder is to be had, sometimes at a distance of two or three leagues from its earth.

In the fox maternal instinct is highly developed. It watches its cubs with solicitude, provides for their wants and courageously defends them against their enemies. A litter is composed of from three to five young, which are born about the month of April. The male and female live together until their progeny is reared, after which they separate. The duration of a fox's existence is from thirteen to fourteen years.

The serious depredations committed by this animal have caused it to be classed among the most obnoxious, and for this reason, in nearly all countries, man adopts every means to accomplish its destruction.

The wealthier classes of the English people are devoted to fox-hunting, and expend large sums to support kennels of fox-hounds. This example has not gained much popularity in France.

To enjoy successfully this sport, care must be taken the evening preceding the chase to close up all the burrows in the neighborhood, and thus cut the animal off from taking refuge in them, which it is sure to attempt when it finds itself hard pressed. This precaution taken, Master Reynard is almost certainly doomed; for he leaves after him so powerful a scent that the hounds with facility follow his track. So full of devices to destroy the life of others, he scarcely manifests any to save his own, but confines himself to retracing the course he has pursued time after time, till the voracious pack overtake him and tear him in pieces.

Old stagers, however, are sometimes found who disconcert all pursuit by fleeing to places inaccessible to hounds and huntsmen. It is the business of the huntsman to know these localities, and to prevent the game from entering them. This is done in France by placing a piece of cord across the approach to the sanctum, garnished with feathers or scraps of bright-colored cloth. The fox, seeing this object, suspects a snare, and

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doubles back, and probably perishes through this excess of prudence.

Destroying foxes with firearms is much more easy. A certain number of sportsmen occupy the paths of a wood which is known to contain foxes. The vermin, started by some cur dogs, take to their runs, thus offering an easy shot; if they escape, the sportsmen have usually only their own unskilfulness to blame.

When the fox runs to earth, and obstinately refuses to be unkennelled, terriers are often successfully employed, which, crawling into the lair, drive the possessor out.

Sometimes Reynard resists all attempts to expel him. There is nothing then to be done but to smoke him out or to lay open his retreat with the pickaxe. The first operation, being the simplest, is generally preferred. All the openings of the burrow are closed, except that to windward; into this is introduced, as deeply as possible, a sulphur match; bushes and leaves are collected in front of the hole and set on fire. The smoke, blown by the wind, penetrates to the bottom of the burrow, carrying with it the sulphurous vapors. The subterranean cavity being completely pregnated, the smoke returns against the wind; the last opening is then hermetically closed, and things are left in this state until the next day, when the fox is sure to be found dead near one of the orifices.

When foxes overrun a country more energetic measures are had recourse to in order to destroy them—viz., by traps and poison.

We have seen, by the history of the Château-Thierry fox, that this carnivore is susceptible of being tamed. It is nevertheless necessary to make a reserve. Its sanguinary instincts are invincible; the desire for blood is a necessity of its nature. We might, perhaps, succeed in entirely banishing these instincts by submitting the animal to prolonged domestication during successive generations, but it cannot be brought about by a few years' training. This is the reason why it is so difficult to keep an adult fox: the depredations that it never ceases to commit are a continual source of embarrassment to its owner, who at last, to end the annoyance, ultimately gets rid of it.

The flesh of the fox exhales so repulsive an odor that it is even repugnant to many animals. Some people, however, use it, principally those in vine-growing districts, where it feeds on grapes. It is stated that this offensive smell can be readily got rid of by exposing the flesh to a freezing temperature.

Hitherto we have been treating of the red fox. In America it is also known, being found from the 35th to the 55th parallel of latitude, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River; also in Oregon and British Columbia. There is a slight difference in coloring between the European and American, which some naturalists have taken advantage of to consider as just cause for classing them as representatives of different species. In our opinion, no pretext is obtainable to deem them otherwise than varieties. The black fox, so valuable for its fur, belongs to the red fox family and is only a chance production, in the same litters, occasionally, cubs both black and red having been found. The nobles of Russia, the mandarins of China and the khans of Tartary value a black foxskin above all furs, and the price a perfect pelt in prime condition fetches is fabulous. Russia, Siberia and the colder regions of North America alone produce

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this valuable animal, and they are so much sought after that but for the severity of the climate few would continue to exist.

The Arctic or blue fox inhabits the whole extent of both continents beyond the 69th degree of latitude—that is to say, Russia, Siberia and the high regions of North America. The pelage of this species is very long, soft and thick, and is sometimes white, frequently of a gray slate color with a tinge of blue. It is the object of a considerable trade.

This animal differs considerably from the ordinary fox in its habits. It prefers naked hills to woods, and makes its burrow on their southern slope. It is not afraid of water, and frequently swims rivers and arms of the sea to surprise aquatic birds or obtain their eggs.

A trait which is particularly characteristic of the blue fox, because it is exceptional in the order of Carnivora, is its custom of migrating in crowds when game fails in a country it has hitherto occupied. After remaining absent three or four years it again returns.

The female Arctic fox brings forth seven or eight young toward the month of May. It is a lucky chance for a hunter when he can capture some of these cubs, as he rears them and sells their fur as soon as it has reached the period of its greatest beauty. Travellers relate that it is not unusual to meet in Scandinavia poor women who share their care between their child and several blue foxes.

Various other species of foxes inhabit Asia and Africa. We may particularly cite the fennec, the smallest of its kind; to its enormous ears it owes its extreme acuteness of hearing. It is found in the Algerian Sahara, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia and Dongola.

Among the foxes of the New World, the two principal noticeable species are the gray and cross or kit foxes. The first inhabits North America; its fur, although less esteemed than that of the Arctic fox, is nevertheless valuable. The second variety is distributed over the United States and Paraguay. It is a venturesome, courageous little animal: during the night it will approach the bivouacs of travellers and gnaw their leather trappings or steal anything edible lying around the encampment.

GUILLAUME LOUIS FIGUIER.

DISTANCE.

HOW many leagues of weary land and sea
Can place thy spirit far apart from mine?
Can lure from distance dim some silent sign
To set my soul enfranchised far from thee—
Afar from eyes that never leave me free,
From tones that stir my heart like mounting wine,
From presence thralling as some dream divine?
Alas! by night and day all stay with me.

There is no distance—not for those who know
The silent countersign that makes them one,
Whose thoughts are messengers that burn and glow,
With love's fleet messages the winds outrun.
Go, sail the seas! Go, seek the rising sun!
Beyond my constant heart thou canst not go.

MARY CLEMMER.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

WEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,—
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en Toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms; but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more,
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to Opulence allied,
And every pang that Folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that Plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brightened all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

Oh, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease—
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring Famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way,
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below.
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose—
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and Anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest:
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven,
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place—
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen-boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys where nature has its play
The soul adopts and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined;
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,
And, even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with Art the triumph of her eyes,
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress,—
Thus fares the land by Luxury betrayed:
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by Famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then—ah! where—shall Poverty reside
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous Pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of Wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of Pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy.
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now, lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before
The various terrors of that horrid shore—
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the Western main,

And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe,
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury, thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow—
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe—
Till, sapped their strength and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Contented toil and hospitable care
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That foundst me poor at first, and keepst me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue,—fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest,

That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TWELVE YEARS HAVE FLOWN.

TWELVE years have flown since last I saw
My birthplace and my home of youth:
How oft its scenes would Memory draw,
Her tints the pencillings of truth!
Unto that spot I come once more—
The dearest life hath ever known—
And still it wears the look it wore,
Although twelve weary years have flown.

Again upon the soil I stand
Where first my infant footsteps strayed;
Again I view my fatherland
And wander through its pleasant shade;
I gaze upon the hills, the skies,
The verdant banks with flowers o'ergrown,
And while I look with glistening eyes
Almost forget twelve years have flown.

Twelve years have flown! Those words are brief,
Yet in their sound what fancies dwell!
The hours of bliss, the days of grief,
The joys and woes remembered well;
The hopes that filled the youthful breast—
Alas! how many a one o'erthrown!
Deep thoughts that long have been at rest
Wake at the words "twelve years have flown."

The past! the past! A saddening thought,
A withering spell, is in the sound:
It comes with memories deeply fraught
Of youthful pleasure's giddy round;
Of forms that roved life's sunniest bowers—
The cherished few, for ever gone;
Of dreams that filled life's morning hours.
Where are they now? Twelve years have flown!

A brief but eloquent reply!
Where are youth's hopes, life's morning dream?
Seek for the flowers that floated by
Upon the rushing mountain-stream.
Yet gems beneath that wave may sleep
Till after-years shall make them known:
Thus golden thoughts the heart will keep,
That perish not though years have flown.

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

I AM NOT OLD.

I AM not old, though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old. Time may have set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows there have met
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE PLEASURES OF VICISSITUDE.

WHEN all the sky's serenely blue,
When roads are good and tolls are few,
And horses safe and chaises new,
And postboys drive us carefully,—

Then all-monotonous the days,
And void of interest seem the ways,
As, lolling backward in the chaise,
We lounge and grumble sleepily;

Then beds seem hard and inns are cold,
And mutton tough and chickens old,
And cheeses strong and void of mould,
And landlords cheat prodigiously.

But when across the vault of night
Wide flame the forkèd bolts of light,
And horses gallop with affright,
And rear and start confusedly;

Or when a drunken postboy drives
Regardless of the limbs and lives
Of those by whom his master thrives,—
Up starts each latent energy.

Then every steep's unguarded flank,
And every ditch profound and dank,
And e'en each gently-rising bank,
Alarm the traveller horribly.

But if those ills we steer between,
How lovely looks the blue serene!
How pleasant the long level green
Which tired us once confoundedly!

How safe a harbor seems an inn!
How honest looks old Double-Chin,
His thrice-dressed dinner bringing in,
And bowing to us courteously!

Ye wretched few deprived of bliss
By what the world calls happiness,
I feel and pity the distress
Which makes your lives drag heavily.

Continual good is sure to cloy;
'Tis from the mixture of alloy
That ease is ease, that joy is joy,
And ecstasy is ecstasy.

RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE trembling dewdrops fall
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously; and all,
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head: when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow:
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Ay, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In Memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above: thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come while here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless your weeping child;
And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

BRING BACK THE CHAIN.

IT was an aged man who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea;
They cast his fetters by the flood
And hailed the time-worn captive free.
From his indignant eye there flashed
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrank abashed
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave:

"Bring back the chain whose weight so long
These tortured limbs have vainly borne:
The word of freedom from your tongue
My weary ear rejects with scorn!
'Tis true, there was—there was a time
I sighed, I panted, to be free,
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bowed down my stubborn knee.

"Then I have stretched my yearning arms
And shook in wrath my bitter chain;
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groaned for liberty in vain.
That freedom ye at length bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate;
Ye tell me I am free to go:
Where? I am desolate!

"The boundless hope, the spring of joy
Felt when the spirit's strength is young,
Which slavery only can alloy,
The mockeries to which I clung,
The eyes whose fond and sunny ray
Made life's dull lamp less dimly burn,
The tones I pined for day by day,—
Can ye bid them return?

"Bring back the chain; its clanking sound
Hath then a power beyond your own:
It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly loved, too early flown;
It brings me days when these dim eyes
Gazed o'er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free.

"Bring back the chain that I may think
'Tis that which weighs my spirit so,
And, gazing on each galling link,
Dream—as I dreamt—of bitter woe.

My days are gone; of hope, of youth,
  These traces now alone remain—
Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth—
  Tears and my iron chain.

"Freedom! Though doomed in pain to live,
  The freedom of the soul is mine,
But all of slavery you could give
  Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent;
  Renew the hopes that childhood gave;
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent:
  Till then I am a slave!"

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

WINTERGREEN.

THE frost has melted from the pane,
  For rime is not in reason
When flowers begin to bloom again
And the clear shining after rain
  Foretells an April season.

I know how white the snowdrifts lie
  Against the hawthorn-hedges,
And do not venture to deny
That icicles hang high and dry
  Along the window-ledges.

But some have found the flower of life
  A delicate May-comer;
Some find the winter's storm and strife
With more of blooming sweetness rife
  Than any hour of summer.

And let me tell you why to-day
  The frost leaves no impression,
And why, when all the world is gray,
I hold, so confidently gay,
  The sunshine in possession.

An hour ago this very room,
  That now you find so cheery,
Was dull and darksome as a tomb
Whereon the flowers have ceased to bloom,
  And I was just as dreary.

But while, with secret sense of shame,
  Yet secret sense of yearning,
I breathed a rarely-uttered name,
Behold! a letter to me came
  With news of his returning.

Then all the wintry world grew bright
  With summer warmth and shining,
And every cloud that day or night
Had darkened over my delight
  Revealed a silver lining.

For long ago, oh long ago—
  No need now to remember
If April violets were in blow,
Or if the fields were wrapped in snow
  Of dreary, cold December—

My love was proud; my love and I
  Were proud and tender-hearted:
We passed each other coldly by,
Nor ever told the reason why
  So foolishly we parted.

We went our weary ways alone:
  He sailed the wide seas over;
I kept my secret for my own,
And saw the pinky blossoms grown
  Ten times upon the clover.

Ten times I heard the honey-bees
  Among them sweetly humming,
But never summer bee nor breeze
Brought me such welcome words as these:
  "Your love is coming, coming!"

Upon the bitter, biting blast
  Of January flying,
The happy message came at last;
And so, you see, my winter's past,
  For all the snow's denying.

You need not smile because the snow
  Upon my hair is sprinkled:
Hearts may keep springtime still, although
The brow above—like mine, you know—
  Is just a little wrinkled.

I would not change with you, my sweet,
  For all your April beauty,
Nor give for all the hearts that meet
To offer at your pretty feet
  Their undivided duty

The one that unforgetting went
  For ten long years together—
The one whose crowning love has lent
"The winter of my discontent"
  Its flush of summer weather.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, oh take those lips away
  That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again—
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

OH what a jewel is a woman excellent—
A wise, a virtuous and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our current virtues.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

THERE'S a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
  Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold
  And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal
  On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
  But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned
  When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
  From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
  But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light
  But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are travelling homeward through changes and gloom
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb
  From the evergreen mountains of life.

JAMES G. CLARK.

JAFFÀR.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

SHELLEY, take this to thy dear memory:
To praise the generous is to think of thee.

Jaffàr the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—
Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Hàroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death:
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.
"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears,
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears,
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr?"
Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go! and, since gifts thus move thee, take this gem—
The richest in the Tartar's diadem—
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and, holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr!"

LEIGH HUNT.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know for ever!

Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SEA-CAVE.

HARDLY we breathe, although the air be free:
How massively doth awful Nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly!
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine, shrub, flower and tree.
Beautiful scene, and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid,
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport at noontide in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

JEALOUSY.

THERE is another devil that haunts marriage
(None fondly loves but knows it), jealousy,
That wedlock's yellow sickness,
That whispers separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
The most of men, in their first sudden furies,
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call 't a prison; then it is most just
That the disease of the prison, jealousy,
Should thus affect 'em, but—oh, here I'm fixed!—
To make sale of a wife! Monstrous and foul!
An act abhorred in nature, cold in soul!

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THE CHANGE.

WE have gathered lilies oft
On these old green garden-walks,
And our hands met lovingly
As we tied the stalks
Round and round with limber willow
Underneath the hawthorn bough:
There thou lingerest with another,
And I'm forgotten now.

We ne'er parted sorrowless
Or met without a smile of yore;
Though we never spoke our love,
We but felt it more:
'Twould have seemed precaution useless
For hearts like ours to breathe one vow;
Yet all that thou wast then to me
Thou'rt to another now.

THOMAS BRYDGSON.

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence, while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening: I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the prefect of the Parisian police. We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years.

We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin as he supplied his visitor with a pipe and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet."

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the prefect as he gave a long, steady and contemplative puff and settled himself in his chair —"I will tell you in a few words; but before I begin let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then, I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known—this beyond a doubt: he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the prefect, "from the nature of the document and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station, and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G——, "is the minister D——, who dares all things—those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal boudoir. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage ad-

dressed and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to, the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete — the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the prefect; "and the power thus attained has for some months past been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter, but this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in the possession of the minister, since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——, "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hôtel, and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh yes, and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged personally in ransacking the D—— hôtel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous; so I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that, although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin.

"The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly, then, upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the prefect. "He had been twice waylaid as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer, and I presume you know that to a properly-trained police-agent such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk —of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table or other similarly arranged piece of furniture is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces—*all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not, but we did better: we

examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel—and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture—by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any trace of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing, any unusual gaping in the joints, would have sufficed to ensure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed. "You must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had, but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick; they gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel. We not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police-officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover* with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes just from the hands of the binder we carefully probed longitudinally with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect.—"And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" and here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read

aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterward he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,

"Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I! Yes, I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested, but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward: I don't like to say how much precisely. But one thing I *will* say—that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is it is becoming of more and more importance every day, and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum; "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? In what way?"

"Why" (puff, puff), "you might" (puff, puff) "employ counsel in the matter, eh?" (puff, puff, puff). "Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But once upon a time a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such. Now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy; 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer and producing a cheque-book, "you might as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook;

then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hôtel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly-ingenious resources are with the prefect a sort of Procrustean bed to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand, and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing, and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies. 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial. and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he would propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even, as before. I will therefore guess even;' he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise or how stupid or how good or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Macchiavelli and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of his identification, and secondly by ill-admeasurement—or, rather, through non-admeasurement—of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their own ideas of ingenuity, and in searching for anything hidden advert only to the modes in which they would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the mass; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of practice, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—— has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the application of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity to which the prefect in the long routine of his duty has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that all men proceed to conceal a letter, not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg, but, at least, in some out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? for in all cases of concealment a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed, and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience and determination, of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have never been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that had

the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified, and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the prefect feels, and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know, and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the differential calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well: he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries? The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence.*"

"'*Il y a à parièr*,'" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "'*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*' The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*' implies 'ambition,' '*religio*' 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*' a set of *honorable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called pure algebra are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of relation—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually *un*true that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails, for two motives, each of a given value, have not necessarily a value when united equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths with-

in the limits of relation. But the mathematician argues from his finite truths, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world, indeed, imagines them to be. Bryant in his very learned *Mythology* mentions an analogous source of error when he says that 'although the pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are pagans themselves, the 'pagan fables' are believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q. Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is not altogether equal to q, and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for beyond doubt he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician, the prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this cheque. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intriguant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary nooks of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to simplicity, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so very self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin,

"abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial, and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiæ*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is in the latter that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again, have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought" I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word —the name of town, river, state or empire, any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names, but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing and discriminating ingenuity of D——, upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand if he intended to use it to good purpose, and upon the decisive evidence obtained by the prefect that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search,—the more satisfied I became that to conceal this letter the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hôtel. I found D—— at home. yawning, lounging and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is perhaps the most really energetic human being now alive, but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instru-

ments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes in going the circuit of the room fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle, as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal bearing the D—— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed in diminutive female hand to D——, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription to a certain royal personage was markedly bold and decided: the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive—the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D—— and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document—these things, together with the hyperobtrusive situation of this document full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived,—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack, and also fell at length upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, redirected and resealed. I bade the minister good-morning and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hôtel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open and looked out. In

the mean time, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket and replaced it by a *fac-simile*—so far as regards externals—which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterward I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile?* Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve; his hôtel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers, since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*, but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least, no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum* an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? Did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank: that would have been insulting. D—— at Vienna once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words,

"'Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyesté.'*

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée.*"

EDGAR ALLAN POE

*"A design so fatal,
If not worthy of Atreus, is of Thyestes."

Atreus and Thyestes were sons of Pelops—fratricides and seducers meeting with just retribution.

SKELETONS.

FRIENDS, the foot-way is steep and rough,
Harder and wearier day by day,
Dreary, we murmur, and hard enough
E'en could we cast these loads away.
Terrible burdens, alas! are they.

Skeletons ghastly and strange and grim—
How we shrink from each spectral form!—
Shadows with sad eyes wet and dim,
Fair young corpses with lips yet warm,—
These we carry through shine and storm.

Lying down with them night by night,
Rising up with them morn by morn,
Bearing their weight through the long day-light,
Facing them still when the stars are born,
Oh how weary and how forlorn!

Ah, my neighbor! your face is fair,
Gay and smiling, the whole day through;
Have you no speechless sorrow there?
Are there no ghosts to trouble you?
Do you carry a skeleton too?

Softly, softly! I do not heed
Any innocent lie you tell.
All whose feet on Life's pathway bleed
Carry their terrible loads as well:
Never one can escape the spell.

Close your eyes, but you see them still;
Turn your head, they are there the same;
Fly, they follow, go where you will—
Haunting faces of grief or blame,
More to be feared than sword or flame.

Ghosts of the perished joys of old,
Hopes which once in our hearts abode,
Phantoms of dead loves, stark and cold,
Long since buried on Life's sad road—
Oh, a ghastly and fearful load!

Those torment us with sharp rebukes,
These still scourge us with dull complaint;
Others stab us with sad sweet looks
From eyes like those of a martyr-saint,
Fire-refined from all mortal taint.

O dear Christ, who didst bow and bleed
Under the burden laid on thee,
Hear the prayer of our bitter need:
Though unlightened our loads may be,
Help us to carry them patiently.

ELIZABETH AKERS
(Florence Percy).

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,

And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth,

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

HOPE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer—
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing shall fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,
Look aloft and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which Hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh, when Death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you;
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose them,
Or after you've kissed them they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh, she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you;
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!" THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

TO A SKELETON.*

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope nor joy nor love nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void:
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel-wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky. ANON.

* These lines were found in a skull in the British Museum.

CAPE COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks
When the long day was nearly done:
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And o'er the bay in streaming locks
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars
  Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
  Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
  Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky! O purple tide!
  O friends to friends that closer pressed!
Those glories have in darkness died,
  And ye have left my longing breast:
I could not keep you by my side,
  Nor fix that radiance in the west.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
  With the same low and murmuring strain;
Across those waves, with glancing feet,
  The sunset rays shall seek the main;
But when together shall we meet
  Upon that far-off shore again?

W. B. GLAZIER.

FAR IN THE WOODS.

IT is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High:
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air,
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray,
Where not a floweret bends its little stalk
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom,—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;
Silence his praise, his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen where every sound is lulled
To slumber save the tinkling of the rill
Or bleat of lamb or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son,
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE PALACES OF ARABY.

THE palaces of Araby! How beautiful they were,
Rearing their golden pinnacles unto the sunny air
'Mid fragrant groves of spice and balm and waving orange trees,
And clear-toned fountains sparkling up to kiss the passing breeze!

The palaces of Araby! Oh, still there is a dream,
A vision, on my brain of all as long extinct and dim;

They rise upon my fancy yet, vast, beautiful and grand,
As in past centuries they stood through all that radiant land.

The palaces of Araby! Pale forms of marble mould
Were ranged in every stately hall, white, glittering and cold,
And urns of massive crystal bright stood on each marble floor,
Where odors of a thousand lands burned brightly evermore.

The palaces of Araby! Vast mirrors shrined in gold
Gave back from every lofty wall splendor a thousand fold,
And the gleaming of uncounted gems and the blaze of odorous light
Streamed down from every fretted dome magnificently bright.

I see them now—"so fancy deems"—those bright Arabian girls
Binding with glittering gems and flowers their dark and flowing curls,
Or sweeping with their long rich robes throughout those marble halls,
Or holding in their rose-clad bowers gay, gorgeous festivals.

I see them now—"so fancy deems"—those warriors high and bold
Draining their draughts of ruby wine from cups of massive gold,
Or dashing on their battle-steeds like meteors to the war
With the dazzling gleam of helm and shield and jewelled scimitar.

That dream hath fled, that pageant passed: Unreal things and vain,
Why rise ye up so vividly, so brightly, to my brain?
The desert hath no palaces, the sands no fountain-stream,
And the brave and beautiful are frail and shadowy as my dream.

The palaces of Araby! Oh, there is not a stone
To mark the splendor and the pride for ever crushed and gone;
The lonely traveller hears no more the sound of harp and lute,
And the fountain-voices glad and clear for evermore are mute.

Lost Araby, lost Araby, the world's extinguished light,
Thou liest dark and desolate, a thing of shame and blight;
Rome hath her lofty ruins yet; Greece smiles amid her tears:
In thee alone we find no trace, no wreck, of other years.

CATHERINE A. WARFIELD and ELEANOR P. LEE.

MUSIC.

OH, lull me, lull me, charming air;
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

RITTA'S STORY OF HER LOVE.

OH yes, indeed! Once—long ago—I was
Just fool enough to tangle up my heart
With one of these same men. 'Twas terrible!
Morning or evening, waking or asleep,
I had no peace. Sighs, groans and standing tears
Counted my moments through the blessed day.
And then to this there was a dull, strange ache
For ever sleeping in my breast—a numbing pain
That would not for an instant be forgot.
Oh, but I loved him so, that very feeling
Became intolerable. And I believed
This false Giuseppe, too, for all the sneers,
The shrugs and glances, of my intimates.
They slandered me and him, yet I believed.
He was a noble, and his love to me
Was a reproach, a shame, yet I believed.
He wearied of me, tried to shake me off,
Grew cold and formal, yet I would not doubt.
Oh, lady, I was true! Nor till I saw
Giuseppe walk through the cathedral door
With Dora, the rich usurer's niece, upon
The very arm to which I clung so oft,
Did I so much as doubt him. Even then—
More is my shame—I made excuses for him:
"Just this or that had forced him to the course:
Perhaps he loved me yet—a little yet.
His fortune or his family had driven
My poor Giuseppe thus against his heart.
The low are sorry judges for the great.
Yes, yes, Giuseppe loved me!" But at last
I did awake. It might have been with less:
There was no need of crushing me, to break
My silly dream up. In the street, it chanced,
Dora and he went by me, and he laughed—
A bold, bad laugh—right in my poor pale face,
And turned and whispered Dora, and she laughed.
Ah! then I saw it all. I've been awake
Ever since then, I warrant you. And now
I only pray for him sometimes, when friends
Tell his base actions toward his hapless wife.
Oh, I am lying: I pray every night!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

WARDEN, KEEP A PLACE FOR ME.

INCIDENT OF PRISON LIFE IN THE KINGS COUNTY PENITENTIARY.

DISCHARGED again! Yes, I am free,
But, warden, keep a place for me;
For freedom means that I must go
Out in the wind and rain and snow
To fight with hunger, shame and cold,
A woman gray and worn and old—
To clothe myself in rags again,
And seek some wretched, narrow den;
And after that what must be done?
Steal? Beg? Hard lines for any one.
To work is easier. I would try,
But there's no work for such as I.
A fine thing, truly, to be free!
But, warden, keep a place for me;

For I'll come back. It's seven years
Since first I entered here in tears.
"Drunk and disorderly" I came,
And felt the burden and the shame,
The prison taint, the outlaw's dread
When first behind his hopeless tread
The gates clang to with dreadful sound
And the dark prison walls close round.

But when I went away I said,
"If I can earn my daily bread,
I'll work my fingers off before
I'll wear a convict's dress once more."

'Twas easy said: I meant it too.
Work? Is there work enough to do
For those who spend their weary lives
Like toiling bees in busy hives,
And starve at last? When willing hands
That never broke the law's commands
Are idle by the thousands, how
Can jail-birds keep a virtuous vow?
No work, but all the same I found
The time for meals would come around;
No work, but time enough to think,
And that's the easy road to drink.
Who cared, who cares, that I was then
"Drunk and disorderly" again?
Who cares that ever with the best
I was a woman like the rest?
Who cares that one day in my life
I was a happy, joyous wife?
None care, and I care less than they,
And curse the man and curse the day.

How did I know that he would be
A drunken scoundrel, dragging me
Down in the mire? Alas, the life
He led me! Oh, the bitter strife
'Twixt love and hate! He went away
And left me with my little May—
My little child! my little pearl!
My pretty brown-eyed baby-girl!
Bah! that was only childhood's grace;
She grew up with her father's face,
Her father's selfish, wicked heart—
Grew up to take an evil part;
Grew up to soil her mother's name
And cover it with double shame.

But I've a little baby-dress—
The one soft vein of tenderness
That's ran through all these hateful years;
I've wet it many a time with tears,
And many a time at dead of night
I've clasped it to my bosom tight.
What for? Because it means for me
A simple, sinless memory;
Because it means there was a time
When I, now gray with want and crime,
Old jail-bird as I am to-day,
Knew how to love and dared to pray.
What did I do? How could I know
That things would go against me so?
How could I help it? Did I plan
The fate that bound me to that man—
The hard, blind fate that dragged me down
Among the wretches of the town,
That snatched away all hope, all chance,
And twisted every circumstance
Against me, till at last I stood
Stripped of my very womanhood?
I could not dare to stop and think:
Was it my fault I took to drink?

No, I'm not fit for liberty;
It ain't a wholesome thing for me:
The jail takes cafe of me too well.
Better to be locked up in a cell
Where all is clean and sleep is sweet
Than roam the misery-haunted street;
Better the work they give us here
Than what awaits me when I'm clear;
Better the silence we must keep
Than drunken cries and curses deep;
Better the dull days free from pain
Than shattered nerves and throbbing brain;
Better the quiet, sober life
Than yonder city's desperate strife;
Better the prison's homely fare,
Better the prison's watchful care,
Better for me than liberty!
So, warden, keep a place for me.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

DESCRIPTION AND CONQUEST OF BABYLON.

BABYLON, traversed in the middle by the Euphrates, was surrounded by walls three hundred feet in height, seventy-five feet in thickness, and composing a square of which each side was one hundred and twenty stadia, or nearly fifteen English miles, in length; around the outside of the walls was a broad and deep moat from whence the material for the bricks composing them had been excavated, while one hundred brazen gates served for ingress and egress. Besides, there was an interior wall less thick, but still very strong, and as a still farther obstruction to invaders from the north and north-east another high and thick wall was built at some miles from the city, across much of the space between the Euphrates and the Tigris—called the "wall of Media"—seemingly a little to the north of that point where the two rivers most nearly approach to each other, and joining the Tigris on its west bank. Of the houses many were three or four stories high, and the broad and straight streets, unknown in a Greek town until the distribution of the peiræeus by Hippodamus, near the time of the Peloponnesian war, were well calculated to heighten the astonishment raised by the whole spectacle in a visitor like Herodotus.

The royal palace, with its memorable terraces or hanging-gardens, formed the central and commanding edifice in one half of the city, the temple of Belus in the other half. That celebrated temple, standing upon a basis of one square stadium and enclosed in a precinct two square stadia in dimensions, was composed of eight solid towers, built one above the other, and is alleged by Strabo to have been as much as a stadium or furlong high (the height is not specified by Herodotus); it was full of costly decorations and possessed an extensive landed property. Along the banks of the river, in its passage through the city, were built spacious quays, and a bridge on stone piles, for the placing of which, as Herodotus was told, Semiramis had caused the river Euphrates to be drained off into the large side reservoir and lake constructed higher up its course.

Besides this great town of Babylon itself, there were throughout the neighborhood, between the canals which united the Euphrates and the Tigris, many rich and populous villages, while Borsippa and other considerable towns were situated lower down on the Euphrates itself. And the industry, agricultural as well as manufacturing, of the collective population was not less persevering than productive; their linen, cotton and woollen fabrics and their richly ornamented carpets were celebrated throughout all the Eastern regions. Their cotton was brought in part from islands in the Persian Gulf, while the flocks of sheep tended by the Arabian nomads supplied them with wool finer even than that of Miletus or Tarentum. Besides the Chaldæan order of priests,

there seem to have been among them certain other tribes with peculiar hereditary customs; thus there were three tribes, probably near the mouth of the river, who restricted themselves to the eating of fish alone, but have no evidences of a military caste like that in Egypt, nor any other hereditary profession.

In order to present any conception of what Assyria was in the early days of Grecian history and during the two centuries preceding the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, in 536 B. C., we unfortunately have no witness earlier than Herodotus, who did not see Babylon until near a century after that event; about seventy years after its still more disastrous revolt and second subjugation by Darius, Babylonia had become one of the twenty satrapies of the Persian empire, and, besides paying a larger regular tribute than any of the other nineteen, supplied from its exuberant soil provision for the great king and his countless host of attendants during one third part of the year. Yet it was then in a state of comparative degradation, having had its immense walls breached by Darius, and having afterward undergone the ill-usage of Xerxes, who, since he stripped its temples, and especially the venerated temple of Belus, of some of their richest ornaments, would probably be still more reckless in his mode of dealing with the civil edifices. If, in spite of such inflictions, and in spite of that manifest evidence of poverty and suffering in the people which Herodotus expressly notices, it continued to be what he describes, still counted as almost the chief city of the Persian empire, both in the time of the younger Cyrus and in that of Alexander, we may judge what it must once have been, without either foreign satrap or foreign tribute, under its Assyrian kings and Chaldæan priests, during the last of the two centuries which intervened between the era of Nabonassar and the capture of the city by Cyrus the Great. Though several of the kings during the first of these two centuries had contributed much to the great works of Babylon, yet it was during the second century of the two, after the capture of Nineveh by the Medes, and under Nebuchadnezzar and Nitokris, that the kings attained the maximum of their power and the city its greatest enlargement. It was Nebuchadnezzar who constructed the seaport Teredon at the mouth of the Euphrates, and who probably excavated the long ship-canal of near four hundred miles which joined it, which was perhaps formed partly from a natural western branch of the Euphrates. The brother of the poet Alkæus—Antimenidas, who served in the Babylonian army and distinguished himself by his personal valor (600–580 B. C.)—would have seen it in its full glory; he is the earliest Greek of whom we hear individually in connection with the Babylonians. It marks strikingly the contrast between the Persian kings and the Babylonian kings on whose ruin they rose that, while the latter incurred immense expense to facilitate the communication between Babylon and the sea, the former artificially impeded the lower course of the Tigris in order that their residence at Susa might be out of the reach of assailants.

That which strikes us most, and which must have struck the first Grecian visitors much more, both in Assyria and Egypt, is the unbounded command of naked human

strength possessed by these early kings, and the effect of mere mass and indefatigable perseverance, unaided either by theory or by artifice, in the accomplishment of gigantic results. In Assyria the results were in great part exaggerations of enterprises in themselves useful to the people for irrigation and defence; religious worship was ministered to in the like manner, as well as the personal fancies and pomp of their kings, while in Egypt the latter class predominates more over the former. We scarcely trace in either of them the higher sentiment of art which owes its first marked development to Grecian susceptibility and genius. But the human mind is in every stage of its progress, and most of all in its rude and unreflecting period, strongly impressed by visible and tangible magnitude and awe-struck by the evidences of great power. To this feeling for what exceeded the demands of practical convenience and security the wonders both in Egypt and Assyria chiefly appealed, while the execution of such colossal works demonstrates habits of regular industry, a concentrated population under one government, and, above all, an implicit submission to the regal and priestly sway, contrasting forcibly with the small autonomous communities of Greece and Western Europe, wherein the will of the individual citizen was so much more energetic and uncontrolled. The acquisition of habits of regular industry, so foreign to the natural temper of man, was brought about in Egypt and Assyria, in China and Hindostan, before it had acquired any footing in Europe; but it was purchased either by prostrate obedience to a despotic rule or by imprisonment within the chain of a consecrated institution of caste. Even during the Homeric period of Greece these countries had attained a certain civilization in mass without the acquisition of any high mental qualities or the development of any individual genius; the religious and political sanction, sometimes combined and sometimes separate, determined for every one his mode of life, his creed, his duties and his place in society, without leaving any scope for the will or reason of the agent himself. Now, the Phenicians and Carthaginians manifest a degree of individual impulse and energy which puts them greatly above this type of civilization, though in their tastes, social feelings and religion they are still Asiatic. And even the Babylonian community, though their Chaldæan priests are the parallel of the Egyptian priests with a less measure of ascendency, combine with their industrial aptitude and constancy of purpose something of that strenuous ferocity of character which marks so many people of the Semitic race, Jews, Phenicians and Carthaginians. These Semitic people stand distinguished as well from the Egyptian life—enslaved by childish caprices and antipathies and by endless frivolities of ceremonial detail—as from the flexible, many-sided and self-organizing Greek, not only capable of opening both for himself and for the human race the highest walks of intellect and the full creative agency of art, but also gentler by far in his private sympathies and dealings than his contemporaries on the Euphrates, the Jordan or the Nile; for we are not, of course, to compare him with the exigences of Western Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Both in Babylonia and in Egypt the vast

monuments, embankments and canals executed by collective industry appeared the more remarkable to an ancient traveller by contrast with the desert regions and predatory tribes immediately surrounding them. West of the Euphrates the sands of Arabia extended northward with little interruption to the latitude of the Gulf of Issus; they even covered the greater part of Mesopotamia, or the country between the Euphrates and the Tigris, beginning a few days' journey northward of the wall called the wall of Media, above mentioned, which, extending westward from the Tigris to one of the canals joining the Euphrates, had been erected to protect Babylon against the incursion of the Medes. Eastward of the Tigris, again, along the range of Mount Zagros, but at no great distance from the river, were found the Elymæi, Kossæi, Uxii, Parætakeni, etc. —tribes which, to use the expression of Strabo, "as inhabiting a poor country, were under the necessity of living by the plunder of their neighbors." Such rude bands of depredators on the one side, and such wide tracts of sand on the two others, without vegetation or water, contrasted powerfully with the industry and productiveness of Babylonia. Babylon itself is to be considered, not as one continuous city, but as a city together with its surrounding district enclosed within immense walls, the height and thickness of which were in themselves a sufficient defence; so that the place was assailable only at its gates. In case of need it would serve as shelter for the persons and property of the village inhabitants in Babylonia. Spacious as Babylon was, however, it is affirmed by Strabo that Ninus or Nineveh was considerably larger.

CAPTURE OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.

Herodotus informs us that the Babylonian queen Nitokris—mother of that very Labynetus who was king when Cyrus attacked the place—had been apprehensive of invasion from the Medes after their capture of Nineveh, and had executed many laborious works near the Euphrates for the purpose of obstructing their approach. Moreover, there existed what was called the "wall of Media"—probably built by her, but certainly built prior to the Persian conquest—one hundred feet high and twenty feet thick, across the entire space of seventy-five miles which joined the Tigris with one of the canals of the Euphrates. And the canals themselves, as we may see by the march of the Ten Thousand Greeks after the battle of Kunaxa, presented means of defence altogether insuperable by a rude army such as that of the Persians. On the east the territory of Babylonia was defended by the Tigris, which cannot be forded lower than the ancient Nineveh or the modern Mosul. In addition to these ramparts, natural as well as artificial, to protect the territory—populous, cultivated, productive and offering every motive to its inhabitants to resist even the entrance of an enemy—we are told that the Babylonians were so thoroughly prepared for the inroad of Cyrus that they had accumulated a store of provisions within the city walls for many years.

Strange as it may seem, we must suppose that the king of Babylon, after all the cost and labor spent in providing defences for the territory, voluntarily neglected to avail himself of them, suffered the invader to tread down the fertile Babylonia without resist-

ance, and merely drew out the citizens to oppose him when he arrived under the walls of the city, if the statement of Herodotus is correct. And we may illustrate this unaccountable omission by that which we know to have happened in the march of the younger Cyrus to Kunaxa against his brother Artaxerxes Mnemon. The latter had caused to be dug, expressly in preparation for this invasion, a broad and deep ditch, thirty feet wide and eight feet deep, from the wall of Media to the river Euphrates, a distance of twelve *parasangs*, or forty-five English miles, leaving only a passage of twenty feet broad close alongside of the river. Yet when the invading army arrived at this important pass, they found not a man there to defend it, and all of them marched without resistance through the narrow inlet. Cyrus the younger, who had up to that moment felt assured that his brother would fight, now supposed that he had given up the idea of defending Babylon, instead of which, two days afterward, Artaxerxes attacked him on an open plain of ground where there was no advantage of position on either side, though the invaders were taken rather unawares in consequence of their extreme confidence arising from recent unopposed entrance within the artificial ditch.

This anecdote is the more valuable as an illustration because all its circumstances are transmitted to us by a discerning eye-witness. And both the two incidents here brought into comparison demonstrate the recklessness, changefulness and incapacity of calculation belonging to the Asiatic mind of that day, as well as the great command of hands possessed by these kings, and their prodigal waste of human labor. We shall see, as we advance in this history, further evidences of the same attributes, which it is essential to bear in mind for the purpose of appreciating both Grecian dealing with Asiatics and the comparative absence of such defects in the Grecian character. Vast walls and deep ditches are an inestimable aid to a brave and well-commanded garrison, but they cannot be made entirely to supply the want of bravery and intelligence.

In whatever manner the difficulties of approaching Babylon may have been overcome, the fact that they were overcome by Cyrus is certain. On first setting out for this conquest he was about to cross the river Gyndes (one of the affluents from the east which joins the Tigris near the modern Bagdad, and along which lay the high-road crossing the pass of Mount Zagros from Babylon to Ekbatana), when one of the sacred white horses which accompanied him insulted the river so far as to march in and try to cross it by himself. The Gyndes resented this insult, and the horse was drowned; upon which Cyrus swore in his wrath that he would so break the strength of the river as that women in future should pass it without wetting their knees. Accordingly, he employed his entire army during the whole summer season in digging three hundred and sixty artificial channels to disseminate the unity of the stream. Such, according to Herodotus, was the incident which postponed for one year the fall of the great Babylon; but in the next spring Cyrus and his army were before the walls, after having defeated and driven in the population, who came out to fight. But the walls were artificial mountains—three hundred feet high, seventy-five feet thick, and forming a square of fifteen

miles to each side—within which the besieged defied attack, and even blockade, having previously stored up several years' provision. Through the midst of these walls, however, flowed the Euphrates; and this river, which had been so laboriously trained to serve for protection, trade and sustenance to the Babylonians, was now made the avenue of their ruin. Having left a detachment of his army at the two points where the Euphrates enters and quits the city, Cyrus retired with the remainder to the higher part of its course, where an ancient Babylonian queen had prepared one of the great lateral reservoirs for carrying off, in case of need, the superfluity of its water. Near this point Cyrus caused another reservoir and another canal of communication to be dug, by means of which he drew off the water of the Euphrates to such a degree that it became not above the height of a man's thigh. The period chosen was that of a great Babylonian festival, when the whole population were engaged in amusement and revelry; and the Persian troops left near the town, watching their opportunity, entered from both sides along the bed of the river, and took it by surprise with scarcely any resistance. At no other time except during a festival could they have done this, says Herodotus, had the river been ever so low, for both banks, throughout the whole length of the town, were provided with quays, with continuous walls and with gates at the end of every street which led down to the river at right angles; so that if the population had not been disqualified by the influences of the moment, they would have caught the assailants in the bed of the river "as a trap" and overwhelmed them from the walls alongside. Within a square of fifteen miles to each side, we are not surprised to hear that both the extremities were already in the power of the besiegers before the central population heard of it, and while they were yet absorbed in unconscious festivity.

Such is the account given by Herodotus of the circumstances which placed Babylon, the greatest city of Western Asia, in the power of the Persians. To what extent the information communicated to him was incorrect or exaggerated we cannot now decide, but the way in which the city was treated would lead us to suppose that its acquisition cannot have cost the conqueror either much time or much loss. Cyrus comes into the list as king of Babylon, and the inhabitants, with their whole territory, become tributary to the Persians, forming the richest satrapy in the empire; but we do not hear that the people were otherwise ill-used, and it is certain that the vast walls and gates were left untouched. This was very different from the way in which the Medes had treated Nineveh, which seems to have been ruined and for a long time absolutely uninhabited, though reoccupied on a reduced scale under the Parthian empire; and very different, also, from the way in which Babylon itself was treated twenty years afterward by Darius when reconquered after a revolt.

The importance of Babylon, marking as it does one of the peculiar forms of civilization belonging to the ancient world in a state of full development, gives an interest even to the half-authenticated stories respecting its capture; but the other exploits ascribed to Cyrus—his invasion of India across the des-

ert of Arachosia, and his attack upon the Massagetæ, nomads ruled by Queen Tomyris, and greatly resembling the Scythians, across the mysterious river which Herodotus calls Araxes—are too little known to be at all dwelt upon. In the latter he is said to have perished, his army being defeated in a bloody battle. He was buried at Pasargadæ, in his native province of Persis proper, where his tomb was honored and watched until the breaking up of the empire, while his memory was held in profound veneration among the Persians.

Of his real exploits we know little except their results, but in what we read respecting him there seems, though amidst constant fighting, very little cruelty. Xenophon has selected his life as the subject of a moral romance which for a long time was cited as authentic history, and which even now serves as an authority, expressed or implied, for disputable, and even incorrect, conclusions. His extraordinary activity and conquests admit of no doubt. He left the Persian empire extending from Sogdiana and the rivers Jaxartes and Indus eastward to the Hellespont and the Syrian coast westward, and his successors made no permanent addition to it except that of Egypt. Phenicia and Judæa were dependencies of Babylon at the time when he conquered it, with their princes and grandees in Babylonian captivity. They seem to have yielded to him and become his tributaries without difficulty, and the restoration of their captives was conceded to them. It was from Cyrus that the habits of the Persian kings took commencement to dwell at Susa in the winter and Ekbatana during the summer, the primitive territory of Persis, with its two towns of Persepolis and Pasargadæ, being reserved for the burial-place of the kings and the religious sanctuary of the empire. How or when the conquest of Susiana was made we are not informed; it lay eastward of the Tigris, between Babylonia and Persis proper, and its people, the Kissians, as far as we can discern, were of Assyrian, and not of Arian, race. The river Choaspes, near Susa, was supposed to furnish the only water fit for the palate of the great king, and is said to have been carried about with him wherever he went.

RECAPTURE BY DARIUS OF BABYLON AFTER REVOLT.

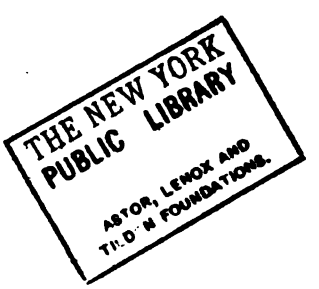
A devoted adherent and a memorable piece of cunning laid prostrate before Darius the mighty walls and gates of the revolted Babylon. The inhabitants of that city had employed themselves assiduously—both during the lax provincial superintendence of the false Smerdis and during the period of confusion and conflict which elapsed before Darius became firmly established and obeyed—in making every preparation both for declaring and sustaining their independence. Having accumulated a large store of provisions and other requisites for a long siege without previous detection, they at length proclaimed their independence openly. And such was the intensity of their resolution to maintain it that they had recourse to a proceeding which, if correctly reported by Herodotus, forms one of the most frightful enormities recorded in his history. To make their provisions last out longer, they strangled all the women in the city, reserving only their mothers, and one woman to each family for the purpose of baking. We cannot but suppose that this has been magnified

from a partial into a universal destruction. Yet, taking it even with such allowance, it illustrates that ferocious force of will, and that predominance of strong nationality, combined with antipathy to foreigners, over all the gentler sympathies, which seems to mark the Semitic nations, and which may be traced so much in the Jewish history of Josephus.

Darius, assembling all the forces in his power, laid siege to the revolted city, but could make no impression upon it either by force or by stratagem. He tried to repeat the proceeding by which Cyrus had taken it at first, but the besieged were found this time on their guard. The siege had lasted twenty months without the smallest progress, and the Babylonians derided the besiegers from the height of their impregnable walls, when a distinguished Persian nobleman—Zopyrus, son of Megabyzus, who had been one of the seven conspirators against Smerdis—presented himself one day before Darius in a state of frightful mutilation: his nose and ears were cut off, and his body misused in every way. He had designedly so maimed himself, "thinking it intolerable that Assyrians should thus laugh the Persians to scorn," in the intention, which he presently intimated to Darius, of passing into the town as a deserter with a view of betraying it, for which purpose measures were concerted. The Babylonians, seeing a Persian of the highest rank in so calamitous a condition, readily believed his assurance that he had been thus punished by the king's order, and that he came over to them as the only means of procuring for himself single vengeance. They entrusted him with the command of a detachment, with which he gained several advantages in different sallies, according to previous concert with Darius, until, at length, the confidence of the Babylonians becoming unbounded, they placed in his hands the care of the principal gates. At the critical moment these gates were thrown open, and the Persians became masters of the city.

Thus was the impregnable Babylon a second time reduced, and Darius took precautions on this occasion to put it out of condition for resisting a third time. He caused the walls and gates to be demolished and three thousand of the principal citizens to be crucified; the remaining inhabitants were left in the dismantled city, fifty thousand women being levied by assessment upon the neighboring provinces to supply the place of the women strangled when it first revolted. Zopyrus was appointed satrap of the territory for life, with enjoyment of its entire revenues, receiving, besides, every additional reward which it was in the power of Darius to bestow, and generous assurances from the latter that he would rather have Zopyrus without wounds than the possession of Babylon. The demolition of the walls here mentioned is not to be regarded as complete and continuous, nor was there any necessity that it should be so. Partial demolition would be quite sufficient to leave the city without defence, and the description given by Herodotus of the state of things as they stood at the time of his visit proves that portions of the walls yet subsisted.

One circumstance is yet to be added in reference to the subsequent condition of Babylon under the Persian empire. The city, with the territory belonging to it, constituted a satrapy which not only paid a larger tribute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(one thousand Euboic talents of silver), and contributed a much larger amount of provisions in kind for the maintenance of the Persian court than any other among the twenty satrapies of the empire, but furnished, besides, an annual supply of five hundred eunuch youths. We may presume that this was intended in part as a punishment for the past revolt, since the like obligation was not imposed upon any other satrapy.

Thus firmly established on the throne, Darius occupied it for thirty-six years.

GEORGE GROTE.

FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY FROM BOSTON TO PHILADELPHIA.

I SOLD part of my books to procure a small sum of money, and went privately on board the sloop. By favor of a good wind I found myself in three days at New York, nearly three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seventeen, without knowing an individual in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had felt for a seafaring life had entirely subsided, or I should now have been able to gratify it; but, having another trade and believing myself to be a tolerable workman, I hesitated not to offer my services to the old Mr. William Bradford who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had quitted the province on account of a quarrel with George Keith, the governor. He could not give me employment himself, having little to do and already as many persons as he wanted, but he told me that his son, printer at Philadelphia, had lately lost his principal workman, Aquila Rose, who was dead, and that if I would go thither he believed that he would engage me. Philadelphia was a hundred miles farther. I hesitated not to embark in a boat in order to repair by the shortest cut of the sea to Amboy, leaving my trunks and effects to come after me by the usual and more tedious conveyance. In crossing the bay we met with a squall which shattered to pieces our rotten sails and prevented us from entering the Kill and threw us upon Long Island.

During the squall a drunken Dutchman, who, like myself, was a passenger in the boat, fell into the sea. At the moment when he was sinking I seized him by the fore-top, saved him and drew him on board. This immersion sobered him a little, so that he fell asleep after having taken from his pocket a volume which he requested me to dry. This volume I found to be my old favorite work, Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, in Dutch, a beautiful impression on fine paper, with copper-plate engravings—a dress in which I had never seen it in its original language. I have since learned that it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe, and, next to the Bible, I am persuaded it is one of the books which has had the greatest spread. Honest John is the first that I know of who has mixed narrative and dialogue together—a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting passages finds himself admitted, as it were, into the company and present at the conversation. De Foe has imitated it with success in his *Robinson Crusoe*, his *Moll Flanders*, and other works, as also Richardson in his *Pamela*, etc.

In approaching the island we found that we had made a part of the coast where it was not possible to land, on account of the strong breakers produced by the rocky shore. We cast anchor and veered the cable toward the shore. Some men who stood upon the brink hallooed to us, while we did the same on our part; but the wind was so high and the waves so noisy that we could neither of us hear each other. There were some canoes upon the banks, and we called out to them and made signs to prevail on them to come and take us up; but either they did not understand us or they deemed our request impracticable, and withdrew. Night came on, and nothing remained for us but to wait quietly the subsiding of the wind, till when we determined—that is, the pilot and I—to sleep, if possible. For that purpose we went below the hatches, along with the Dutchman, who was drenched with water. The sea broke over the boat and reached us in our retreat, so that we were presently as completely drenched as he. We had very little repose during the whole night, but, the wind abating, the next day we succeeded in reaching Amboy before it was dark, after having passed thirty hours without provisions and with no other drink than a bottle of bad rum, the water upon which we rowed being salt. In the evening I went to bed with a very violent fever. I had somewhere read that cold water, drank plentifully, was a remedy in such cases. I followed the prescription, was in a profuse sweat for the greater part of the night, and the fever left me.

The next day I crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and continued my journey on foot. I had fifty miles to walk in order to reach Burlington, where I was told I should find passage-boats that would convey me to Philadelphia. It rained hard the whole day, so that I was wet to the skin. Finding myself fatigued, about noon I stopped at a paltry inn, where I passed the rest of the day and the whole night, beginning to regret that I had quitted my home. I made, besides, so wretched a figure that I was suspected to be some runaway servant. This I discovered by the questions that were asked me, and I felt that I was every moment in danger of being taken up as such.

The next day, however, I continued my journey, and arrived in the evening at an inn, eight or ten miles from Burlington, that was kept by one Dr. Brown. This man entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, perceiving that I had read a little, he expressed toward me considerable interest and friendship. Our acquaintance continued during the remainder of his life. I believe him to be what is called an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England—or, indeed, in Europe—of which he could not give a particular account. He was neither deficient in understanding nor literature, but he was a sad infidel, and some years after wickedly undertook to travesty the Bible in burlesque verse, as Cotton had travestied Virgil. He exhibited by this means many facts in a very ludicrous point of view which would have given umbrage to weak minds had his work been published, which it never was. I spent the night at his house, and reached Burlington the next morning. On my arrival I had the mortification to learn that the ordinary passage-boats had sailed a little before. This was on Saturday, and there would be no other

boat till the Tuesday following. I returned to the house of an old woman in the town who had sold me some gingerbread to eat on my passage, and I asked her advice. She invited me to take up my abode with her till an opportunity offered for me to embark. Fatigued with having travelled so far on foot, I accepted her invitation. When she understood that I was a printer, she would have persuaded me to stay at Burlington and set up my trade; but she was little aware of the capital that would be necessary for such a purpose. I was treated while at her house with true hospitality. She gave me, with the utmost good-will, a dinner of beefsteaks, and would accept of nothing in return but a pint of ale.

Here I imagined myself to be fixed till the Tuesday in the ensuing week, but, walking out in the evening by the river-side, I saw a boat with a number of persons in it approach. It was going to Philadelphia, and the company took me in. As there was no wind, we could only make way with our oars. About midnight, not perceiving the town, some of the company were of opinion that we must have passed it, and were unwilling to row any farther; the rest not knowing where we were, it was resolved that we should stop. We drew toward the shore, entered a creek and landed near some old palisades, which served us for firewood, it being a cold night in October. Here we stayed till day, when one of the company found the place in which we were to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which, in reality, we perceived the moment we were out of the creek. We arrived on Sunday about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and landed on Market Street wharf.

I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall in like manner describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival in Philadelphia I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place and knew not where to seek for a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money—probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked toward the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices as well as the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took

them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river-water, and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who had come down the river with us in the boat and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered or in which I slept at Philadelphia.

I began again to walk along the street by the river-side, and, looking attentively in the face of every one I met with, I at length perceived a young Quaker whose countenance pleased me. I accosted him and begged him to inform me where a stranger might find a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners.

"They receive travellers here," said he, "but it is not a house that bears a good character; if you will go with me, I will show you a better one."

He conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I ordered something for dinner, and during my meal a number of curious questions were put to me, my youth and appearance exciting the suspicion of my being a runaway. After dinner my drowsiness returned, and I threw myself upon a bed without taking off my clothes and slept till six o'clock in the evening, when I was called to supper. I afterward went to bed at a very early hour, and did not awake till the next morning.

As soon as I got up I put myself in as decent a trim as I could and went to the house of Andrew Bradford, the printer. I found his father in the shop, whom I had seen at New York. Having travelled on horseback, he had arrived at Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me with civility and gave me some breakfast, but told me he had no occasion at present for a journeyman, having lately procured one. He added that there was another printer newly settled in the town, of the name of Keimer, who might perhaps employ me, and that in case of refusal I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work now and then till something better should offer.

The old man offered to introduce me to the new printer. When we were at his house, "Neighbor," said he, "I bring you a young man in the printing business; perhaps you may have need of his services."

Keimer asked me some questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I could work, and then said that at present he had nothing for me to do, but that he should soon be able to employ me. At the same time, taking old Bradford for an inhabitant of the town well disposed toward him, he communicated his project to him, and the prospect he had of success. Bradford was careful not to discover that he was the father of the other printer, and from what Keimer had said—that he hoped shortly to be in possession of the greater part of the business of the town—led him, by artful questions and by starting some difficulties, to disclose all his views, what his hopes were founded upon and how he intended to proceed. I was present, and heard it all. I instantly saw that one of the two was a cunning old fox and the other a perfect novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was strangely surprised when I informed him who the old man was.

I found Keimer's printing-materials to consist of an old, deranged press and a small fount of worn-out English letters, with which he himself was at work upon an elegy upon Aquila Rose, an ingenious young man and of an excellent character, highly esteemed in the town, secretary to the Assembly and a very tolerable poet. Keimer also made verses, but they were indifferent ones. He could not be said to write in verse, for his method was to set the lines as they flowed from his Muse; and, as he worked without copy, had but one set of letter-cases and the elegy would occupy all his types, it was impossible for any one to assist him. I endeavored to put his press in order, which he had not yet used, and of which, indeed, he understood nothing; and, having promised to come and work off his elegy as soon as it should be ready, I returned to the house of Bradford, who gave me some trifles to do for the present, for which I had my board and lodging.

In a few days Keimer sent for me to print off his elegy. He had now procured another set of letter-cases, and had a pamphlet to reprint, upon which he set me to work.

The two Philadelphia printers appeared destitute of every qualification necessary in their profession. Bradford had not been brought up to it, and was very illiterate. Keimer, though he understood a little of the business, was merely a compositor and wholly incapable of working at press. He had been one of the French prophets, and knew how to imitate their supernatural agitations. At the time of our first aquaintance he professed no particular religion, but a little of all upon occasions. He was totally ignorant of the world and a great knave at heart, as I had afterward an opportunity of experiencing.

Keimer could not endure that, working with him, I should lodge at Bradford's. He had, indeed, a house, but it was unfurnished; so that he could not take me in. He procured me a lodging at Mr. Read's, his landlord, whom I have already mentioned. My trunk and effects being now arrived, I thought of making in the eyes of Miss Read a more respectable appearance than when chance exhibited me to her view eating my roll and wandering in the streets.

From this period I began to contract acquaintance with such young people as were fond of reading, and spent my evenings with

them agreeably, while at the same time I gained money by my industry, and, thanks to my frugality, lived contentedly.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE ANCIENTS' THEORIES OF ASTRONOMY.

FROM "THE SYSTEM OF THE WORLD."

IT was the ancient opinion of not a few in the earliest ages of philosophy that the fixed stars stood immovable in the highest parts of the world; that under the fixed stars the planets were carried about the sun; that the earth, as one of the planets, described an annual course about the sun, while by a diurnal motion it was in the mean time revolved about its own axis; and that the sun, as the common fire which served to warm the whole, was fixed in the centre of the universe. This was the philosophy taught of old by Philolaus, Aristarchus of Samos, Plato in his riper years, and the whole sect of the Pythagoreans, and this was the judgment of Anaximander, more ancient than any of them, and of that wise king of the Romans, Numa Pompilius, who as a symbol of the figure of the world with the sun in the centre erected a temple in honor of Vesta of a round form, and ordained perpetual fire to be kept in the middle of it.

The Egyptians were early observers of the heavens, and from them, probably, this philosophy was spread abroad among other nations, for from them it was, and the nations about them, that the Greeks, a people of themselves more addicted to the study of philology than of nature, derived their first as well as soundest notions of philosophy; and in the vestal ceremonies we may yet trace the ancient spirit of the Egyptians, for it was their way to deliver their mysteries—that is, their philosophy of things above the vulgar way of thinking—under the veil of religious rites and hieroglyphic symbols.

It is not to be denied but that Anaxagoras, Democritus and others did now and then start up who would have it that the earth possessed the centre of the world, and that the stars of all sorts were revolved toward the west about the earth quiescent in the centre, some at a swifter, others at a slower, rate. However, it was agreed on both sides that the motions of the celestial bodies were performed in spaces altogether free and void of resistance. The whim of solid orbs was of a later date, introduced by Eudoxus, Calippus and Aristotle when the ancient philosophy began to decline and to give place to the new prevailing fictions of the Greeks.

But, above all things, the phenomena of comets can by no means consist with the notion of solid orbs. The Chaldeans, the most learned astronomers of their time, looked upon the comets (which of ancient times before had been numbered among the celestial bodies) as a particular sort of planets which, describing very eccentric orbits, presented themselves to our view only by turns—viz., once in a revolution, when they descended into the lower parts of their orbits. And as it was the unavoidable consequence of the hypothesis of solid orbs, while it prevailed, that the comets should be thrust down below the moon, so no sooner had the late observations of astronomers restored the comets to their ancient places in the higher heavens but these celestial spaces were at once cleared of the encumbrance of solid orbs, which by these observations were broke into pieces and dis-

carded for ever. Whence it was that the planets came to be retained within any certain bounds in these free spaces, and to be drawn off from the rectilinear courses which, left to themselves, they should have pursued, into regular revolutions in curvilinear orbits, are questions which we do not know how the ancients explained, and probably it was to give some sort of satisfaction to this difficulty that solid orbs were introduced. The later philosophers pretend to account for it either by the action of certain vortices, as Kepler and Des Cartes, or by some other principle of impulse or attraction, as Borelli, Hooke and others of our nation; for, from the laws of motion, it is most certain that these effects must proceed from the action of some force or other.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO.

FROM THE LATIN OF CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.

NERO now began to shun all private interviews with his mother; whenever she withdrew to her gardens or her villa at Tusculum or to the neighborhood of Antium, he would commend her for seeking retirement. At last, feeling her existence a heavy burden to him wherever she might be, he resolved to put her to death, the only matter of deliberation with him being whether he should get rid of her by poison, by the dagger, or by some other violent means. His first resolve was to take her off by poison. But if poison should be given to her at the emperor's table, it could not be imputed to accident, for Britannicus had already perished by the same means; to tamper with the attendants of Agrippina appeared hazardous, for her experience in crime had made her vigilant against treachery, and she had fortified herself against poisons by the habit of taking antidotes. If the dagger was employed, nobody could suggest how the murder should be concealed; and Nero feared that, whoever was selected to commit so great a crime, he might refuse to obey the emperor's commands.

Anicetus, a freedman, offered the resources of his invention. He was the commander of the fleet at Misenum, had been engaged in the education of Nero, and he and Agrippina hated one another. He told Nero that a vessel might be so constructed that part of it could be detached when the vessel was afloat and Agrippina thrown into the water before she was aware of it; that nothing gave so many chances of accident as the sea; and if Agrippina should perish in the wreck, who could be so unreasonable as to impute to crime what was the fault of the wind and waves? that when Agrippina was dead the emperor could build a temple and erect altars to her memory, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and was favored by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baiæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, often declaring that sons ought to bear with the angry passions of their parents and try to pacify them, in order that he might give rise to reports of a reconciliation, and that Agrippina might believe it; for women are easily disposed to credit anything that pleases them. On her arrival he went to meet her on the shore, for she came from Antium; he took her by the hand, embraced her and con-

ducted her to Bauli. That was the name of a villa which was situated between the promontory Misenum and the lake of Baiæ, and washed by the waves of the sea, which there forms a kind of bay. Among the rest of the vessels one more highly ornamented than the others was lying there, as if this also were designed to do honor to his mother; for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme and have a body of rowers belonging to the fleet. She was also invited to a banquet, that advantage might be taken of the night to conceal the crime.

It is well ascertained that some one betrayed the treacherous design of Nero, and Agrippina, being informed of it, and doubtful whether to give credit to it or not, was carried to Baiæ in a litter. The blandishments of her son removed her fears. She was kindly received and had a place at table assigned to her above Nero. Sometimes adopting the ordinary familiarity of youth, and then assuming a more serious air, as if his purpose was to mingle business and pleasure, Nero prolonged the entertainment by varied conversation; and when Agrippina rose to go away, he accompanied her to the seashore, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon her and pressing to her bosom, either to fill up the measure of his simulations, or it may be that the last sight of a mother who was going to her death absorbed all the thoughts of his mind, brutal though he was.

The gods had given a starlight night and a tranquil sea, as if to furnish evidence of the crime. The ship had not advanced far —with two of the intimate friends of Agrippina who accompanied her, Crepereius Gallus, who was standing not far from the helm, and Acerronia, who was lying at the feet of her mistress, and joyfully speaking of the change in Nero's temper and his reconciliation with his mother—when, on a signal being given, the roof of the place, which was loaded with lead, tumbled down, and Crepereius was immediately crushed to death. Agrippina and Acerronia were protected by the sides of the chamber, which happened to be strong enough to resist the weight; nor did the vessel fall in pieces, for most of the men on board were in a state of alarm, and those who were unacquainted with the design (and they were the greater part) impeded the movements of those who were privy to it. The rowers advised that the vessel should be thrown on one side and thus sunk. But neither could the rowers promptly come to an agreement about such a measure at the moment, and the rest, by resisting it, allowed Agrippina and her attendant to fall more gently into the sea. While Acerronia, who lost her presence of mind, was calling out that she was Agrippina and imploring help for the emperor's mother, she was despatched with boat-poles and oars and other naval implements which chanced to be in the way. Agrippina kept silent, and was consequently not so well recognized, but yet she received one wound on her shoulder. She swam till she fell in with some boats, by which she was conveyed into the Lucrine Lake, and thence to her own villa. There, turning over in her mind the various circumstances—that it was expressly for this purpose that she had been invited by the treacherous letters and treated with particular distinction; that it was near the shore, without being driven by the winds or dashed against rocks; that the upper part of the ves-

sel had fallen in, just as any construction on land might have done; considering, too, the death of Acerronia and casting her eyes on her own wound; reflecting that the only protection against treachery was to affect not to see it—she sent her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that by the blessing of the gods and her own good-fortune she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the mean time, assuming an appearance of being perfectly at ease, she dressed her wound and used warm applications to her body. She ordered the testament of Acerronia to be sought for and her goods to be sealed: in this alone there was no simulation.

Nero, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crime, received intelligence that Agrippina had escaped with no further injury than a slight blow; she had just been in danger enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it. Half dead with terror and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment eager for revenge, that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the Senate and people and urge against him the wreck of the vessel, her wound and the death of her friends, what protection had he against her if Seneca and Burrus could not devise something? and he immediately sent for them. It is doubtful whether they were already acquainted with his designs. Both were silent for some time, either because they thought it useless to attempt to dissuade Nero, or they believed that things had come to that pass that Nero must perish if Agrippina was not removed out of the way. Seneca at last so far took the lead as to look to Burrus and ask whether the soldiers should receive orders to kill Agrippina. Burrus replied that the Prætorians were devoted to all the family of the Cæsars; that they cherished the memory of Germanicus, and they would not venture on any extreme measures against his children. Anicetus, he said, should perform his promise. Without any hesitation Anicetus asked to be allowed to complete his crime. Upon hearing these words, Nero declared that on that day the empire was really conferred on him, and to a freedman he owed the gift; he bade him go quick and take with him the readiest men to execute his commands. Nero himself, hearing that Agerinus had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to make him look like a criminal: while Agerinus was delivering his message he threw down a dagger at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an attempt at assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

In the mean time, the danger of Agrippina was noised abroad, but only as an accident, and the people, as they heard of it, hurried to the shore. Some got upon the mole, others into the nearest boats; some waded into the sea as far as they could, and some stretched out their hands. The whole coast was filled with the cries, the prayers, the shouts of people asking various questions or giving uncertain answers. A great multitude crowded thither with lights; and

when it was generally known that Agrippina was safe, they were preparing to give her their congratulations, when they were dispersed by the threats of a body of armed men.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he seized the slaves whom he met before he reached the door of the chamber. A few slaves were standing there; the rest had been frightened away by the soldiers breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave. Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son—that even Agerinus did not return. The face of the shore was now changed: there were solitude and sudden noises and the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away Agrippina cried out, "Do you too leave me?" and seeing Anicetus, accompanied by Herculeus, a captain of the trireme, and Oloaritus, a centurion in the fleet, she said if he had come to see her he must tell Nero that she was recovered; if he had come to commit a crime, she would not believe that her son was privy to it: he would not command the murder of his mother. The assassins surrounded the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her she said, "Strike!" and she was despatched with many wounds. So far all agree. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother and praising her beauty, there are some authorities that have so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was burnt the same night on a banqueting-couch and with the meanest ceremonial; nor, so long as Nero was in possession of power, was the earth piled up or covered over. By the care of her domestics a slight tumulus was afterward raised on the place near the road to Misenum and the villa of the dictator Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground and commands a prospect of the bay below. When the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself—it is doubtful whether through affection to his mistress or through fear of being put to death. Many years before, Agrippina had believed that this would be her end, and she had braved it; for when she was consulting the Chaldæans about Nero, they told her that Nero would be emperor and would kill his mother. She replied, "Let him be my murderer, only let him reign." Translation of GEORGE LONG.

CONFUCIAN ANALECTS.

FROM THE CHINESE.

BOOK I. HEŎ URH.

DISCOURSES OF CONFUCIUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

CHAPTER I. The Master* said, "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application?

"Is it not pleasant to have friends coming from distant quarters?

"Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?"

CHAPTER II. The philosopher Yew said, "They are few who, being filial and fraternal, are fond of offending against their superiors. There have been none who, not liking to offend against their superiors, have been fond of stirring up confusion.

* Confucius.

"The superior man bends his attention to what is radical. That being established, all practical courses naturally grow up. Filial piety and fraternal submission—are they not the root of all benevolent actions?"

CHAPTER III. The Master said, "Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue."

CHAPTER IV. The philosopher Tsăng said, "I daily examine myself on three points—whether in transacting business for others I may have been not faithful; whether in intercourse with friends I may have been not sincere; whether I may have not mastered and practised the instructions of my teacher."

CHAPTER V. The Master said, "To rule a country of a thousand chariots, there must be reverent attention to business, and sincerity; economy in expenditure, and love for men; and the employment of the people at the proper seasons."

CHAPTER VI. The Master said, "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and abroad respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies."

CHAPTER VII. Tsze-hea said, "If a man withdraws his mind from the love of beauty and applies it as sincerely to the love of the virtuous, if in serving his parents he can exert his utmost strength, if in serving his prince he can devote his life, if in his intercourse with his friends his words are sincere, —although men say that he has not learned, I will certainly say that he has."

CHAPTER VIII. The Master said, "If the scholar be not grave, he will not call forth any veneration and his learning will not be solid.

"Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

"Have no friends not equal to yourself.

"When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them."

CHAPTER IX. The philosopher Tsăng said, "Let there be a careful attention to perform the funeral rites to parents, and let them be followed when long gone with the ceremonies of sacrifice; then the virtue of the people will resume its proper excellence."

CHAPTER X. Tsze-k'in asked Tsze-kung, saying, "When our master comes to any country, he does not fail to learn all about its government. Does he ask his information? or is it given to him?"

Tsze-kung said, "Our master is benign, upright, courteous, temperate and complaisant, and thus he gets his information. The Master's mode of asking information—is it not different from that of other men?"

CHAPTER XI. The Master said, "While a man's father is alive, look at the bent of his will; when his father is dead, look at his conduct. If for three years he does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial."

CHAPTER XII. The philosopher Yew said, "In practising the rules of propriety, a natural ease is to be prized. In the ways prescribed by the ancient kings this is the excellent quality, and in things small and great we follow them.

"Yet it is not to be observed in all cases. If one, knowing how such ease should be prized, manifests it without regulating it by

the rules of propriety, this likewise is not to be done."

CHAPTER XIII. The philosopher Yew said, "When agreements are made according to what is right, what is spoken can be made good. When respect is shown according to what is proper, one keeps far from shame and disgrace. When the parties upon whom a man leans are proper persons to be intimate with, he can make them his guides and masters."

CHAPTER XIV. The Master said, "He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling-place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified. Such a person may be said indeed to love to learn."

CHAPTER XV. Tsze-kung said, "What do you pronounce concerning the poor man who yet does not flatter, and the rich man who is not proud?" The Master replied, "They will do; but they are not equal to him who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety."

Tsze-kung replied, "It is said in the Book of Poetry, 'As you cut and then file, as you carve and then polish.' The meaning is the same, I apprehend, as that which you have just expressed."

The Master said, "With one like Tsze I can begin to talk about the Odes. I told him one point, and he knew its proper sequence."

CHAPTER XVI. The Master said, "I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me: I will be afflicted that I do not know men."

BOOK X. HEANG TANG.*

THE VILLAGE, No. 10.

CHAPTER I. Confucius in his village looked simple and sincere, and as if he were not able to speak.

When he was in the prince's ancestral temple or in the court, he spoke minutely on every point, but cautiously.

CHAPTER II. When he was waiting at court, in speaking with the officers of the lower grade he spake freely, but in a straightforward manner; in speaking with the officers of the higher grade he did so blandly, but precisely.

When the prince was present, his manner displayed respectful uneasiness; it was grave, but self-possessed.

CHAPTER III. When the prince called him to employ him in the reception of a visitor, his countenance appeared to change and his legs to bend beneath him.

He inclined himself to the other officers among whom he stood, moving his left or right arm, as their position required, but keeping the skirts of his robe before and behind evenly adjusted.

He hastened forward, with his arms like the wings of a bird.

When the guests had retired, he would report to the prince, "The visitor is not turning round any more."

CHAPTER IV. When he entered the palace gate, he seemed to bend his body, as if it were not sufficient to admit him.

When he was standing, he did not occupy the middle of the gateway; when he passed

* This book is different in its character from all the others in the work. It contains hardly any sayings of Confucius, but is descriptive of his ways and demeanor in a variety of places and circumstances.

in or out, he did not tread upon the threshold.

When he was passing the vacant place of the prince, his countenance appeared to change and his legs to bend under him, and his words came as if he hardly had breath to utter them.

He ascended the dais holding up his robe with both his hands and his body bent, holding in his breath also, as if he dared not breathe.

When he came out from the audience, as soon as he had descended one step he began to relax his countenance and had a satisfied look. When he had got to the bottom of the steps, he advanced rapidly to his place, with his arms like wings, and on occupying it his manner still showed respectful uneasiness.

CHAPTER V. When he was carrying the sceptre of his prince, he seemed to bend his body, as if he were not able to bear its weight. He did not hold it higher than the position of the hands in making a bow, nor lower than their position in giving anything to another. His countenance seemed to change and look apprehensive, and he dragged his feet along as if they were held by something to the ground.

In presenting the presents with which he was charged, he wore a placid appearance.

CHAPTER VI. The superior man did not use a deep purple or a puce color in the ornaments of his dress.

Even in his undress he did not wear anything of a red or reddish color.

In warm weather he had a single garment, either of coarse or fine texture, but he wore it displayed over an inner garment.

Over lamb's fur he wore a garment of black; over fawn's fur, one of white; and over fox's fur, one of yellow.

The fur robe of his undress was long, with the right sleeve short.

He required his sleeping-dress to be half as long again as his body.

When staying at home, he used thick furs of the fox or the badger.

When he put on mourning, he wore all the appendages of the girdle.

His undergarment, except when it was required to be of the curtain shape, was made of silk cut narrow above and wide below.

He did not wear lamb's fur or a black cap on a visit of condolence.

On the first day of the month he put on his court robes and presented himself at court.

CHAPTER VII. When fasting, he thought it necessary to have his clothes brightly clean and made of linen cloth.

When fasting, he thought it necessary to change his food, and also to change the place where he commonly sat in the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII. He did not dislike to have his rice finely cleaned, nor to have his minced meat cut quite small.

He did not eat rice which had been injured by heat or damp and turned sour, nor fish or flesh which was gone. He did not eat what was discolored or what was of bad flavor, nor anything which was not in season.

He did not eat meat which was not cut properly, nor what was served without its proper sauce.

Although his food might be coarse rice and vegetable soup, he would offer a little of it in sacrifice with a grave, respectful air.

Translation of JAMES LEGGE, D. D.

THE DESERT-THIRST.

TILL o'er the wilderness
Settled the moveless mist.
The timid antelope that heard their steps
Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light;
The ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full.
At night again in hope
Young Thalaba lay down;
The morning came, and not one guiding ray
Through the thick mist was visible—
The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.
Oh for the vulture's scream,
Who haunts for prey the abode of humankind!
Oh for the plover's pleasant cry,
To tell of water near!
Oh for the camel-driver's song!
For now the water-skin grows light,
Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,
Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst,
Oft from the third night's broken sleep,
As in his dreams he heard
The sound of rushing winds,
Started the anxious youth and looked abroad
In vain; for still the deadly calm endured.
Another day passed on:
The water-skin was drained.
But then one hope arrived,
For there was motion in the air;
The sound of the wind arose anon,
That scattered the thick mist,
And, lo! at length the lovely face of heaven!

Alas! a wretched scene
Was opened on their view.
They looked around: no wells were near,
No tent, no human aid.
Flat on the camel lay the water-skin,
And their dumb servant, difficultly now,
Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
Dragged on with patient pain.

But oh the joy, the blessed sight,
When in that burning waste the travellers
Saw a green meadow fair with flowers besprent,
Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields
Of England, when amid the growing grass
The bluebell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
And the sweet cowslip scents the genial air,
In the merry month of May!
Oh, joy! The travellers
Gaze on each other with hope-brightened eyes,
For sure through that green meadow flows
The living stream. And, lo! their famished beast
Sees the restoring sight:
Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudder strength;
He hurries on.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

AS, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home,
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops and turns his eyes below,
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear and bids adieu,—
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along;
But now the pleasing dream is o'er:
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields and torn from you,
Farewell! a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts and stubborn law
To smoke and crowds and cities draw;
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose revelry and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold,
Or where in silence all is drowned
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakespeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is Justice doomed to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired
Like Eastern queen, is more admired.

Oh let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid,
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page—
The united boast of many an age—
Where, mixed yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep and regularly true,

And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns, of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell:
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace.
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe,
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear,
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

WE MET.

WE met: 'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me;
He came: I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me;
He spoke: his words were cold,
And his smile was unaltered;
I knew how much he felt,
For his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair:
How I hated their brightness!
He called me by my name
As the bride of another.
Oh, thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother!

And once again we met,
And a fair girl was near him;
He smiled and whispered low,
As I once used to hear him.
She leant upon his arm:
Once 'twas mine, and mine only;
I wept, for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride;
At the altar he'll give her
That love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother.
Oh, thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE PROPOSAL.

FROM THE TARTAR.

AT home I have reared for the light of mine eyes,
A mansion unequalled in splendor and size;
The stairs are all burnished and bright to behold,
And the corridors gleam with the radiance of gold.
Oh, when from thy nest, pretty bird, wilt thou flee
To that dwelling that's sacred to love and to thee?

Trans. of WILLIAM T. MERCER.

LINES ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

UNHAPPY White!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh what a noble heart was here undone
When Science' self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit:
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

LORD BYRON.

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round—
One, two, three, four and five—
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapped in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But, though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat
And I am inly glad,
The teardrop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why:
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray—
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay! what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
Must bend my lonely way?
No—surely no! for give but me
My own fireside, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there
With music sweet shall fill the air
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh no! oh no! for then, forgiven,
I shall be with my God in heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the teardrop fills my eye,
When yet, in truth, I know not why
Or wherefore I am sad.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

New York Public Library
Hamilton Grange Branch,
503 W. 145th St reet.
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

WOMAN'S POWER.

From the German of Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein.

POWER is your own, and still it is your own
Through the sweet presence of a peaceful charm;
If silence fail and stillness be o'erthrown,
Nor strife nor noise can destiny disarm.

From man shall conquering power expected be,
The sovereignty of will and of command,
All the attributes of proud authority,
Since thus the steadfast laws of Nature stand.

But by the graces and their charmèd gifts
Still hath the woman reigned, and still shall reign:
Her fair and gracious forehead she uplifts,
And with one smile doth her dominion gain.

Many and many are the mighty great
Who by their souls' strength and the strength of deeds
Have swayed, have monarchized, o'er earth and fate,
And gained the conqueror's fame and glory's meeds;

But these, too, these have nobly shone without
The vain fictitious glitter of the crown,
Circled by splendors far more bright about—
The splendors of their own sublime renown.

Thus woman needeth not the crown's poor pride:
She reigns—she reigns where'er her smile is seen:
Where'er she moves she rules o'er empires wide;
It is her beauty that is crowned the queen.

So where she is beheld is she obeyed,
And but obeyed because in love beheld;
So hath the angel in her aspect swayed
Throughout all time, and power and pride hath quelled.

Yes, where she is beheld is she obeyed
Who looks must love, and all must serve who see;
All serve her thus—attracted, not afraid,
Still the most fettered, though they be the free!

Translation of Lady E. Stuart Wortley.

THE RABBI'S JEWELS.

TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve
As toward his home in Israel's sheltered vales
A stately rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm trees' lofty heads that decked
The dear domestic fountain, and in speed
Pressed with broad foot the smooth and dewy glade.
The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
And she who from life's morn his heart had shared
Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his fathers' God he sought,
Ruler of earth and sea; then, raising high
His praise to Heaven, "Call my sons," he bade,
"And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."

The observant mother spake with gentle voice,
Somewhat of soft excuse that they were wont
To linger long amid the prophets' school,
Learning the holy law their father loved.
His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent
Of journeying and return: "Would thou hadst seen
With me the golden morning break to light
Yon mountain-summits whose blue, waving line
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp the joyous birds,
And breath of fragrant shrubs and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee near
Amid the temple's pomp when the high priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
Cymbal and trump and psaltery and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company: their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withhold them: the new toil
Will give them sweeter sleep and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
My hand I'll lay, and dedicate them there,
Even in those hallowed courts, to Israel's God—
Two spotless lambs well pleasing in his sight.
But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love,
And the pure sapphire of thine eyes looks dim,
As though 'twere washed with tears."

Faintly she smiled:
"One doubt, my lord, I fain would have thee solve:
Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
They are demanded. Must they be restored,
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling hues?" His eye grew stern
And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
Of indignation: "Doth my wife propose
Such doubt? As if a master might not claim
His own again!"—"Nay, rabbi; come behold
These priceless jewels ere I yield them back."
So to their spousal-chamber with soft hand
Her lord she led. There, on a snow-white couch,
Lay his two sons, pale, pale and motionless,
Like fair twin-lilies which some grazing kid
In wantonness had cropped. "My sons! my sons!
Light of my eyes!" the astonished father cried;
"My teachers in the law, whose guileless hearts
And prompt obedience warned me oft to be
More perfect with my God!"

To earth he fell
Like Lebanon's rent cedar, while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul
Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
The mourning mother turned away and wept
Till the first storm of passionate grief was still;
Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness:
"Thou didst instruct me, rabbi, how to yield
The summoned jewels. See! the Lord did give:
The Lord hath taken away."

"Yea," said the sire,
"And blessed be his name! Even for thy sake
Thrice blessed be Jehovah!" Long he pressed
On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
Their mighty homage.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by,
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die;
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossom hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on.

How loth to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be!
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring—nay, wintry—weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee in mine eye,
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true.
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours:
Spring bids full many buds to swell
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

PUNNING.—A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket. JOHN DENNIS.

THE TRUE LEGEND OF A BILLIARD CLUB.

I.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

WHAT a strange commotion has prevailed in the house all day! servants hurrying hither and thither, young people nailing up elaborate devices in ivy and holly, mysterious packages from town being opened, and even hampers of borrowed silver and crystal coming in from our neighbors across the Downs. It reminds one of the noise and bustle that reign in a theatre when the last rehearsals of a pantomime are being pushed forward; and our stage-manager—she is about five feet three, with a Tower of Babel on her head and a white rose near her neck—keeps whipping about from room to room, making everybody fly before her as if she were a combination of several whirlwinds. But when she comes into this particular room, it is to be observed that there is on her face a subdued expression of triumph and revenge which is not in consonance with wifely sentiment.

"Will it please Your Most Gracious Majesty"—this is the way in which it is safest to address Queen Tita when she is in a hurry—"to tell me how much wine you women and children are likely to drink to-morrow night?"

"As there are to be no gentlemen of the party," she says, with perfect sweetness, "I think you need not fear leaving us the key of the cellar."

She is off again in a moment. It is always the way with those women. Before you have your answer ready (and, of course, you wish to give it due consideration, lest it should cause pain) they are round the corner, through the hall, and pretending to count bonbons on the dining-room sideboard. This particular young person never admits that she says anything rude or impertinent or calculated to annoy, but somehow, just after uttering a little sentence or two, she has a trick of disappearing suddenly, leaving the conversation to be continued in our next. What could any one say to the insinuation about the wine consumed by one's gentleman-friends at dinner?

And here it may be necessary to explain why, with all these preparations going forward, our party to-morrow is to consist exclusively of women and children. 'Tis a sad story, but it shall be told without concealment or extenuation. We are a small community down here in Surrey, consisting of half a dozen families and pretty well thrown in upon ourselves for amusement and social recreation. We dine at each other's houses; we listen to each other's wives singing all the well-known songs over again; we fall asleep in the drawing-room, and are then woke up to be driven home to bed. This form of existence is highly moral and proper, but it is not exciting. In the summer-time, of course, we have our walks by the side of

the Mole—a stream whose calm and gentle current admirably typifies the life of those who live on its banks—or we can go up on the Downs, or even muster courage to ascend Box Hill. But on these winter evenings one begins to tire of the pattern of the paper in one's friends' drawing-rooms. You wish that the lady who complains that she cannot sing the old songs would give over trying. The pulse refuses to be stirred even with the excitement of playing *vingt-et-un* for counters at a shilling a gross. Stereoscopes, backgammon, photographs, all the old devices—vanity, vanity, nothing but vanity. As for conversation, it is impossible to get beyond gabble, except when the Major grows angry over the fate of Arthur Orton.

This had been going on for a long time when an evil notion entered into the heart of one of us husbands, who forthwith proposed that we should have a billiard-table bought and sent down from London. Oddly enough, not one of us possessed that indispensable addition to a country-house. This same tempter also proposed that, as it would be unfair to our wives that we should always be playing billiards after dinner, two nights in the week, Monday and Thursday, should be set apart for the purpose. No sooner was the scheme mooted than it was adopted. The details were settled off-hand. The Major offered us a large unoccupied room over his coach-house; we were to club together for the cost of the table, the fittings and lamps. And just as some little compensation to our wives, and so as not to be away from them the whole evening, we were to give dinners in turn on these two evenings; the women would be left together while we drove up to the Major's, and, of course, we should be back in time to take them home. In return for his own good offices, the Major, who was the only unmarried man in the plot, was to be let off that dinner when it came to his turn.

All this was satisfactorily settled one evening over our cigars, and then some one airily asked who would explain the project to the inhabitants of the drawing-room when we went in there. Each looked at the other, as if such a trifling duty might be undertaken by anybody. Nobody volunteered. Then the gentleman who is known in the neighborhood as the Squire, and who is portly of person and red of face, suggested that the youngest of us, being most likely to propitiate the ladies, should be our ambassador. The youngest of us happens to be a Prussian gentleman who certainly exhibits no cowardice when he is out with the hounds, but on this occasion he showed an amount of fright that was painful to contemplate. He begged to be let off. He could not explain. His English was not ready enough if he got into a difficulty, but would not the Major, now— At this we all agreed that the Major should undertake the duty. Of course he ought. We were so much indebted to him already, and this would put the climax on his services. The Major, who is a very small, thin man with white hair and moustache, pulled up his shirt-collar and looked very stiff. From that moment he maintained a dead silence until we went into the drawing-room.

A more ghastly exhibition than the pretended hilarity of this old man when he was addressing these five women I have never witnessed. He tried to persuade them that

it was for their amusement that the billiard-table was to be brought down, and he jocularly asked them whether they would not, on the whole, prefer to be left by themselves on these two evenings, to hear the news from each other without disturbance. But the more he perceived that they did not enter into the spirit of the joke, the redder his face grew, and he might have incurred apoplexy in his embarrassment had not the youngest of the wives—the whole of us are secretly in love with her; but no matter—suddenly called out,

"Oh, you wicked creatures! Who put such a notion into your heads?"

You may be sure it was an ingenuous young thing who uttered such an exclamation. The other wives—older hands, all of them—were far more diplomatic. When the first stare of astonishment was over, they pretended to be vastly interested in the project. Was it the Major who was going to give the billiard-table house-room? How kind of the Major! There was no real reason, they supposed, why the game of billiards should be associated with pot-houses, gambling and low persons? Doubtless that was merely a vulgar prejudice. People frequently quarrelled over billiards, did they not? Perhaps that was an exaggeration.

So far, well. The less experienced of the married men thought the difficulty had been got over beautifully, and the Major was very proud of the success of his eloquence. He hastened to assure the ladies that there was no reason whatsoever why they should not occasionally come and see us play, if only they did not mind the fumes of the lamps and the tobacco. They might even, if they chose, teach themselves to play pool, if they were not afraid to lose a few shillings. All this courtesy on the Major's part was apparently amply returned. They paid him every attention; they almost seemed delighted with the proposal. But one or two of us, having some experience, feared this unnatural calmness. The weather was too fine; presently the little cloud would arise at the horizon.

II.

A CONSPIRACY OF WIVES.

THESE forebodings were speedily and fearfully realized, but in the mean while everything went smoothly. The big bare chamber up at the Major's was painted and decorated, hot-water pipes put in, a few pictures contributed by the rest of us, and in due course the table arrived from London, was screwed up and made ready for use. It was really a very comfortable room, and we had a long couch placed on a platform at the upper end, so that if any fair ladies came to see the tournament they should be beyond reach of the cues. It now only remained to fix the first day for beginning, and the Squire volunteered to have the first dinner at his house.

Next day, however, a sinister rumor got abroad. Some one had met the Squire riding over to Epsom, and he was in a terrible rage and swore that women were the plague of creation. It seems that when he announced his intention of having the dinner at his house his wife replied calmly that she was very sorry, but she had already accepted an invitation to run down for a couple of days, just at that time, to see her grandmother at Brighton. It was a pity, certainly, but we said the Squire would have his turn come round again.

What, however, was the matter with the

women? Every one of them had an engagement for that Monday night. Then we began to see how matters lay. We were to be made the victims of a CONSPIRACY.

Should we submit to it? Never! The Squire made use of language that would have made you fancy some one had shot a fox in declaring that he would not yield to such tyranny. It was too bad. These women expected too much. Were we doomed for ever to fall asleep in easy-chairs after dinner, listening to idle chatter and the indifferent singing of idiotic songs? He called their singing caterwauling. Some of us, who are rather proud of the singing of our wives, rather resented that term. But then the Squire was in a rage, and vowed that he would endure this sort of thing no longer. Then he asked why the Major had not explained the matter fully, so as to show those women that no harm was intended.

The Major is rather a timid person, and obviously got into a fright on finding himself between two fires. He had driven off the women, and was now confronted by the men. In eager haste he said there would be no difficulty about the matter: he would give us a dinner—his housekeeper would manage very well—and then we could inaugurate our billiard club. We were, of course, all too brave to refuse this challenge. It had come to our ears that in the event of our dining on that Monday night anywhere but in our respective houses the whole of the women had resolved to flock to one particular house and dine by themselves. Let them, we said. Better an open fight than the grudge of an ignoble servitude. Injustice grows apace, and tyranny is never satisfied. We cheered each other with heroic sentiments; we were more than ever friendly among ourselves; Spartans as we were, we would hold this Thermopylæ against all comers, our lives and liberty being the stake.

The fatal Monday night came round, and from each of these five houses arrived a solitary individual, scarcely knowing whether or not to take the thing *au grand sérieux* but feeling just a little uncomfortable. The women had entered into a compact among themselves to utter no word of protest. They would let us do just as we particularly pleased. While apparent confidence reigned in every household, on that one subject a solemn silence prevailed; so that it was quite impossible to explain. When you began to say that it was really a little unreasonable that so ordinary a thing as a game at billiards should be made a bone of contention, Five-Feet-Three would look up with a studied innocence in her big gray eyes and ask you what you meant. A bone of contention? There was no such thing. Of course, if we wanted to go and play billiards, we might do so. And then there would be a toss of the head very perilous to the Tower of Babel on it, and Five-Feet-Three would walk off with much dignity; only that, in throwing a paper-knife on the table, why should it be flung down as if it had been trying to sting?

We had an excellent dinner at the Major's, and we vied with each other in expressing approval of the comfort of the arrangement. This was an example of what could be done by a good housekeeper. Could we have had as good a dinner at home? Certainly not! And where have you a chance of entertaining an agreeable little party of bachelors if there's always a woman in the house who

insists on sitting at the head of the table, who stops all the pleasant stories and half expects you to incline your heads whenever the name of a bishop is mentioned?

Then we went to the billiard-room, and merely to prove the absolute innocence of the thing we played pool with penny lives and threepence the game—that is to say, if you lost all your lives and took none, you could only lose sixpence each game; but whether there was not a private arrangement here and there—an odd sovereign staked against a particular three lives by the owner of another three—why that is a quite different and a private matter. It must be repeated that we played penny lives and threepence the game.

We finished by midnight, and then before parting some one asked what was to be done about the following Thursday. Oddly enough, no one volunteered to give that dinner which was to precede our adjournment to the billiard-room. In fact, it was broadly hinted that these five women would brave it out and profess to have engagements on that evening also, and once more leave us to do what we particularly pleased.

"No," says one of us, "you do not think that? I am sure they will not be so foolish. It is we who are foolish—yes—that we do not try to persuade them."

The belief which that young Prussian has in the gentleness and good faith of women is amusing at times, but at other times it is positively irritating. If he was so sure that the women could be persuaded, why did he not offer to get his own wife to give us the dinner? She has not been married a couple of years, and may have some trace of docility and obedience left.

III.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

THE end of this was, to cut a long story short, that we found those women resolved never to preside over a dinner-party in their own house, nor to have anything whatever to do with it, so long as it was meant to be the preface to an evening at billiards. They made no other protest against our club; they simply would not recognize its existence. Well, what was left for us? I dare say some of those who have read these lines so far will at once answer that we ought directly to have secured peace and quietness by abandoning that wretched billiard-table. But perhaps my gentle reader has not lived on the banks of the Mole? It is all very well to abjure billiards and other evil devices when you are in London, when you can dine with different people from night to night, when you can go to theatres, the opera, concerts and spiritualist *séances*. But what if you have to dine with the same set of people until you hate the sight of them? When you know the covert praises that will come out with that confounded Madeira, which must have made one voyage from the Cape because it was grown there? When one can't even go to sleep because of stormy battle-pieces played by the eldest daughter of the house, and of repeated appeals addressed by a lady at sea to a dove that is supposed to be perched on a rigging? "Gad, sir," whispered the Squire one night, "if I could only find that pigeon flying about my lawn, and if I had a cartridge handy, I'd stop that woman's screeching for the brute pretty quick."

Moreover, if we surrendered on this point, where were we to stop? Should

we by and by have to turn our breech-loaders into fireirons and give up our driving-gloves to let the servants scour the same? Nothing could be more unreasonable than their conduct about the billiard-table; and if they were allowed to begin in this way, what would be the end of it? All these things were pointed out at a council of war held after dinner one evening, and the result was that we each and all pledged ourselves to a no-surrender policy.

"It is they who are in the wrong; let them give in," said one, boldly. He seldom spoke with so much confidence in the presence of his wife.

"But if they are in the wrong, they will find it all the more difficult to give in—yes, that is certain," observed the young Prussian fellow, with a sigh. You see, he was married but a year and a half ago.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Major, "I have no wish to interfere with the affairs of married people. I may be wrong, but I consider myself fortunate in being free from all cares of that sort."

"Hear, hear!" said everybody.

"In any case, I do not wish to mix myself up with matrimonial squabbles, as I say. But, gentlemen, the duties of hospitality devolve upon me none the less. I can promise you that, as long as you like to come here of an evening, I'll give you as good a dinner as my cook can get for you, and I can't do any more. And with it you'll get a hearty welcome. But what I should like to impress on you is this, that it might be better—in fact, I should greatly prefer it; the truth is, it would be a great obligation conferred on me—if you would conceal the fact that this proposal came from me. You see, I have the pleasure of knowing these ladies only as a friend or acquaintance. You can make up your quarrels with them; but if they fall out with me, what am I to do?"

At this point a whole storm of explanations burst forth. The Major was assured that all the ladies spoke of him in the highest possible terms. If he only knew what they said of him, he would be vastly pleased; but, of course, there were things that couldn't be said to a man's face. He was quite right, too, in wishing to have his share in the matter kept dark. It was the least return we could give him for his kindness, and the only thing that was inadmissible was that the Major should defray the cost of these big dinners. If the Major didn't mind, why should we not club in some manner for the dinner, as we had done for the billiard-table?

Let the married ladies who may read this true story ponder over this passage of it. They will see what mischief may arise from an ill-judged opposition to social and conjugal liberty. Here were five husbands and a bachelor who merely meant to have an occasional game of billiards: opposition was driving them into the formation of a CLUB.

Was it not apparent, moreover, on the face of it, that other married men around us would soon hear of this bi-weekly club dinner and seek to join it? Then, as our numbers increased, we should have to find extended premises and relieve the Major, so that we should end in building a club-house. Then we should have a secretary, a steward, a French cook and a staff of servants; we should have billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, card-rooms, and what not; we should grad-

ually get to regard the place as a second and more comfortable home, where a man might read his *Quarterly* in peace and have no bother about household arrangements.

It was all the fault of those five women. On each succeeding billiard night they dined by themselves, and we, whether around the Major's table or up in the billiard-room, knew that these mistaken creatures were profoundly miserable. The little devices they used afterward to persuade us that they had enjoyed themselves were wretched failures. They took to composing elaborate little *menus*, and—of course, by mere accident—one of these was sure to fall in our way. But didn't we know very well that women don't care for fine cookery except to surprise each other or gratify their guests? Of what use was it to invent names (always in ill-spelled French) for dishes which were as Dead-Sea apples to them? They even went the length of putting down with each course its appropriate wine! Why, we knew that not one of the lot of them could tell the difference between chablis and sauterne, and that their opinions on the subject of champagne were simply chaos so soon as they wandered away from the safe and sweet anchorage of a Roederer label.

But the worst was to come. One Sunday morning a few of us met together on coming out of church and were shaking hands and talking in a promiscuous heap. Suddenly the person whom we may call Queen Tita said to the youngest of all the wives,

"Oh, B——, do you know that Christmas this year falls on a Thursday?"

Now, the little woman, though she was laughing, meant no harm. Of course none of us intended to spend Christmas evening, Thursday or no Thursday, in playing billiards. But this same B——, being a young and gentle thing, was a little frightened, and looked in an anxious manner to her husband. He, in his turn, not caring to speak for all the husbands (he is a Prussian and nervous about his English), looked in rather an appealing fashion to the Squire. The Squire, being a little flustered by the announcement, instinctively turned to his wife.

Now, the Squire's wife is a most deplorable woman.

"Oh, Thursday, is it?" she said, suddenly firing up. "And I suppose they mean to play billiards? Well, let them! They have forsaken their homes and families long enough: we have got accustomed to it. Let them play billiards, by all means."

I don't know what an *obus* is; but if it is any thing worse than a bombshell, it was an *obus* that this unhappy woman exploded in our midst on that morning. For she forthwith appealed to her fellow-conspirators, and they, challenged in public, could not well turn traitor. They said in a cold and polite manner that they would not seek to limit our pleasures. They could manage very well by themselves. Christmas night was chiefly devoted to children, and children were doubtless tiresome and uninteresting to gentlemen who preferred bachelor dinners and billiards.

Thus, you see, we were thrown into opposition whether we liked it or no. They simply occupied the treasury bench and left us to choose whether we should sit down opposite them or walk out. In the end this conduct seemed to us so monstrous, outrageous and unreasonable that we resolved to take them at their word and let them have it their own way. We should on Christmas

night dine at the Major's as usual. Whether we played billiards or not was none of their business.

IV

"NOUS SOMMES TRAHIS."

AND so it has come about that on this Christmas eve I find myself amidst a heap of preparations for a banquet at which these miserable women and all their children are to be present. No wonder there should be some bustle about getting ready our modest rooms to entertain such a multitude, but under that Tower of Babel there lies a brain ready to cope with any difficulties. The talk of the neighborhood is that if the owner of it had been by the side of Marshal Bazaine in Metz she would have got the French through the German lines in a twinkling, but this opinion is stoutly combated by a friend of hers, who married a Prussian officer, and who fancies you are not fit to argue with a door-post if you believe for a moment that the French could have got through by any means whatsoever. This young lady is at present helping forward all these preparations, although she is sadly hampered by the children, especially when there is a bit of mistletoe about. There is one boy of ten who swears that he means to challenge that Prussian, and kill him and marry his widow. The widow of the future pays little heed, but continues polishing up the American apples, and sometimes hums to herself, "*Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck.*"

And, indeed, there is something so gentle and confiding about this young person's look —I repeat that she has only been married about eighteen months—that as she comes into the room I venture to inform her that I cannot understand what mystery is on foot Why should she, too, smile in a covert manner when there is any talk about our guests of the following evening? B—— stops and looks timid for a moment, and then her eyes, that are as blue as the heart of a bell-flower, suddenly grow very friendly. Can I keep a secret? I answer that, although no woman, I can try.

"Then," she says, "you must know that something very wonderful is to occur to-morrow night, and, although you were to be the last to be told, I may as well tell you now. For first of all Tita went to the Major the other day and had a little quiet talk with him. She said he had done us poor women a great deal of mischief, but there was one way he might atone for everything. We should have no one to carve for us on Christmas evening: would he come and do that, so that we might have one gentleman among us to do the heavy work and keep order among the young people? And this was only to be done if he kept the matter a profound secret from all you gentlemen and made some excuse to you for his absence. Of course the Major was very much shocked. He represented that he was your host. But, then, you know, My Lady has a very persuasive way with her, and she said that when once you were all assembled he might send you a note saying he could not come, and that you would not mind his being away if the dinner was a good one. So at last the Major consented."

"The traitor! But there are some women, B——, who have no regard for a man's honor."

My charming young friend, however, lets out by degrees that the Major's defection

was only the beginning. It was like the letting in of waters. The goodly company of the Round Table—perhaps the Oblong Table would more accurately describe our club—was to be torn asunder by this woman's arts.

The next victim, as I learn, was B——'s own husband. Tita went to the young man and in a very pathetic manner pointed out to him that she had done him good service at one time—in point of fact, when he was courting; and any services done at that time young men don't easily forget. He admitted that, and looked silly and submissive at once. Might she, then, reckon on him to leave aside that bachelor dinner on Christmas night and come and help to enliven the party of young people who had only women to amuse them? He was rather staggered at first, I hear. But then Tita can put a wonderful amount of entreaty into her eyes, and at length he too resolved to desert us, and agreed to keep his intention of doing so a profound secret.

"The perfidious renegade!" I cannot help exclaiming; but at this point B—— suddenly bridles up, and stares and looks as if she would like to have it out with any folks that spoke ill of her husband—one down, the other come on. Clearly, the little business of the billiard-table has not affected her allegiance to that very cool-mannered young Prussian. But he never was much good at billiards; he will be of more use lighting up Christmas trees and kissing schoolgirls under the mistletoe.

"Wait a bit," says B——, with a lofty air. "You call these two 'traitors'? If to be loyal means that you must stay away from your own families on Christmas night and seek to revenge yourselves on them by amusing yourselves in a disgraceful manner, then let me say that there is not a loyal member among you. Every one except yourself has pledged himself to be of our party to-morrow evening, and each one thinks he is the only gentleman who is to be present."

"And how did she win over the Squire?" I presumed to ask, somewhat humbled by this revelation of weakness.

"Flattery," says B——, contemptuously. "The easiest thing in the world. She went and told him that we could not do without him. She said she was sure *he* did not care for billiards, and that the others, not he, were only moved by spite. She asked him if he would bring down the two tumblers and do that shilling trick which nobody can discover. Oh, I can assure you he was the easiest to manage of the lot! And so, now that they are all coming to-morrow evening, each thinking he is going to cheat all the others—just like the king of Navarre and his courtiers, you know—what do *you* mean to do? You won't desert us? Tita has had all the honor and glory of persuading those other five: won't you give me the triumph of persuading you?"

That is a pretty question to be asked on this gloomy Christmas eve. I answer her in this wise:

> "For now the Oblong Table is dissolved;
> And I, the last, go forth companionless,
> And the days darken round me, and the years,
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

"You won't do that," says B——, plaintively. "If you go up to London and dine at your club, the waiters will think you are mad. But, on the other hand, if you dine with us, you will be at the head of the

table when each of those gentlemen comes in to stare at the others. Oh what fun there will be when the Squire finds the Major in before him, or the Major stumbles against Dr. Burke in the hall!"

"Go away," I say to her. "This is no subject for idle levity:

> "'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
> The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Whereof this world holds record.'

And why? Because they have been trapped, tricked, betrayed, by a mite, a fourpenny-bit of a woman, a creature who could scarcely weigh down a bag of almonds and raisins in a weighing-machine."

"Meaning me," says a third voice, in a mocking way. These women are devoid of sentiment.

"Yes, madam; you have plotted and conspired to bring ridicule on persons whose gray hairs you should have respected. But a time may come. That billiard-table has not been split up for fire-wood yet; the balls are not hung up as ornaments on your Christmas tree. Would you like the cues for fairy-wands in the sham pantomime you are getting up?"

"I should," Queen Tita says, coolly.

"You sha'n't have them. It may be—I do not know—that these weak-minded traitors and renegades may appear to-morrow evening, to incur the humiliation which they richly deserve. But there is one of them, madame, who declines to play the part of Pantaloon—"

"Not if I play Columbine?" B—— says, very meekly; and then, of course, all the fight is over.

The hurry and bustle begin again; all through the house there is a hammering of tacks, and a clinking of silver, and the rustling of long strings of ivy-leaves that the children are handing up to be nailed along the walls. The imaginative mind may perceive in these decorations some resemblance to the rosettes of ribbon that are stuck on pigs and other animals slaughtered for Christmas festivities. To-morrow evening the victims will walk in—one by one, doubtless in solemn silence. They will know that they have been betrayed into the loss of their liberty, and that all protest is useless.

And who is to act as chief priest in these cruel rites? At this moment, if you look through the chink of a particular door, you will catch a glimpse of a young woman who is standing on a table and reaching up to the topmost twig of a fir tree something taller than herself. She is attended by but one small boy of ten; the other children are not allowed to enter this secret chamber. On the table at her feet is a wild and confused mass of strange and highly-colored objects—wax candles of red and green, bonbons resplendent in gelatine and gold, sealskin purses and cigar-cases, penknives, books, toys, everything the mind of man, in all its stages, can desire. From time to time she fixes on another candle or hangs another swinging prize on the tree, and as she does so she is humming to herself, "*Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck,*" with great contentment, just as if she had had nothing to do with the conspiracy which has tricked and discomfited six honest British householders.

V.

THE LAST.

THERE are evenings, it has been hinted in these pages, when we who live on the silent

banks of the Mole become a little tired of the pastoral seclusion of Surrey. A way of getting us out of our coma has, however, been in use for a long time back, and never fails. It is to recall the scene that occurred on a certain Christmas evening, and that marked the collapse and disappearance of our billiard club. The very children—chits of things who ought to be in bed—have been taught to scream with laughter when that wretched old story is repeated, just as if there was no such thing as parental authority in existence.

"Oh, Aunty Bell," the brats cry, "tell us about the Major and his merry men."

That is what we have come to. We are only merry men in the eyes of our own offspring. And no sooner has the topic been started than every one must contribute his quota of shameful and outrageous exaggeration, while a lady—height, five feet three, eyes dark and apparently innocent, back hair enormous, temper impossible to describe—sits very demure and silent, without the least trace of a smile on her face.

Indeed, it was a humiliating evening, and yet there was an odd sort of satisfaction underlying our ignoble surrender, borrowed, perhaps, from the hope of better things to come. First of all there was the mustering of the women and children; and such a party had never been seen in the house before, for here were nearly half a dozen families congregated together to eat their Christmas dinner. Queen Tita went flying up and down, here and there, this way and that, like a flash of lightning with a white rose on its forehead—if the simile is permissible—while our gentle B—— was the overseer of the young folks, who had all to be put in their places in plenty of time. Then the five wives got seated too, all looking as proud as if they had just won the battle of Waterloo or shaken hands with a bishop. The present writer, by universal consent, was graciously permitted to take the head of his own table, and then we awaited with calm complacency the arrival of the five gentlemen—each of them a villain and a traitor to a noble cause—whose seats were vacant.

Now, the first to arrive was the Major himself, who ought to have been receiving his guests in his own house, and a more despicable, nervous, confused and wretched man never entered a room. For a minute or so he fancied there were only the women and children there whom he had expected to find assembled.

"My dear madam," said he to Queen Tita, "this is really a most dreadful thing you have asked me to do. My friends will never forgive me. Dear me, dear me! What a party of young folks we have! Well, to tell you the truth, the pleasure of carving for a number of young people— It was too much for me— I hope your husbands— Eh? What! Good gracious me! Is it possible?"

He was staring at the head of the table.

"Oh, Major," said Tita, with a great sweetness, "you see my husband has given up your bachelor dinner just to keep you company, you know. Really, it is most kind of you to have taken pity on us. What should we have done without you?"

"Bless me! Indeed— Really— Bless me!" said the Major, stumbling into the nearest chair and doubtless wishing that all the women and children would not stare at him so. They, to be sure, were most grave

and decorous, but how could they help staring?

The door opens. We behold the figure of a tall man, heavily bearded, sun-browned, blue-eyed. In 1866 this young man rode from Berlin to Nikolsburg; in 1870–71 he rode from Berlin to Versailles: perhaps that is why his features are so brown. And yet it seems to us, as he pauses irresolutely there, that we have never seen so deep a color on his face, and the fashion in which he opens his eyes makes them appear to be of a lighter blue than ever.

"Are you afraid?" says B—— to him—an odd question to put to a warrior, even although he is her own husband.

The next thing the young man does is to fix his eyes on the confused and abashed Major, and then to burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, you very bad man!" he calls out, and the Major seems to shrink farther and farther into his shoes; "you have left all your guests. Yes? You have betrayed them. Yes? Do you think of the terrible rage the Squire will be in? The billiards—that is nothing; but you ask a gentleman to dine at your house. You go away. He arrives and finds no one—"

"He will find a good dinner," says the Major, sulkily, "and I have left a note of explanation. I could not refuse—"

"You could not refuse? Yet you were not married, no: you were free. Why did you not refuse?"

"And pray," says B—— to him, with great dignity, "who is there alive who dares to refuse what My Lady demands? I appeal to the children: is there one of you bold enough and rude enough and wicked enough to think of such a thing?"

"No, Aunty Bell," was the general cry.

"Certainly not! Of course not! Don't let me hear such a thing spoken of again, or there will be some big boys with beards on sent to bed directly."

"Please may I sit down?" says the warrior, meekly; and therewith he takes a chair opposite the Major.

What wild confusion is this in the hall? Has some lunatic asylum broken loose and come to besiege us? There is a sound of frantic expostulation, of scornful laughter, of stamping of feet, and presently the door is opened, and our three remaining guests appear at once, headed by the Squire, whose face is of a furious color.

"Now, now!" he says, in tones of indignant remonstrance. "It is too bad, upon my word, it is really too bad—a trick of this sort. What was the need of it? We didn't want to dine by ourselves—not a bit of it—only you women-folks would have it, you know, and so we let you have your own way. But to break up the arrangement in this mean way— Well, now, it was too bad. And I know who did it; oh yes, I know who did it. And as for the Major there, why, sir, what the—"

He recollects himself in time, and stops, but he is sulky, indignant, and on the whole disposed to challenge us men to go off and partake of the Major's dinner. But what is this? By some preconcerted signal all the children stand up, a chord is struck on the piano, which has been dragged out into the hall, and suddenly the whole of them begin to sing—led by the clear and sweet voice of our B——, who is at the piano—the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne." The recusants look rather *dum-*

founded. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" is not a very appropriate grace before meat; but when the children had ceased their singing, when they had given a ringing cheer of welcome at the end of it, when the big soup-tureen became visible in the hall, it was remarkable with what ease and thankfulness every one sat down to the table. There was not a vacant chair. And when, amidst all the laughing and talking that ensued, the Squire's eldest daughter, a pert young miss of thirteen, graciously desired to have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with her papa, even he was mollified, and gave himself up thereafter to all the careless gayety of the evening.

Late that night, when all the children had gone to bed, and just as the last of the guests had driven away from the door, two solitary figures pretty well muffled up might have been observed to steal out into the darkness. Yet it was not very dark, for there was a clear sky overhead throbbing with its innumerable points of white fire, and there was a slight crisp coating of snow on the path, on the lawn and on the bushes. The sound of the wheels died away in the distance. There was no breath of wind to stir the laurel-leaves or the branches of the firs. All around nothing but silence and sleep, and overhead the strange abounding life of the stars.

"Do you remember," says one of these two, "a night like this at Eastbourne, a great many years ago, when a girl stole out after all the house was in darkness merely to say one word in reply to a letter she had got? Do you remember how cold the wind was, and how she was told that her face was burning all the same, and how she stole in again, and went up stairs and threw a flower over the window, that fell on the white pavement and was immediately picked up? And how some one who had been of opinion that the notion of going to Eastbourne at that time of the year was absolute madness declared next day that it was the most beautiful place in all the world in December? Do you remember all these things?"

"Yes, and more," is the reply. "I can remember that I knew at that time a tender-hearted young thing who went about nursing the most beautiful idealisms about wifely obedience and duties, and all she would try to be to her husband in the days to come. That young woman—well, it is a great many years ago, to be sure—vowed that she would honor and respect her husband above all men; that the small world of her acquaintance would have cause to wonder over her faith and devotion. But times change. We forget these simple aspirations of our youth. What if you found that same tender-hearted thing not ashamed to bring contumely and disgrace upon her husband—to deceive his friends, and make them and him a by-word—all about a paltry billiard-table?"

"Oh, bother your billiard-table!" says this impatient person, forgetting how near she was to the Mole, and how that a mere child could have lifted her up by the waist and dropped her in. And then, suddenly altering her tone and demeanor, which she can do in a second when it suits her purpose, she says, with a great shyness and sweetness: "After all, shall I tell you a secret? You were speaking of young wives. Well, there is nothing they won't do to please their husbands. And now our B—— has been round to us all

pleading so earnestly to let you men have one evening's billiards in the week that we have all consented. And we are all coming to look on—just to prevent gambling and the use of wicked language, you know. And we propose to have it on Saturday evening, so that you won't be tempted to play after twelve."

"Indeed! Have you provided hobby-horses for us, madam? Would it please you to have clean blouses and pinafores sent up to the billiard-room, that we may not chalk our clothes? Shall we be rewarded with a silver threepenny-piece if we sing a hymn prettily? Gadzooks, madam! are we babes and sucklings, to be treated in this manner?"

"You needn't swear," says the small person, calmly, "especially on such a night as this. Shall we go up to Mickleham Downs?"

An aërolite star fell athwart the sky, and for a moment left a line of light in its wake. Looking at that, and at the wonderful expanse all throbbing with stars, we somehow forgot the fierce fight that had recently raged in our small social circle. We walked on through the white and silent world with that other and living world looking down on it with a million sad and distant eyes; and after the storm there was peace.

WILLIAM BLACK.

HEROISM AND HUMANITY OF SIR RICHARD HERBERT.

FROM "THE LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT."

SIR RICHARD HERBERT of Colebrook was a very brave man in battle, the chief employment of those days. It is said of Sir Richard that he "twice passed through a great army of northern men alone with his pole- or battle-axe in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt."

Another story illustrates the good knight's honorable regard for his promise. He was employed by King Edward IV. to besiege Harlech Castle, in Merionethshire, in Wales. The castle was held by a brave captain who had served for many years in France. It was his boast that he "had kept a castle in France so long that he made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep the castle so long that he would make the old women in France talk of him." He made good his word by an obstinate defence. The position of the castle was so strong as to render it almost impossible to overcome its inmates except by starvation. To induce a surrender, Sir Richard promised to urge King Edward IV. to spare the captain's life, which had been forfeited by his rebellion. The knight soon after brought his prisoner before the king and represented the circumstances of the surrender. The king replied that he had given no authority to his officer to hold out any hopes of mercy, and that the latter, having used his best exertions to save his foeman's life, had satisfied his pledged word. But Sir Richard would not be tempted from his obligation. "Grant me, I pray," he entreated his sovereign, "one of two things: either place this brave man back in his castle and send some one else to subdue him, or else take my life in place of his whom I have promised to do my utmost to have spared." The king was so impressed by this honorable devotion that he granted the prisoner's life.

There is another example of Sir Richard's love and mercy. He had, with his brother, the earl of Pembroke, captured, in the island of Anglesea, seven brothers who had, in the simple but expressive words of the narrative, "done many mischiefs and murders." The earl, "thinking it fit to root out so wicked a progeny," ordered them all to be hanged. Their mother came to the captors and begged that two, or at least one, of her offspring might be spared to her, urging that the execution of the others would be a sufficient atonement to justice. Sir Richard seconded the mother's petition, but the earl decided that, all having been equally guilty, all should suffer the same penalty. His sentence that they should all be executed together so enraged their mother with grief that she knelt down and cursed the judge, praying that he might suffer defeat or mishap in the next battle in which he should be engaged. This incident was soon afterward followed by the encounter at Edgecote, in which both brothers were taken prisoners. Sir Richard, still magnanimous, entreated his captors to spare, not his own life, but his brother's. Both were afterward set at liberty.

GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

FROM "THE ROUND TABLE."

IT is our intention to expose certain vulgar errors which have crept into our reasoning on men and manners. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these is that which relates to the source of our general attachment to life. We are not going to enter into the question whether life is, on the whole, to be regarded as a blessing, though we are by no means inclined to adopt the opinion of that sage who thought "that the best thing that could have happened to a man was never to have been born, and the next best to have died the moment after he came into existence." The common argument, however, which is made use of to prove the value of life from the strong desire which almost every one feels for its continuance appears to be altogether inconclusive. The wise and the foolish, the weak and the strong, the lame and the blind, the prisoner and the free, the prosperous and the wretched, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, from the little child who tries to leap over his own shadow to the old man who stumbles blindfold on his grave, —all feel this desire in common. Our notions with respect to the importance of life, and our attachment to it, depend on a principle which has very little to do with its happiness or its misery.

The love of life is, in general, the effect not of our enjoyments, but of our passions. We are not attached to it so much for its own sake or as it is connected with happiness as because it is necessary to action. Without life there can be no action, no objects of pursuit, no restless desires, no tormenting passions. Hence it is that we fondly cling to it—that we dread its termination as the close, not of enjoyment, but of hope. The proof that our attachment to life is not absolutely owing to the immediate satisfaction we find in it is that those persons are commonly found most loth to part with it who have the least enjoyment of it, and who have the greatest difficulties to struggle with, as losing gamesters are the most desperate.

And, further, there are not many persons who, with all their pretended love of life, would not, if it had been in their power, have melted down the longest life to a few hours. "The schoolboy," says Addison, "counts the time till the return of the holidays; the minor longs to be of age; the lover is impatient till he is married." "Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation or the death of an enemy or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermediate notices, we throw away a precious year" (*Jeremy Taylor*). We would willingly and without remorse sacrifice not only the present moment, but all the interval (no matter how long) that separates us from any favorite object. We chiefly look upon life, then, as the means to an end. Its common enjoyments and its daily evils are alike disregarded for any idle purpose we have in view. It should seem as if there were a few green sunny spots in the desert of life to which we are always hastening forward; we eye them wistfully in the distance, and care not what perils or suffering we endure so that we arrive at them at last. However weary we may be of the same stale round, however sick of the past, however hopeless of the future, the mind still revolts at the thought of death, because the fancied possibility of good, which always remains with life, gathers strength as it is about to be torn from us for ever, and the dullest scene looks bright compared with the darkness of the grave. Our reluctance to part with existence evidently does not depend on the calm and even current of our lives, but on the force and impulse of the passions. Hence that indifference to death which has been sometimes remarked in people who lead a solitary and peaceful life in remote and barren districts. The pulse of life in them does not beat strong enough to occasion any violent revulsion of the frame when it ceases. He who treads the green mountain turf or he who sleeps beneath it enjoys an almost equal quiet. The death of those persons has always been accounted happy who had attained their utmost wishes, who had nothing left to regret or to desire. Our repugnance to death increases in proportion to our consciousness of having lived in vain, to the violence of our efforts and the keenness of our disappointments, and to our earnest desire to find in the future, if possible, rich amends for the past. We may be said to nurse our existence with the greatest tenderness according to the pain it has cost us, and feel at every step of our varying progress the truth of that line of the poet,

"An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour."

The love of life is, in fact, the sum of all our passions and of all our enjoyments; but these are by no means the same thing, for the vehemence of our passions is irritated not less by disappointment than by the prospect of success. Nothing seems to be a match for this general tenaciousness of existence but such an extremity either of bodily or mental suffering as destroys at once the power both of habit and imagination. In short, the question whether life is accompanied with a greater quantity of pleasure or pain may be fairly set aside as frivolous and of no practical utility, for our attachment to life depends on our interest in it, and it cannot be denied that we have more

interest in this moving, busy scene, agitated with a thousand hopes and fears and checkered with every diversity of joy and sorrow, than in a dreary blank. To be something is better than to be nothing, because we can feel no interest in *nothing*. Passion, imagination, self-will, the sense of power, the very consciousness of our existence, bind us to life and hold us fast in its chains as by a magic spell in spite of every other consideration. Nothing can be more philosophical than the reasoning which Milton puts into the mouth of the fallen angel:

> "And that must end us, that must be our cure,
> To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
> Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion?"

Nearly the same account may be given in answer to the question which has been asked—why so few tyrants kill themselves. In the first place, they are never satisfied with the mischief they have done and cannot quit their hold of power after all sense of pleasure is fled. Besides, they absurdly argue from the means of happiness placed within their reach to the end itself, and, dazzled by the pomp and pageantry of a throne, cannot relinquish the persuasion that they ought to be happier than other men. The prejudice of opinion, which attaches us to life, is in them stronger than in others and incorrigible to experience. The great are life's fools, dupes of the splendid shadows that surround them and wedded to the very mockeries of opinion.

Whatever is our situation or pursuit in life, the result will be much the same. The strength of the passion seldom corresponds to the pleasure we find in its indulgence. The miser "robs himself to increase his store; the ambitious man toils up a slippery precipice only to be tumbled headlong from its height; the lover is infatuated with the charms of his mistress exactly in proportion to the mortifications he has received from her. Even those who succeed in nothing, who, as it has been emphatically expressed,

> "Are made desperate by too quick a sense
> Of constant infelicity, cut off
> From peace, like exiles on some barren rock,
> Their life's sad prison, with no more of ease
> Than sentinels between two armies set,"

are yet as unwilling as others to give over the unprofitable strife: their harassed, feverish existence refuses rest and frets the languor of exhausted hope into the torture of unavailing regret. The exile who has been unexpectedly restored to his country and to liberty often finds his courage fail with the accomplishment of all his wishes, and the struggle of life and hope ceases at the same instant.

We once more repeat that we do not in the foregoing remarks mean to enter into a comparative estimate of the value of human life, but merely to show that the strength of our attachment to it is a very fallacious test of its happiness. WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE is an infancy, a growth and a development of the public mind analogous to that of the individual understanding, with this difference—that in nations the

progress counts by centuries which in individuals is numbered by years. To judge the past by the present, therefore, is absurd. The benefit of studying history at all consists in the wisdom which may be gleaned from it; and the wisdom can only result from the truth which it furnishes, and the truth can be discovered only by studying it in the proper manner. In fact, there is another great difference between the individual and public mind. The former is trained up by other minds, already ripened, but the latter has no senior tutor. The aggregate mind, in its largest sense, moves forward on the mysterious point dividing two eternities, the past and the future. It has a certain measure of experience, a certain general idea of the ground over which it has travelled, but of its direction or tendency in reference to the future all is at all given times uncertain and unknown. There is a mysterious veil at all times hanging over the future which moves onward in exact keeping with the advance of the present, so that men may preserve a vague recollection of what has happened, but no man is able to tell with certainty what is to come. Thus, looking back at the history of civilization, we can now discover that society has made many a curve and many a pause, while those of whom it was composed imagined themselves to be always in motion and always moving on a straight line. We suppose this to be the case in our own regard, but it is quite possible that the five-and-twentieth century, looking back to the nineteenth, will perceive how divergent from the straight line were the leading impulses and directions of our age. In fact, the public mind in its progress is like the course of a vessel at sea. It is obliged to tack on the one side and on the other, sometimes even to recede, by the force of circumstances over which the pilot can have no control. To judge of its actions at any given time of history, we ought to assimilate our own mind to the condition of the public mind at such a period. We ought to forget, if possible, the experience which has been since then acquired, but, taking our stand at the origin of any historical question, to travel downward with the current of its development, instead of absurdly rowing our shallow boat of criticism against its mighty stream.

The first period of the Christian Church was a period in which she knew the State only as the source of her sufferings and her triumphs. Her missionaries had extended themselves throughout the length and breadth of the Roman empire. They had penetrated countries where the Roman eagles had never been known or heard of. Her converts were numerous in all the provinces, in the capital, in the army, in the Senate, and even in the houses of the Cæsars themselves. Still, the frown of the State was upon her, and to escape it she found a hiding-place in the catacombs of Rome. If she met the State at all, it was only at the tribunal of some consul or governor, or on the scaffold to witness the triumph of some glorious member of her body against whom the sword of the State was uplifted for no other crime save that of belief in Jesus of Nazareth. At length Constantine is triumphant over his rivals and his enemy. He embraces the Christian religion, and the cross, which had hitherto been the emblem of all that is vile, is now set in the imperial diadem as the most precious of its ornaments and the

most expressive type of its duties. The condition of the world, even the civilized world of the Roman empire, was lamentable in the extreme, and, unless it should be derived from the cross, there was no hope of its renovation. Every department of society was not only depraved by the natural depravity of man's heart, but that depravity itself was incorporated in almost all the legal and social institutions of the degenerate times. In the family the father alone was under the protection of the law; the wife, the children, the slaves—or, rather, all were then slaves—had no protection beyond the caprice of the husband, the father and the master. His order was enough to consign these or any of them even to public prostitution, against which neither the laws of the empire nor the morality of paganism opposed a barrier. Now, to allow thus disorder and corruption in the family was to vitiate and corrupt the whole of society in its very root. Hence the public crimes which history has recorded of that age and those immediately preceding.

The people plundered by every petty officer of the government, the oppression and impotence of the rural and provincial populations, the licentious and unpunished conduct of the Roman soldiers, the debaucheries and cruelties of the imperial court and all connected with it, present a picture which causes the heart to sicken at the condition of humanity at that period, the setting sun of old Roman civilization. As one fact to give an idea of the times I will mention that during the hundred years which preceded the age of Constantine the average reign of each emperor was but two and a half years, that out of forty emperors more than one-half had perished by a death of violence, that the Prætorian Guards and their prefect had put up the throne of the great empire at public auction to the highest bidder, and that the purchaser had scarcely time to wear off the novelty of his elevation when he was murdered to create an opportunity for a new sale. Constantine moved the seat of empire to Byzantium, now Constantinople. His successors in the empire, with a few exceptions, fell infinitely below him in every attribute of talent, capacity and virtuous greatness. Of his successors it is sufficient to say in general that, with some few exceptions, they were lost in luxury and effeminacy, showing always a greater disposition to meddle in the metaphysics of theological disputation than either to govern or defend their empire according to the better morals of the law they professed. There is not a single dispute of the subsequent ages in which they did not interpose their sovereign will on one side or on the other. By joining with the iconoclasts, or image-breakers, of the eighth century, they prepared the way for the Greek schism; and the Greek schism in its turn prepared the way for their utter annihilation by wrenching from their feeble hands, to be transferred to the disciples of Mohammed, that sceptre of which they were unworthy. When such weakness and such imbecility were at the head and heart of the imperial government, the events which occurred throughout its extremities ceased to be surprising. The barbarians, of every name and of no name, from the East and North of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic and the interior of Tartary, rushed into the empire as if by concert and inundated it with their savage and ferocious habits. Huns, Burgundians, Goths and

Vandals all came in mingled confusion to take possession of the undefended provinces as of a rich but abandoned prey. Not by a single irruption—though even that would have been sufficient to extinguish the feeble remains of Roman institutions—but wave after wave from this inexhaustible ocean of ignorance and barbarism, rushed with destructive fury over the length and breadth of the Roman empire.

It would be wrong to say that they had not brought with them certain rude elements from which a future civilization might, under a propitious culture, be matured and ripen, but their code of police was suited rather to the common good in their common condition of a banditti of robbers than to any state of settled, peaceable and social life. The type of the civilization which they came to overthrow and extinguish was in their mind, with all its developments and accidents, a type of effeminacy which they held in the most sovereign and unutterable contempt. Of this type they looked upon the Roman legislation, Roman habits, architecture, books, learning, arts and sciences, as the pernicious offspring. Hence they regarded them as things to be destroyed with the same determination which had vanquished the authors of them. Lombardy, Gaul, the southern coasts of the Mediterranean, Spain and other portions of Europe, the choicest of imperial Rome, became the seat of their ravages and future habitations. Other hordes may have come subsequently to disturb their residence, but finally the whole remnant of Roman government, Roman laws and usages and institutions are made to give place to the crude and barbarous habits of these ignorant but warlike invaders of the North. It would seem that under such a catastrophe there was no hope for the renovation of the human mind. The only models of government which the ancient world had left would seem to have perished. Government and society—upon a large scale, at least—must result from the exercise of power somewhere, but here were men who acknowledged no power on earth and hardly any in heaven; they may be said to have had no law but their own will, and it may further be said that it was not in their nature to submit to any other.

Out of this chaos, not the deliberations of men, but the irresistible force of necessity, brought about slowly something like civil government. This government is stamped with all the rude prejudices of those on whose will its formation depended. Privilege, distinction, power, were supposed to be the prerogative of the bold, the daring and the few; submission, obedience, degradation, were conceived as resulting from the natural distribution of things in reference to the weak, the timid and the many. Hence the formation of what at a later period, when it became better organized, is known as the feudal system.

In a period of social disorder and the absence of all laws except the laws of physical strength life and protection are the first necessities of man. The common people, therefore, for the sake of life and the protection of it, attached themselves to the train of chieftains from whom these first claims of human existence might be expected. The chieftain was bound to provide for their subsistence and protection. They, on their part, as an equivalent, were bound to go to war with him and to fight for him in every quarrel, aggressive or defensive, which he might

be pleased to undertake. They were his vassals, and he was in the first stage their baron, or lord; afterward, when the system refined and developed itself more, this order was extended and diversified into lords and earls and marquises and dukes. In this system, framed in such circumstances, it is hardly necessary to add that the desire of extending their several territories, or of defending them, as it might happen—where all claimed the right of assailing his neighbor when he found himself strong enough for the undertaking—must have produced incessant warfare. Those who were barons or lords in reference to the vassals who were dependent on them became themselves vassals in regard to others on whom they in turn felt dependence. Thus the king might be regarded as the head-baron of the nation, and yet there are instances in which even he held his fief as if he were a vassal to some of his own subjects. Naturally, this condition of things, wherever it prevailed, was calculated to retard civilization. It shows that the only thing held in high estimation was, not justice nor arts nor learning nor moral rights of any description, but a brave heart, a strong bow and stout arm. It is not surprising, therefore, that Europe should have been then as one great universal camp of war. Every castle was a fortress, every peasant a soldier, every baron a species of monarch who could summon and sound to battle whenever he pleased. The only spot that was neutral was the Church and its sacred precincts.

The first great variation from the monotony of interior confusion was the crusades. The enthusiasm which that enterprise inspired appears to us like a moral contagion. Like other great events, it produced its evil and its advantageous consequences. It tended to destroy serfage, that species of temperate slavery which prevailed in the Middle Ages. It exhausted the barons and directed against the foreign enemy those fighting propensities which they had hitherto indulged against each other. It enlarged the public mind and imbued it with some notions of navigation, commerce, arts and learning. After this period had passed away literature begins to revive, universities are founded, the State begins to come out of the social relations with features of greater distinctness. Order—at least, of an imperfect kind—begins to take the place of brute force. The features of feudalism begin to fade away, and as we rise into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we discover the public mind as if gazing on the bright dawn of civilization, such as, unhappily, the day has not realized. The East Indies, which had been lost from the map of the world during the Middle Ages, are rediscovered by Portuguese navigators, an Italian sailor plucks up a new hemisphere from the untravelled waters of the Western ocean, printing is invented, architecture and the arts are all revived, Greek and Roman literature become a very passion, and the public mind seemed to enter upon a new career with a young energy, an enthusiasm, a ripeness for improvements, such as the world had never seen before.

Such is a general but imperfect outline of what Christendom had passed through up to the beginning of the sixteenth century. During the course of that century a new species of warfare interrupted the progress of the human mind.

JOHN HUGHES, D. D.
(Archbishop Hughes).

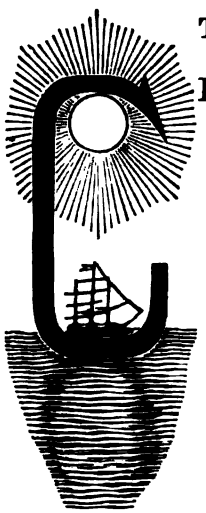
HOW POPE GREGORY BECAME INTERESTED IN THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND TO CHRISTIANITY.

SOME merchants, having just arrived at Rome on a certain day, exposed many things for sale in the market-place, and abundance of people resorted thither to buy. Gregory himself went with the rest, and, among other things, some boys were set to sale, their bodies white, their countenances beautiful and their hair very fine. Having viewed them, he asked, as is said, from what country or nation they were brought, and was told from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were of such personal appearance. He again inquired whether those islanders were Christians or still involved in the errors of paganism, and was informed that they were pagans. Then, fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, "Alas! what pity," said he, "that the author of darkness is possessed of men of such fair countenances, and that, being remarkable for such graceful aspects, their minds should be void of inward grace." He therefore again asked what was the name of that nation, and was answered that they were called Angles. "Right," said he, "for they have an angelic face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. What is the name," proceeded he, "of the province from which they are brought?" It was replied that the natives of that province were called Deiri. "Truly are they *De ira*," said he—"withdrawn from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?" They told him his name was Ælla, and he, alluding to the name, said, "Hallelujah! the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts." Then, repairing to the bishop of the Roman apostolical see—for he was not himself then made pope—he entreated him to send some ministers of the word into Britain to the nation of the English by whom it might be converted to Christ, declaring himself ready to undertake that work, by the assistance of God, if the apostolic pope should think fit to have it so done; which not being then able to perform, because, though the pope was willing to grant his request, yet the citizens of Rome could not be brought to consent that so noble, so renowned and so learned a man should depart the city, as soon as he was himself made pope he perfected the long-desired work, sending other preachers, but himself by his prayers and exhortations assisting the preaching, that it might be successful.

This account, as we have received it from the ancients, we have thought fit to insert in our ecclesiastical history.

VENERABLE BEDE.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.



CHILD of the country, free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June.
I sing of thee: 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town, for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky;
A carpet is thy daisied sod;
A narrow street thy boundless wood;
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen; thy best light's a lamp;
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines.
I sing of thee in sadness: where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the country, thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee,
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young,
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare,
The knoll wrought o'er with wild bluebells
Where brown bees build their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool.
The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town, for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run;
A Maypole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawked, clamorous, o'er the city round;
No roses twin-born on the stalk
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds, but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country, on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring,
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,

Now spinning like a millwheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing's sake: 'tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles,
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning-cloak,
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun and dew and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone:
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels,
And Commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit, and halloos "Run!"
While flushed with wine and stung at play
Men rush from darkness into day;
The stream's too strong for thy small bark:
There naught can sail save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child, for health
Is happiness and strength and wealth;
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

JEALOUSY.

WHEN gods had framed the sweets of woman's face,
And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,
That Phœbus blushed to see her matchless grace
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow:
The amber sweet of love is turned to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

ROBERT GREENE.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! Why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

THOMAS DEKKER.

A REVERIE ON A LADY'S PICTURE BY HER LOVER.

MY Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek! and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown
These lips look fresh and lively as her own,

Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read:
False colors last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom,—look! a painted board
Circumscribes all. Earth can no bliss afford:
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art!
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art burièd.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there.

THOMAS DEKKER.

CONTENTMENT.

I NEVER loved ambitiously to climb
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing,
But Atlas-like to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labor than delight.
Such is the state of men in honor placed:
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

THOMAS NASH.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

LOVE is like a lamb, and love is like a lion:
Fly from Love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing;
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does dote in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A LAST WORD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

THING of a day, fret out thy little hour;
Whence thy unceasing plaint, thy bitter cry?
And why in tears consume thy spirit's power?
Immortal is thy soul: thy tears will dry.

Thy heart is racked and wrung by love betrayed:
Beneath the strain 'twill break or cease to feel;
Thou prayest God to hasten to thine aid;
Immortal is thy soul: thy heart will heal.

By longing and regret thy life is torn,
The past shuts out the future from thine eye;
Grieve not for yesterday: await the morn;
Immortal is thy soul: time passes by.

Thy form is bent beneath oppressive thought,
Thy brow is burdened, and thy limbs give way;
Oh, bow the knee! fall prostrate, thing of naught!
Immortal is thy soul: death frees thy clay.

Thy mouldering form its mother-earth will feed,
Thy glory, name and memory must die,
But not thy love: if thou hast loved indeed,
Thy deathless soul will cherish it on high.

Translation of HURD & HOUGHTON.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose,
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain:
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

DR. WATTS.

OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

OH, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh, Nanny, canst thou love so true
Through perils keen wi' me to gae,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?

Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

DR. THOMAS PERCY.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not, tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

SIR JOHN H. MOORE.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon
And lightning in yon cloud,
And—hark the music, mariners!—
The wind is piping loud,
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free,
While the hollow oak our palace is;
Our heritage, the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

WHO sleeps below? who sleeps below?
It is a question idle all!
Ask of the breezes as they blow:
Say, do they heed or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice, an empty sound.

A hundred summer suns have showered
Their fostering warmth and radiance bright,
A hundred winter storms have lowered
With piercing floods and hues of night,
Since first this remnant of his race
Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from East, from West,
From southern climes, or where the pole
With frosty sceptre doth arrest
The howling billows as they roll?
Within what realm of peace or strife
Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?
Did grandeur smile upon his lot?

Or, born to dark obscurity,
Dwelt he within some lowly cot,
And, from his youth to labor wed,
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe and full of years,
Bowed down and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears
And the dim eyeball sight withheld,
Like a ripe apple falling down
Unshaken 'mid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that blessed his prime
Were vanished like a morning dream,
Plucked one by one by spareless Time
And scattered in oblivion's stream,
Passing away all silently
Like snowflakes melting in the sea?

Or 'mid the summer of his years,
When round him thronged his children young,
When bright eyes gushed with burning tears
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widowed wife scarce half resigned?

Or 'mid the sunshine of his spring
Came the swift bolt that dashed him down,
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deemed him all her own,
And forward looked to happier years
Than ever blessed this vale of tears?

By day, by night, through calm and storm,
O'er distant oceans did he roam,
Far from his land, a lonely form,
The deck his walk, the sea his home?
Tossed he on wild Biscayan wave,
Or where smooth tides Panama lave?

Slept he within the tented field
With pillowing daisies for his bed?
Captived in battle, did he yield,
Or plunge to victory o'er the dead?
Oft 'mid destruction hath he broke
Through reeking blades and rolling smoke?

Perhaps he perished for the faith—
One of that persecuted band
Who suffered tortures, bonds and death
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the martyr's fame,
Espoused his fate, nor found a name.

Say, was he one to science blind,
A groper in Earth's dungeon dark,
Or one who with aspiring mind
Did in the fair creation mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's control?

Hush, wild surmise! 'Tis vain, 'tis vain!
The summer flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
O'er some old bones that rot below;
No other record can we trace
Of fame or fortune, rank or race.

Then what is life, when thus we see
No trace remains of life's career?
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here.
Puttest thou in aught of earth thy trust?
'Tis doomed that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter, then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame,
But like the dewdrop from the flower
Pass after glittering for an hour?

The soul decays not: freed from earth
  And earthly coils, it bursts away;
Receiving a celestial birth
  And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through heaven's eternal year.

Do good; shun evil; live not thou
  As if at death thy being died;
Nor Error's siren voice allow
  To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end, the grave,
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

D. M. Moir.

AT BEAUTY'S BAR.

AT Beauty's bar as I did stand,
  When False Suspect accusèd me.
"George," quoth the judge, "hold up thy hand:
  Thou art arraigned of flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide."

"My lord," quoth I, "this lady here,
  Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt if any were,
  Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both
To try me guiltless by mine oath."

Quoth Beauty, "No, it fitteth not
  A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
  Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so."

Then Craft, the crier, called a quest,
  Of whom was Falsehood foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
  Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be trussed."

Jealous, the gaoler, bound me fast
  To hear the verdict of the bill;
"George," quoth the judge, "now thou art cast,
  Thou must go hence to Heavy Hill,
And there be hanged all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!"

Down fell I then upon my knee,
  All flat before Dame Beauty's face,
And cried, "Good lady, pardon me
  Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

"And though this judge doth make such haste
  To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
  To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you show yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen."

Quoth Beauty, "Well, because I guess
  What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Although thy faults deserve no less
  Than Justice here hath judgèd thee,
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?"

"Yea, madam," quoth I, "that I shall:
  Lo, Faith and Truth my sureties."
"Why, then," quoth she, "come when I call:
  I ask no better warrantise."
Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

George Gascoigne.

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO.

OH, my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!
Ah! how well do I remember
What a pride it was to know,
When my little playmates mustered
On this old familiar spot
To select their infant pastimes,
That my name was ne'er forgot;
When with merry, rosy faces
They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-string
Or a top of loudest hum,
Or, as proud and prancing horses,
Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!

Oh, my balmy days of boyhood,
Many, many years ago,
When I ranged at will the wildwood
For the berry or the sloe,
Or the gentle, blue-eyed violet,
Traced by its own perfume sweet,
Or with light and cautious footstep
Sought the linnet's snug retreat,
Or with little blooming maidens
To the nutting groves repaired,
And in warmth of purest boy-love
The rich clusters with them shared!
Or when hoary-headed Winter
Brought his welcome frost and snow,
How we thronged the frozen streamlets
Many, many years ago!

Then my days of dawning manhood,
Many, many years ago,
When the future seemed all brightness,
Lit with Love's enchanting glow,
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
Would my buoyant bosom crowd
As I forth led my beloved one,
She as fair as I was proud—
Led her forth with lightsome footstep
Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
Would so gladly dance along!
Or when round came joyous Christmas.
Oft beneath the mistletoe
Have I toyed with blushing maidens,
Many, many years ago.

Ah, ye golden days! Departed,
Yet full oft on Memory's wing
Ye return like some bright vision,
And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy-companions,
Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death hath sealed the lips of many
Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets;
The old playground is not there;
Time hath stolen my fair one's beauty,
And he will soon strike the blow
That will break those ties that bound us
Many, many years ago.

T. Lokee.

FLY AS A HART TO THE MOUNTAIN.

WHEN a shadow is on your heart
And you know not the reason why,
When the tear unbidden will start
And unbidden will come the sigh,
Take care!
Watch, for there's cause for fear;
Watch, for the enemy's near;
Watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrowhawk's in the air.

When the hope in your life turns pale
And your courage dies vaguely out,
When you feel that the staff may fail
You have trusted without a doubt,
Take care!
The shadow of sorrow is long;
Watch, there is something wrong;
Watch as the pilot watches
When a storm is in the air.

There's a feeling you know not whence,
A whisper you know not where,
That says to some innermost sense,
Of which you are dimly aware,
"Take care!"
Fly to your covert, fly,
And danger may pass you by;
Fly as the hart to the mountain
When the hounds are scenting the air.

When the love that was strong turns weak—
The love you have trusted long—
And you feel that you need not speak,
That whatever you say is wrong,
Take care!
And hide you a little while
From the smile that is only guile,
And watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrowhawk's in the air.

A foe that is fair and open
You may fight and keep your place,
But who can fight with a shadow
That never will show its face?
Take care!
When you fear and you know not why,
When you fail though you bravely try,
Then watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrowhawk's in the air.

THOMAS J. REID.

THE HUNTED DEER.

HE, rousing, rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive,
And through the cumbrous thicks as fearfully he makes
He with his branchèd head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep,
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighboring place,
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase,
Rechating with his horns, which then the hunter cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palmed head upbears,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight.
But when, the approaching foes still following, he perceives
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves,

And o'er the champain flies; which when th' assembly find,
Each follows as his horse were footed with the wind.
But, being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil;
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds and flocks of shag-wooled sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep,
But whenas all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries;
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand
T' assail him with his goad; so, with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hallo,
When with tempestuous speed the hounds and huntsmen follow,
Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
To anything he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quickset finds; to which his haunch opposed,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails, until, opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

OPPORTUNITY.*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF NICCOLO MACCHIAVELLI.

WHO art thou, glorious form, flashing by me,
So beautiful, so godlike? Wilt thou fly me?
Why o'er thy face and bosom fall thy tresses streaming?
And why the airy pinions on thy white feet gleaming?—
My name is Opportunity. Pause or rest I never:
Mortals rarely know me till I'm gone for ever.
To seize me passing on to few is granted;
Therefore one foot upon a wheel is planted,
Therefore the light wings bound on them, to make me
So quick in flight that none shall overtake me.

* "Thoughts come again, convictions perpetuate themselves, opportunities pass by irrecoverably."—GOETHE.

Down fall my tresses, face and bosom veiling,
That none may know me till to know be unavailing;
Then mockingly I fling aside the veil and please me
With their vain hope, and vainer haste, to seize me.

And who is this dark form that follows thee with weeping,
Ever as a shadow on thy bright track keeping?—
Her name's Repentance. When I fleet quickly by them,
She stoppeth, weeping, vainly weeping, nigh them.
But thou, poor mortal, precious moments wasting,
Idly thou dreamest while I'm onward hasting.
Wilt thou not wake? Alas! weep now: I've passed for ever—
Weep, for Repentance henceforth leaves thee never.

Translation of LADY WILDE

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

YOU remember the maid with her dark-brown hair
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,
Till it made adoration a duty?
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
Each charm as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light
And we thought her a spirit from heaven?
And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back
With a sigh and a tear to the hours—
When we gazed on her form as she followed the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;
When in her young joy she would smile with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free, and looked after its flight
To see if it entered the skies?

But she wandered away from the home of her youth
One spring ere the roses were blown,
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own;
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave,
And she sought where the moon has a milder gleam
For a home, and they gave her a grave.

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
For love of her soul was a part,
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone
With the worm of despair in her heart;
And oh, with what anguish we counted, each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over its beam,

And her smiles are remembered, since long they are past,
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream;
And it may be that fancy had woven a spell,
But I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell
Like a dirge on the listening ear.

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
Though she always was gentle and kind,
Yet I think that the softness which stole o'er her face
Had a softening power o'er the mind.
But it might be her looks and her tones were more dear
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure that last fading flower of the year,
For we felt she was passing away.

She never complained, but she loved to the last,
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past
And the youth who had left her to die.
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest
Where the palm tree sighs o'er her at even,
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast
Is the tear of a far foreign heaven.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

"LAUGH, LIKE ME, AT EVERYTHING."

THERE'S nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do so well without it;
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise, how long he'll run,
And when he'll leave us altogether;
Now, matters it a pebble-stone
Whether he shine at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbors,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed and laughed at for his labors;
Fame is *his* star, and fame is sweet,
And praise is pleasanter than honey:
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti when he met her;
She married Mr. Ball one day:
He's gone to Sweden to forget her.

I had a charmer, too, and sighed
  And raved all day and night about her:
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
  And I am just as fat without her.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

For tears are vastly pretty things,
  But make one very thin and taper,
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
  But sound most beautiful on paper;
Thought is the sage's brightest star:
  Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But, as I'm not particular,
  Please God, I'll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

Oh, in this troubled world of ours
  A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure,
And separating thorns from flowers
  Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
And why be grave instead of gay?
  Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh, trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
  There's nothing half so good as laughing.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything.

G. M. FITZGERALD.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

OH, rise and sit in soft attire,
  Wait but to know my soul's desire;
I'd call thee back to days of strife
To wrap my soul around thy life:
Ask thou this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er.

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from out the oblivious grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done,
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth hath been,
Of perils past, of glories seen;
I'd speak of all my youth hath done
And ask of things to choose and shun,
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me and see fair earth,
The ways of men, and join their mirth:
Sleep on, for mirth is now a jest,
Nor dare I call thee from thy rest.
Well hast thou done thy worldly task:
Thy mouth hath naught of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away:
They think not but of useless clay;
Alas! for age, this memory!
But I have other thoughts of thee,
And I would wade thy dusty grave
To kiss the head I cannot save.

Oh, life and power that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, oh burst that earthly cloud,
And meet my visage lowly bowed.
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Thou feeble thing of eld, but, gone,
I feel as in the world alone.
The wind that lifts the streaming tree,
The skies seem cold and new to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of mother's love with strange cold pain
From round my heart; this bosom's bare,
And less than wonted life is there:
Oh, well may flow these tears of strife
O'er broken fountains of my life;

Because my life of thee was part,
And decked with blood-drops of thy heart,
I was the channel of thy love,
Where more than half thy soul did move.
How strange! yet just o'er me thy claim,
Thou aged head, my life and name.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done
From morn till starlight, year by year:
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me, and no reproof
When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star:
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death,
And well I know what raised thy head
When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas! I cannot tell thee now
I could not come to bind thy brow,
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won
Were worth to hear thee call thy son
In that dark hour when bands remove
And none are named but names of love.

Alas for me! that hour is old;
My hands for this shall miss their hold:
For thee no spring nor silver rain
Unbutton thy dark grave again;
No sparrow on the sunny thatch
Shall chirp for thee her lonely watch.

Yet sweet thy rest from mortal strife,
And cruel cares that spanned thy life!
Turn to thy God, and blame thy son,
To give thee more than I have done.
Thou God, with joy beyond all years
Fill high the channels of her tears.

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my last desire?
For earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
Oh, ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

THOMAS AIRD.

REMEMBRANCE.

WITHIN when sorrows lower,
Why givest thou, Nature, why,
Alone on outward scenes the power
To close the weary eye?

Oh, would on memory too
As quick a veil could fall,
To shut from thought my aching view
And say, "Be darkness, all!"

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

WIT OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ROGUE OR FOOL?

ONE day Sheridan met two royal dukes in St. James's street, and the younger flippantly remarked,

"I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, old boy?"

Sheridan bowed, smiled, and as he took each of them by the arm replied,

"Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON.

"The two Sheridans," says Kelly, "were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"'I think, father,' said he, 'that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead in legible characters, "To be let."

"'And under that, Tom,' said his father, 'write, "Unfurnished."'"

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom, being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

"Money I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that be the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable. The night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence he had in the world."

SHERIDAN'S COOLNESS.

Hayden, the painter, says that once, when Sheridan was dining at Somerset House and they were all in fine feather, the servant rushed in, exclaiming,

"Sir, the house is on fire!"

"Bring another bottle of claret," said Sheridan; "it is not my house."

WHO WILL TAKE THE CHAIR?

Once, being on a Parliamentary committee, he arrived when all the members were assembled and seated and about to commence business. He looked round in vain for a seat, and then, with a bow and a quaint twinkle in his eyes, said,

"Will any gentleman move, that I might take the chair?"

SHERIDAN AND CUMBERLAND.

Cumberland's children induced their father to take them to see "The School for Scandal."

Every time the delighted youngsters laughed at what was going on on the stage he pinched them and said,

"What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at;" and then, in an undertone, "Keep still, you little dunces!"

Sheridan, having been told this, said,

"It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to have been displeased with his poor children for laughing at my comedy, for I went the other night to see his tragedy, and laughed at it from beginning to end."

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

A miserly parson who seldom gave his mite to charities was prevailed upon to attend a sermon at Westminster. After the sermon the plate was handed round the vestry. Fox and Sheridan were present.

"The doctor has absolutely given his pound," said Fox.

"Then," said Sheridan, "he must absolutely think he is going to die."

"Pooh!" replied Fox; "even Judas threw away twice the money."

"Yes," said Sheridan, "but how long was it before he hanged himself?"

SHERIDAN AND THE LAWYER.

Once, when a lawyer of the name of Clifford had made strong comments upon Sheridan's political conduct, he replied,

"As to the lawyer who has honored me with so much abuse, I do not know how to answer him, as I am no proficient in the language or manners of St. Giles's. But one thing I can say of him, and it is in his favor; I hardly expect you will believe me—the thing is incredible—but I pledge my word to the fact that once, if not twice, but once most assuredly, I did meet him in the company of gentlemen."

OPERATIONS.

During his last illness the medical attendants, apprehending that they would be obliged to perform an operation on him, asked him "if he had ever undergone one."

"Never," replied Sheridan, "except when sitting for my picture or having my hair cut."

SHERIDAN'S OPINION OF THE PRESS.

He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their favor. He used often to say,

"Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish."

MRS. SIDDONS.

Mr. Rogers once said to him,

"Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high that I wonder you never made open love to her."

"To her!" said Sheridan; "to that magnificent and appalling creature? I should as soon think of making love to the archbishop of Canterbury."

SHERIDAN'S HOAX ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord Belgrave (afterward the earl of Grosvenor) having clenched a speech in the House with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan in reply admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went; "but," said he, "had the noble lord proceeded a little farther and completed the passage, he would have seen that it ap-

plied the other way." Sheridan then spouted something *ore rotundo* which had all the *ais*, *ois*, *ous*, *kon* and *kos* that give the wonted assurance of a Greek quotation; upon which Lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honorable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it when he gave the quotation. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan and asked him,

"Sheridan, how came you so ready with that passage? It is certainly as you say, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it."

It is unnecessary to say that there is no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.

SHERIDAN AND HIS WILL.

Sheridan wished his son to marry a young lady of large fortune who was enamored of him, but knew that Miss Callander had won his heart. One day, when talking on the subject, Sheridan grew warm, and, expatiating on the folly of his son, exclaimed,

"Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling."

Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and, looking archly at his father, said,

"Then, sir, you must borrow it."

Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject. The future proved how correctly Tom had judged.

AMBITION AND AVARICE.

Being asked, "Why do we honor ambition and despise avarice, while they are both but the desire of possessing?" "Because," said Sheridan, "the one is natural, the other artificial; the one the sign of mental health, the other of mental decay; the one appetite, the other disease."

MR. PITT'S SINKING-FUND.

Though, from the prosperous state of the revenue at the time of the institution of this fund, the absurdity was not yet committed of borrowing money to maintain it, we may perceive by the following acute pleasantry of Mr. Sheridan (who denied the existence of the alleged surplus of income) that he already had a keen insight into the fallacy of the plan of redemption afterward followed.

"At present," he said, "it was clear there was no surplus, and the only means which suggested themselves to him were a loan of a million for the special purpose, for the Right Hon. gentleman might say, with the person in the comedy, 'If you won't lend me the money, how can I pay you?'"

HIS ANSWER TO A CREDITOR.

He jocularly remarked one day to a creditor who demanded instant payment of a long-standing debt, with interest, "My dear sir, you know it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor is it my principle to pay the interest."

KELLY'S IRISH ACCENT.

Kelly, having to perform an Irish character, got Johnson to coach him up in the brogue, but with so little success that Sheridan said, on entering the green-room at the conclusion of the piece,

"Bravo, Kelly! I never heard you speak such good English in all my life."

SHERIDAN AND RICHARDSON.

Richardson was remarkable for his love of disputation, and Tickell, when hard pressed

by him in argument, used often, as a last resource, to assume the voice and manner of Mr. Fox, which he had the power of mimicking so exactly that Richardson confessed he sometimes stood awed and silenced by the resemblance.

This disputatious humor of Richardson was once turned to account by Sheridan in a very characteristic manner. Having had a hackney-coach in employ for five or six hours, and not being provided with the means of paying for it, he happened to espy Richardson in the street, and proposed to take him in the coach some part of his way. The offer being accepted, Sheridan lost no time in starting a subject of conversation on which he knew his companion was sure to become argumentative and animated. Having by well-managed contradiction brought him to the proper pitch of excitement, he affected to grow impatient and angry himself, and, saying that "he could not think of staying in the same coach with a person that would use such language," pulled the check-string and desired the coachman to let him out. Richardson, wholly occupied with the argument, and regarding the retreat of his opponent as an acknowledgment of defeat, still pressed his point, and even hallooed "more last words" through the coach window after Sheridan, who, walking quietly home, left the poor disputant responsible for the heavy fare of the coach.

HIS IMPROVIDENCE.

His improvidence in everything connected with money was most remarkable. He would frequently be obliged to stop on his journey for want of the means of getting on, and to remain living expensively at an inn till a remittance could reach him. His letters to the treasurer of the theatre on these occasions were generally headed with the words "Money-bound." A friend of his said that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay upon the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on the seals, said to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present,

"I see we are all treated alike."

Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over his table, a letter which he had himself sent, a few weeks before, to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note to release him from some inn, but which Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter and reserved the enclosure for some future exigence.

Among instances of his inattention to letters, the following is mentioned: Going one day to the banking-house where he was accustomed to be paid his salary as receiver of Cornwall, and where they sometimes accommodated him with small sums before the regular time of payment, he asked, with all due humility, whether they could oblige him with the loan of twenty pounds.

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "Would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?"

Sheridan, all smiles and gratitude, answered that a hundred pounds would be of the greatest convenience to him.

"Perhaps you would like to take two hundred, or three?" said the clerk.

At every increase of the sum the surprise of the borrower increased.

"Have not you, then, received our let-

ter?" said the clerk; on which it turned out that, in consequence of the falling in of some fine, a sum of twelve hundred pounds had been lately placed to the credit of the receiver-general, and that, from not having opened the letter written to apprise him, he had been left in ignorance of his good luck.

A DAY'S ADVENTURES.

Sheridan told the following stories of a day's adventures, the incidents of one being favorable to him, while those of the other are somewhat against him.

Having received an invitation to spend a day in shooting on a friend's estate, he repaired thither, but during the day strayed off upon the domain of a neighbor. The owner of the latter, coming along in company with his gamekeeper, arrested him for poaching; but, upon learning how the matter stood and who was the culprit, made the *amende honorable*, adding apologetically,

"What would you have done if you had found a stranger shooting your game without permission?"

"Done!" replied Sheridan; "I would have said that the poor fellow was hungry and invited him home to dinner."

The day's sport produced but little game, and toward evening he wended his homeward way, much dispirited, with an almost empty bag. Passing a barnyard, he saw a large number of ducks swimming on a pond, and resolved to fill his bag with tame fowl in the absence of nobler game; so, addressing a farmer who was resting against the barn door, he inquired,

"What will you take for a shot at them?" pointing to the ducks. "I am to get all I kill."

"What kind of a shot are you?" inquired the farmer.

"Oh, fairish," replied Sheridan.

The farmer demanded a sovereign, but Sheridan would not consent to give more than a half sovereign, which the man pocketed.

Sheridan raised his double-barrelled fowling-piece and fired, bringing down some eight or ten of the denizens of the pond. While preparing to collect the spoils he turned to the farmer:

"Ah, old fellow! you did not calculate I could bring down so many?"

"Oh," replied Rusticus, coolly, "I don't care: they are none of mine."

Sheridan left without debating the point or stopping to fill his bag, lest the real owner should come along and demand the full value of his slaughtered treasures.

F. STAINFORTH.

LOVE.

I DISDAIN
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Fly to the arbors, grots and flowery meads
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls,
Together drink the crystal of the stream
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
And when the golden evening calls us home
Wing to our downy nest and sleep till morn.

NATHANIEL LEE.

BEGINNING THE WORLD.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more unhappy animal than he who is encumbered with an imposing establishment, while his supplies are uncertain and scanty. The truth of this I had occasion to experience some years ago, when I first began the world. The little fortune which my father left me was all expended in obtaining a procuratorship and in furnishing after the best models a flat in Queen street, where I placed two red-haired clerks upon a pair of three-legged stools of unusual elevation, and seated myself in a leather-encircled arm-chair with the absurd expectation of being called upon by clients. *Clients!* Not the shadow of one darkened my beautiful whitewashed walls. The glaring brass plate on the door (something about the size of a shovel), with its hospitable "COME IN," was misanthropically disregarded. It seemed as if litigation had ceased with the opening of my rooms, and I began to think seriously of Edward Irving's millennium. To me a client was as the mammoth among quadrupeds or dodo among birds —extinct. I had not even the satisfaction of possessing a petrified one, nor could I trace the remains of any among all my curiosities.

To increase my embarrassments, I was on the eve of getting married. It is charitably said of the devil that he finds work for the idle; so I, being utterly unemployed, was tempted to fall in love with a young lady belonging to Berwick. My last ten guineas were expended in paying her a visit and in receiving her formidable "Yes."

"Next month is May, Arabella," I said; her name was Arabella Farquhar, and it seemed formed, with its number of *r*'s, to stifle the Berwickers. "It is unlucky, you know, to marry in May, but I cannot wait a day longer than the first of June."

"'The glorious first of June,'" said she, smiling; for, in addition to her other attractions, she had a playful humor. "Would you not, as a West-Country radical, prefer the 'ever-memorable days of July'?"

"Nay; in love I have no politics."

"That is, you are im-politic in love?"

"I am desperately in love, which is all I know," returned I, enforcing my affirmation with a kiss.

The respect which I paid to the old superstition regarding May marriages was occasioned by the circumstance that I had no hopes of raising money for my purposes before the first of June. These hopes, as the reader will see, were built on a very questionable foundation. The only relation left me in the world was my maiden-aunt, Mrs. Thomson of Cockleshell Hall, near Musselburgh. I call her *maiden*, for I cannot consider her in any other light, although it is undeniable that she had once been married. She was a woman of untold wealth

and inconceivable parsimony. When young, her fortune was but forming, and her face was then even less attractive (if I may judge from a portrait taken at twenty) than when time had disguised it; so she was left to live to the alarming age of forty-five without an offer. At that period, however, her fortune, by dint of parsimony, having increased to a reverential amount, a certain Mr. Thomson, compassionating her state of single blessedness, "threw himself at her feet," and was, to the infinite consternation of all her living relations, accepted.

The marriage of any young lady of forty-five furnishes food for scandal, but in this match there was nothing prominently absurd, indiscreet or inappropriate. Mr. Thomson was an ancient widower of respectable character and well-to-do in the world. He had been provost from time immemorial of the little burgh in which he resided, and was therefore happily distinguished from the innumerable tribe of Thomsons by his title of honor. Like Macbeth, "he had no children," and considered himself to stand in need of a wife to warm his slippers when "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf." But Death interfered with his self-indulgent perspectives. Scarcely was the honeymoon over, with all its indescribable annoyances, when, one morning after breakfast, as Provost Thomson was standing with his back to the fire, he stopped abruptly in the midst of a laugh at one of the quaint jokes for which he was famous, and, sitting down in his chair, gave a groan and expired. Apoplexy was the cause assigned for this appalling event.

My poor aunt was exemplary as a widow, with her tears and her crape, even for a longer period than the rules of society demand. Uninstructed by the frightful termination of her connection, the infatuated creature continued to hug her treasures, and even to add to their accumulation with tenfold voracity. The property which the will of the provost left her only whetted her appetite for more, and by the time she had reached her sixtieth and I my twenty-fifth year her fortune was calculated to exceed half a plum, or, in more figurative language, fifty thousand pounds. If there was any one toward whom she entertained a kindness, it was my own ungrateful self. I was, in fact, her factotum; for from my fifteenth year, being no penman herself, she entrusted me with drawing out her receipts for rental. For this purpose I regularly spent a day or two with her every Whitsunday and Martinmas, and in return for my attentions I regularly received from her (*mirabile dictu!*) a five-pound note. This was the only pecuniary enormity of which she was guilty during the year, and, to do her justice, she gave it, I believe, out of a habitual regard for me, while she would inwardly soothe her outraged parsimony by the reflection that no man of business would do what I did half so cheap. On the faith of her gift many a sanguine young man would have anticipated the heirship of all her property, but I confess I never was so preposterous in my expectations, for I felt too distinctly that I was born with the wooden spoon in my mouth. Independently of this, I knew she read the *Missionary Magazine* and spoke occasionally with an alarming interest of the New Zealanders; so that, if ever she had the fortitude to make a will, the cannibals of the South Sea Islands would in all probability be the favored few. Her health, besides, was good, her hold of the

world tenacious; so that, even if I did entertain any hopes of success, the day was too distant to interest me much. At all events, no future prospect could relieve my present difficulties or put it in my power to consummate my own and Arabella's bliss. A bold stroke was necessary—"a bold stroke for a wife"—and the necessity suggested one. Insane as it may appear, I absolutely resolved to ask from my aunt, when I went in May to draw out her Whitsunday receipts, the loan, (believe me) of a thousand pounds, and upon the success of that request I relied when I proposed the first of June to my dear Arabella as our day of marriage.

This resolution of attacking my aunt I did not come to without severe reflection. I procured a copy of the *Eccentric Biography* and carefully studied the lives of all the misers therein contained, so that I might inform myself as to their weak or assailable points, bnt I found them all cased in triple steel—no crevice in their iron mail through which a spear could be insinuated, no opening through which their heart could be touched. They were not even like the alligator, vulnerable in the belly; neither puddings nor praise affected them. The only way in which they could be attacked with any prospect of success was by a *coup-de-main*. Old Elwes, I discovered, though he would not part with a penny to save his most miserable soul, sometimes gave thousands in loan on trifling securities. "Upon that hint I spake." I saw the absurdity of attacking the "penny-wise" feelings of my aunt, and resolved to rest my chance of success on her "pounds foolish." A small sum would, I felt, rouse all her customary power of resistance, but the demand of a thousand pounds sterling was too appalling to be resisted by mortal miser. The enormity would paralyze her energies and leave her helpless in my hands. It would be an appeal for which her imagination had never, in its most daring flights, prepared, and she would sink submissive under it, overwhelmed by its boldness and grandeur. Not, I confess, that I anticipated an entire acquiescence in the extent of my demand, but to ask a thousand, I calculated, would secure at least five hundred: by aiming at the stars I would reach the clouds. If she succeeded in reducing my request to five hundred, or, still better, to four hundred and ninety-nine, she would lose sight of everything else in self-congratulation at her adroitness in mitigating the calamity.

It was no part of my plan to "go about the bush" in the matter; that would have alarmed her and put her on her guard. My object was to attack her openly and unexpectedly, for any other method would have argued a misgiving on my part and infused her with courage to resist. Accordingly, I had no sooner reached Cockleshell Hall and gone through the usual congratulations than I prepared to open my attack. My aunt speedily gave me an opportunity.

"My *dear* nephew," she said, with her usual emphatic monosyllables, "it is *so* fortunate that Whitsunday happens at *this* time, and that you *have* come a day sooner than usual; for do you know I have got *two* ladies staying with me who are dying for a gallant?"

"Indeed! Then I am fortunate in more ways than one, for I was just remarking to myself as I came up the avenue—which, by the bye, I see you have greatly improved—that it was as well that I required to visit

you at this time, as it saved me the trouble of writing you by post for the loan of a thousand pounds, of which I happen to stand at present in need."

I said this in as indifferent a matter-of-course manner as I could assume, although I believe my voice did falter a little; for I thought of poor Arabella. But the manner of speaking is not so important as the matter, notwithstanding all that elocutionists may say. A thousand pounds is no trifle, pronounce it as you will. It made my aunt gasp as if I had pitched a tub of water in her face, or as if I had placed her in an elevated shower-bath with a thousand holes in its drainer.

"A thousand pounds! You're surely demented, John."

"Indeed, aunt, if it would not be rather encroaching on your goodness, two thousand would be more convenient for me than one. But a young man is the better of being stinted a little when beginning the world."

"Two thousand! Beginning the world, John! Have you not begun yet?"

"Now, aunt, that is too bad! You cannot but know what it is to begin the world. Would you have me to believe that you never were so foolish yourself as to marry?"

"'Marry'! Are you going to marry?"

"I am going to follow your good example, aunt, in that particular."

"Me! You should rather take warning from my misfortune. Nay, it is unfeeling in you, John, to allude to the matter" (I knew it was the subject upon which she loved especially to dilate), "when you know the manner in which my poor dear husband was taken from me. Think, John, of only twenty-eight days married!" Here she took out her handkerchief. "We had just got all the garavidging and expense of the daft-days over, and I was remarking that the veal pie might hae been better hained and served langer as a decency for our breakfast-table, when the poor dear provost, who was standing joking with his back to the chimney and the tails of his coat in his arms, gied a sudden jerk into the elbow-chair, and before I could turn round was a corpse. Never married woman was tried like me."

Here she fell into appropriate sobs, which I did not dislike; for women are said to be most accessible when they have the tear in their eye.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," I said, "about that sad affair. You proved during your short wedlock, I have reason to know, all that a husband could wish, and let it be a balsam to your grief that it is not embittered by self-reproach. As to my own marriage, I have only to pray—"

"John, John, you speak as if you had completed all your arrangements and had only to send for the minister. What madness is this! And who is your wife-to-be?"

"The unfortunate lady whom I have selected as my victim, and who is so far lost to herself as to approve of my choice, is irreproachable in character and descent, unequalled in beauty and almost as poor as myself."

"Well, well, if you and she choose to make beggars of yourselves, I leave you to your own delusions. It is no concern of mine."

"How, my dear aunt? Do you mean to

say that you will so far disoblige me as refuse to grant my small request?"

"'Small request'! The boy's in a creel! You imagine, surely, that I am wallowing in wealth."

"Far from it. I know in these hard times you have come to many losses and must have enough ado to make the ends meet. Still, I am presumptive enough to hope that you will make a struggle to oblige an old friend—the son of your only brother, William, who was your own little Billy when a child, and whom the hungry sea devoured in his prime of manhood."

Here were two hits—one on the side of her parsimony, and the other on the side of her affections. Like all wealthy misers, she was very anxious to be considered poor and rejoiced to be condoled with on her "losses." She, besides, entertained a deep regard for the memory of my father, who was shipwrecked on his way from Quebec, whither he had gone to purchase timber. He was her only brother, and, being six years younger than herself, had secured the affection of her girlhood before her heart got hardened and polluted by care and avarice. Deeply as she seemed to mourn the loss of her "poor dear provost," that was but the mockery of woe compared to the untold tenderness with which she ever reverted to my poor father's fate. The name of the one was a mere signal for her to display the widow's flag of distress; the name of the other was connected with all her sweetest and holiest emotions, for it renewed in the silver light of memory the young days of her life, when she used to toss her little brother in her arms or roll with him in boisterous glee among the grassy knowes.

"John," she said, after a pause, "you must be conscious that I have ever taken a deep interest in your welfare for your own sake, and still more for the sake of him—my poor brother—who sleeps at the bottom of the Atlantic Sea. But I am shocked, John—really shocked—at the extravagance of your demand, and wonder any young man of discretion like you should be so absurd as to think of marriage before you have established yourself in the world. See how *I* did in the matter. I waited till—"

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" interrupted I, delighted at the turn matters were taking; for if the woman who deliberates is lost, so also is the woman who begins to "argufy"—"oh, aunt, do not, I beseech you, balance my conduct with your own, for, though it were a thousand times more blameless, it would never come up to your standard. I am but a poor ever-blundering, ever-resolving fool that can lay claim to no quality beyond good intention; you, on the other hand, have led a life of unswerving virtue and are guiltless even of the slightest impropriety."

"If that be your opinion, it became you certainly to seek my counsel before you involved yourself in so important a matter as matrimony. And indeed, John, to tell you the truth, circumstances have led me within these two days to think of the very subject; for there are at present, as I informed you, two ladies staying with me, one of whom has so interested me by her excellent qualities that it has more than once crossed my mind she would make a fortunate match for you if your circumstances permitted."

"Alas, aunt! all people see not with the same eyes, and I, at all events, am irrevocably engaged."

"E'en drink, then, as ye brewed. Since you can do without my advice, you can do without my money."

"Are you not getting rather unreasonable, Mrs. Thomson?"

"Are you not getting excessively impertinent, Master John Brown?"

"Nay, nay! let us not quarrel about a trifle. You surely would allow me some degree of suffrage in a matter so personally interesting as the choice of a wife?"

"I wish to meddle with no man's affairs, but for the sake of him—poor William, your father—I cannot but take an interest in your welfare; and if you had made a reasonable match with a young lady of whom I could approve, I will not promise but I might have helped you a little until your business were established, with the understanding that I would receive a legal percentage for what I might advance."

"Then, my dear aunt, I feel assured you have but to see my choice to be pleased with her. Such beauty, wit, virtue—"

"Pooh! I doubt she is some low person, or you would not insist on these things. Is she of a good family? Has she any money, or the prospect of any? That is what I wish to know."

"Her family is irreproachable, for her father can trace his genealogy as far back as the days of George III., and none of them ever suffered under the hands of the hangman. As to her wealth, she is possessed, I am happy to say, of a great many properties: she has a well-furnished memory, an excellently-cultivated understanding, a superb imagination, a brilliant wit and an unbounded store of affection, not to mention the lustre of her personal possessions, her pearly teeth and diamond eyes."

"It is too much your habit, John, to speak slightingly of serious matters. These qualities I hold not the value of a pin's point unless they are accompanied by the three indispensable *p*'s to the character of a good wife—prudence, piety and property."

"And is your favorite up stairs possessed of these qualifications? Tell me, aunt, who is she?"

"The lady up stairs is a comparative stranger to me, but I am mightily pleased by what I have seen of her. Your old acquaintance Mrs. Smith of Berwick brought her. She is a Miss Farquhar, and belongs herself, I believe, to that quarter, although Mrs. Smith tells me she has some prospects of finally settling in your own town of Glasgow."

"A glass of water, if you please. Tush! I am quite well, aunt. A mere momentary qualm. And now I have to reproach you as well as myself for leaving the ladies so long to themselves by our idle chat on a subject which can be talked over again. We must, for very decency, go up stairs. Please introduce me: it is cruel to delay another moment."

As my aunt ushered me into the room with the formal explanation of "Mr. Brown, my nephew, from Glasgow," Arabella, who was sitting at a work-table with Mrs. Smith, suddenly started, and a deep blush suffused her neck and forehead. While bowing I contrived to place my finger on my mouth, to indicate I wished no recognition. Mrs. Smith seemed to understand this intuitively, for, although it was through her I had originally become acquainted with Arabella, she spoke of us as entire strangers. Arabella herself

looked uneasy and discomfited, for, with all her talents, such was her natural candor that she could not support the slightest approach to dissimulation. I myself acted my part but indifferently, and after several blundering attempts at conversation speedily sought to compose my nerves by a solitary walk in the garden.

While chewing a green twig in a profound reverie, I was attracted to a summer-house by a whisper and a wave of the hand. It was Arabella herself.

"I have followed you here at some risk," she said, "for I have been burning to tell you that I have no hand in this base rencounter. It was that odious Mrs. Smith who decoyed me hither, and I knew not that Mrs. Thomson was your aunt till this forenoon. What must you have thought of me?"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mrs. Smith—"

"Nay, do not provoke me; for indeed I am ready to sink with shame and vexation at the vulgar and mean-spirited plot into which I have been led. Your aunt, I see, is a woman of illiberal notions and contracted habits, and Mrs. Smith, with her natural want of all delicacy, brought me hither under false pretences to secure her favor. When I understood this, I could have torn the vile busybody to pieces."

"A small dose of prussic acid would perhaps be more advisable."

"No trifling, John; I am serious. Go to your aunt immediately and tell her the circumstances under which we stand. I can bear this state of duplicity no longer."

"Dearest and ever noble-minded, to you as to an angel of light must my poor earth-bound propensities ever look for exaltation. Deeply as I pity my aunt's illiberalities, henceforth shall I revere her for descrying so speedily your worth. It were in my power at present to deceive her by affecting to follow her counsel in paying my addresses to you. Nay, start not! I cannot do it for my own sake, and dare not do it for yours. If my own soul could condescend to such meanness, it were unworthy of worshipping thine."

So saying, I sought my aunt with all haste and told her explicitly that her favorite, Miss Farquhar, was no other than my betrothed. Whether charmed by my candor or by the reciprocity of our tastes, I know not; but my aunt behaved on this occasion in a manner worthy of the sister of my father. Her assistance not only exceeded my expectation, but exceeded my original demand. She even came so far as Glasgow to patronize with her personal presence our wedding. Nor had she ever reason to regret her generosity, for in her declining years Arabella administered to her infirmities like a daughter, and our first-born little boy, William, renewed once more her long-smothered affection; so that the latter days of her life were benignant and blessed as those of its commencement. While living she would scarcely allow the little rascal out of her sight, and on her death she proved the extent of her love by leaving him all her immense property, at my disposal till he came of age, with the exception of only five thousand pounds, which went to the South Sea missions, and a handsome annuity of thirty shillings, which, with some trifling assistance of our own, went to the support of an old housekeeper who had got blind and deaf in her service.

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow,
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring;
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:
Now he is wedded to his grave—
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him:
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him.
Scarce was he gone I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough:
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look:
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid:
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell, a lifeless corse, in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek;
No other youth became her marrow:
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

WHEN other friends are round thee
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doting heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee:
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea,
And, whate'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE HINDU FAITH.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, SEPTEMBER 19, 1893, BY SWAMI VIVEKANANDA OF INDIA.

THE SACRED INDIAN BOOKS, THE VEDAS.

THE Hindus have received their religion through the revelation of the Vedas. They hold that the Vedas are without beginning and without end. It may sound ludicrous to this audience—how a book can be without beginning or end. But by the Vedas no books are meant. They mean the accumulated treasury of spiritual laws discovered by different persons in different times. Just as the law of gravitation existed before its discovery and would exist if all humanity forgot it, so with the laws that govern the spiritual world, the moral, ethical and spiritual relations between soul and soul and between individual spirits and the Father of all spirits, were there before their discovery, and would remain even if we forgot them.

The discoverers of these laws are called Rishis, and we honor them as perfected beings, and I am glad to tell this audience that some of the very best of them were women.

DEFINES EXISTENCE.

Here I stand, and if I shut my eyes and try to conceive my existence, "I," "I," "I," what is the idea before me? The idea of a body. Am I, then, nothing but a combination of matter and material substances? The Vedas declare, "No." I am a spirit living in a body. I am not the body. The body will die, but I will not die. Here am I in this body, and when it will fail, still I will go on living. Also I had a past. The soul was not created from nothing, for creation means a combination, and that means a certain future dissolution. If, then, the soul was created, it must die. Therefore it was not created.

So, then, the Hindu believes that he is a spirit. Him the sword cannot pierce, him the fire cannot burn, him the water cannot melt, him the air cannot dry. He believes every soul is a circle whose circumference is nowhere, but whose centre is located in a body, and death means the change of this centre from body to body. Nor is the soul bound by the condition of matter. In its very essence it is free, unbound, holy, and pure and perfect. But somehow or other it has got itself bound down by matter and thinks of itself as matter.

Why should the free, perfect, and pure being be under the thraldom of matter? How can the perfect be deluded into the belief that he is imperfect? We have been told that the Hindus shirk the question and say that no such question can be there, and some thinkers want to answer it by the supposition of one or more quasi-perfect beings, and use big scientific names to fill up the gap. But naming is not explaining. The question remains the same. How can the perfect become the quasi-perfect? how can the pure, the absolute, change even a microscopic particle of its nature? The Hindu is sincere. He does not want to take shelter under sophistry. He is brave enough to face the question in a manly fashion. And his answer is, "I do not know." I do not know how the perfect being, the soul, came to think of itself as imperfect, as joined and conditioned by matter. But the fact is a fact, for all that. It is a fact in each man's consciousness that he thinks of himself as the body.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA,

OF INDIA.

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The Soul is Eternal.

Well, then, the human soul is eternal and immortal, perfect and infinite, and death means only a change of centre from one body to another. The present is determined by our past actions, and the future will be by the present. The soul will go on evolving up or reverting back from birth to birth and death to death—like a tiny boat in a tempest, raised one moment on the foaming crest of a billow, and dashed down into a yawning chasm the next, rolling to and fro at the mercy of good and bad actions—a powerless, helpless wreck in an ever-raging, ever-rushing, uncompromising current of cause and effect; a little moth placed under the wheel of causation, which rolls on, crushing everything in its way, and stops not for the widow's tears or the orphan's cry. The heart sinks at the idea, yet this is the law of nature. Is there no hope? Is there no escape? The cry that went up from the bottom of the heart of despair reached the throne of mercy, and words of hope and consolation came down and inspired a Vedic sage, and he stood up before the world and in trumpet voice proclaimed the glad tidings to the world:* "Hear, ye children of immortal bliss, even ye that resisted in higher spheres. I have found the Ancient One who is beyond all darkness, all delusion, and knowing him alone you shall be saved from death again." "Children of immortal bliss"—what a sweet, what a hopeful name! Allow me to call you, brethren, by that sweet name—heirs of immortal bliss—yea, the Hindu refuses to call you sinners.

* In India, as elsewhere, there are many creeds. Some are materialistic, while others, like that of Swami Vivekananda, are spiritual and teach a future state of immortal bliss.

Children of God.

Ye are the children of God, the sharers of immortal bliss, holy and perfect beings. Ye divinities on earth, sinners? It is a sin to call a man so. It is a standing libel on human nature. Come up, live and shake off the delusion that you are sheep; you are souls immortal, spirits free and blest and eternal; ye are not matter, ye are not bodies. Matter is your servant, not you the servant of matter.

Thus it is the Vedas proclaim not a dreadful combination of unforgiving laws, not an endless prison of cause and effect, but that at the head of all these laws, in and through every particle of matter and force, stands One "through whose command the wind blows, the fire burns, the clouds rain, and death stalks upon the earth." And what is his nature? He is everywhere, the pure and formless one, the Almighty and the All-merciful. "Thou art our father, thou art our mother, thou art our beloved friend, thou art the source of all strength. Thou art He that bearest the burdens of the universe; help me bear the little burden of this life." Thus sang the Rishis of the Veda. And how to worship him? Through love. "He is to be worshipped as the one beloved, dearer than everything in this and the next life."

This is the doctrine of love preached in the Vedas; and let us see how it is fully developed and preached by Krishna, whom the Hindus believe to have been God incarnate on earth. He taught that a man ought to live in this world like a lotus-leaf, which grows in water, but is never moistened by water. So a man ought to live in this world—his heart for God and his hands for work.

It is good to love God for hope of reward in this or the next world, but it is better to love God for love's sake, and the prayer goes:

The Hindu Prayer.

"Lord, I do not want wealth nor children nor learning. If it be thy will, I will go to a hundred hells, but grant me this, that I may love thee without the hope of reward —unselfishly love for love's sake."

One of the disciples of Krishna, the then emperor of India, was driven from his throne by his enemies, and had to take shelter in a forest in the Himalayas with his queen; and there one day the queen was asking him how it was that he, the most virtuous of men, should suffer so much misery. Yuchistera answered: "Behold, my queen, the Himalayas, how grand and beautiful they are. I love them. They do not give me anything, but my nature is to love the grand, the beautiful; therefore I love them. Similarly I love the Lord. He is the source of all beauty, of all sublimity. He is the only object to be loved. My nature is to love him, and therefore I love. I do not pray for anything, I do not ask for anything. Let him place me wherever he likes. I must love him for love's sake. I cannot trade in love."

The Soul is Divine.

The Vedas teach that the soul is divine, only held under bondage of matter, and perfection will be reached when the bond shall burst: the word they use is therefore *Mukto*, freedom—freedom from the bonds of imperfection, freedom from death and misery.

They teach that this bondage can fall off only through the mercy of God, and this mercy comes to the pure. So purity is the condition of his mercy. How that mercy acts! God reveals himself to the pure heart, and the pure and stainless man sees God, yea, even in this life, and then, and then only, all the crookedness of the heart is made straight. Then all doubt ceases. Man is no more the freak of a terrible law of causation. So this is the very centre, the very vital conception, of Hinduism. The Hindu does not want to live upon words and theories. If there are existences beyond the ordinary sensual existence, he wants to come face to face with them. If there is a soul in him which is not matter, if there is an all-merciful universal Soul, he will go to him direct. He must see him, and that alone can destroy all doubts. So the best proof a Hindu sage gives about the soul, about God, is, "I have seen the soul, I have seen God."

And that is the only condition of perfection. The Hindu religion does not consist in struggles and attempts to believe a certain doctrine or dogma, but in realizing—not in believing, but in being and becoming.

So the whole struggle in our system is a constant struggle to become perfect, to become divine, to reach God and see God. In this reaching God, seeing God, becoming perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect, consists the religion of the Hindus.

And what becomes of man when he becomes perfect? He lives a life of bliss, infinite. He enjoys infinite and perfect bliss, having obtained the only thing in which man ought to have pleasure—God—and enjoys the bliss with God.

God in All Religions.

It is the same light coming through differ-

ent colors. And these little variations are necessary for that adaptation. But in the heart of everything the same truth reigns. The Lord has declared to the Hindu in his incarnation as Krishna, "I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls. And wherever thou seest extraordinary holiness and extraordinary power raising and purifying humanity, know ye that I am there." And what was the result? Through the whole order of Sanskrit philosophy I challenge any one to find any such expression as that the Hindu only would be saved and not others. Says Vyâsa, "We find perfect men even beyond the pale of our caste and creed." How, then, can the Hindu, whose whole idea centres in God, believe in the Buddhism which is agnostic, or the Jainism which is atheist?

The whole force of the Hindu religion is directed to the great central truth in every religion, to evolve a God out of man. Men have not seen the Father, but they have seen the Son. And he that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father.

This, brethren, is a short sketch of the ideas of the Hindus. The Hindu might have failed to carry out all his plans. But if there is ever to be a universal religion, it must be one which will hold no location in place or time—which will be infinite like the God it will preach, whose sun shines upon the followers of Krishna or Christ, saints or sinners, alike; which will not be the Brahmin or Buddhist, Christian or Mohammedan, but the sum-total of all these, and still have infinite space for development; which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms and find a place for every human being, from the lowest grovelling man, from the brute, to the highest man towering almost above humanity and making society stand in awe and doubt his human nature.

It will be a religion which will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, which will recognize a divinity in every man or woman, and whose whole scope, whose whole force, will be centred in aiding humanity to realize its divine nature.

Aseka's council was a council of the Buddhist faith. Akbar's, though more to the purpose, was only a parlor meeting. It was reserved for America to proclaim to all quarters of the globe that the Lord is in every religion.

May He who is the Brahma of the Hindus, the Ahura Mazda of the Zoroastrians, the Buddha of the Buddhists, the Jehovah of the Jews, the Father in heaven of the Christians, give strength to you to carry out your noble idea!

The star arose in the east, it travelled steadily toward the west, sometimes dimmed and sometimes effulgent, till it made a circuit of the world, and now it is again rising on the very horizon of the east, the borders of the Tasifu, a thousandfold more effulgent than it ever was before. Hail, Columbia, mother-land of liberty! It has been given to thee, who never dipped hand in neighbor's blood, who never found out that shortest way of becoming rich by robbing one's neighbors,—it has been given to thee to march on in the vanguard of civilization with the flag of harmony!

NOAH.

THE sun had sunk behind the watery waste,
When night's pale regent, beautiful and chaste,
With silent footsteps stole upon the sight,
As fearful to awake the dreams of night.
Calmly she mounted up the azure plain
With all her twinkling vassals in her train;
Cloud after cloud, in long fantastic chase,
Sweep in succession o'er her pallid face,
But she, still travelling up the blue serene,
Holds her calm course and lifts her light between,
Till, by no intervening shade o'ercast,
She gives a steady settled ray at last:
The treacherous deep, so late by tempests worn,
And storms, as if by human passions torn,
Now like a blessed spirit once forgiven
Reflects the pure and sacred light of heaven.

The ark, now gliding under easy sail,
Urged by the pressure of a gentle gale,
While no rude breath of wind the prospect mars,
Moves o'er a liquid firmament of stars.
At length she rests, but with a shock so light
That not a single slumberer of the night
Wakes from his dream. At morn's returning ray
Shem oped the window to behold the day;
He gazed around, and o'er his head was seen
The smiling olive, with its leaf of green.
"Father, come forth!" he cries, with heart elate;
"For now the waters do indeed abate."

Strange to relate, in these unthinking times,
The traveller, while exploring distant climes,
Leaves thee, O Ararat! and feels no shame,
And scarcely do his lips inquire thy name.
Had not thy towering summit long before
Redeemed the burden that the Deluge bore,
Thou hadst not worn memorials so unjust—
The prints of thoughtless footsteps in thy dust—
And earth until this very hour had run,
A silent planet, round the golden sun:
'Twas Ararat alone preserved from death
The little portion of almighty breath.

When the fierce warfare of the heaven is o'er
And thunders answering thunders cease to roar,
How beautiful to see the sun's bright helm
Shining serene in his recovered realm!
The victor, in his robes of triumph drest,
Looks gay and smiling from the rosy west,
The dewdrops catch the triumphs of the sky
And flash a little sun on every eye:
Such joy did in the patriarch's bosom reign
When first the ark reposed on earth again.
He cries, "In reverence to this holy place,
Put off your sandals, all of Noah's race!

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HEINRICH HEINE.

"Unconquered man, by Science guided far,
Shall boldly measure every brilliant star,
Till all these orbs in glory so replete
Shall roll in silent homage at his feet.
Here is a triumph for thy honored brow:
Is man encircled with the laurel now?

"This conquest, purchased by no bloody stains,
Among thy kindred no distinction gains;
In vain the lights of yonder heaven may plead
If Carnage does not consecrate the deed."

The angel paused. Her face, so fair to view,
Looked lovelier in the drops of sorrowing dew;
The patriarch gazed: the Vision sunk in air,
But Mercy's tears were still remaining there.

PAUL ALLEN.

THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
The lamps shone out on high,
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
Of sailors and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges
Which are launched in the twilight hour,
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus-flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and small—
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE TEAR.

THERE is a gem—a hallowed gem—
Of more intrinsic worth
Than ever decked the diadem
Of potentate on earth:
It is a gem of purer ray
Than India's mines possess,
Beams brightly in affliction's day,
And sparkles in distress.

This gem is seen in woman's eye,
And speaks a language dear,
When the last lingering, kind "Good-bye"
Just falters on the ear—
When heart to heart responsive beats
And hand with hand is pressed,
When cheek with cheek as warmly meets,
And breast as warm with breast.

ROBERT S. COFFIN.

THE FLYING HEAD.

A Legend of Sacondaga Lake.

"The great God hath sent us signs in the sky; we have heard uncommon noise in the heavens, and have seen heads fall down upon the earth!"—*Speech of Tahayadoris, a Mohawk sachem, at Albany, October 25, 1689.*

It hath telltale tongues—this casing air
That walls us in—and their wandering breath
Will whisper the horror everywhere
That clings to that ruthless deed of death,
And a vengeful eye from the gory tide
Will open to blast the parricide.

THE country about the head-waters of the great Mohegan—as the Hudson is sometimes called—though abounding in game and fish, was never, in the recollection of the oldest Indians living, nor in that of their fathers' fathers, the permanent residence of any one tribe. From the black mountain-tarns where the eastern fork takes its rise to the silver strand of Lake Pleasant, through which the western branch makes its way after rising in Sacondaga Lake, the wilderness that intervenes and all the mountains round about the fountain-heads of the great river have from time immemorial been infested by a class of beings with whom no good man would ever wish to come in contact. The young men of the Mohawk have, indeed, often traversed it when in years gone by they went on the warpath after the hostile tribes of the North, and the scattered and wandering remnants of their people, with an occasional hunting-party from the degenerate bands that survive at St. Regis, will yet occasionally be tempted over these haunted grounds in quest of the game that still finds a refuge in that mountain-region. The evil shapes that were formerly so troublesome to the red hunter seem in these later days to have become less restless at his presence, and, whether it be that the day of their power has gone by or that their vindictiveness has relented at witnessing the fate which seems to be universally overtaking the people whom they once delighted to persecute, certain it is that the few Indians who now find their way to this part of the country are never molested.

The Flying Head, which is supposed to have first driven the original possessors of these hunting-grounds, whosoever they were, from their homes, and which, as long as tradition runneth back, in the old day before the whites came hither, guarded them from the occupancy of every neighboring tribe has not been seen for many years by any credible witness, though there are those who insist that it has more than once appeared to them, hovering, as their fathers used to describe it, over the lake in which it first had its birth. The existence of this fearful monster, however, has never been disputed. Rude representations of it are still occasion-

ally met with in the crude designs of those degenerate aborigines who earn a scant subsistence by making birchen baskets and ornamented pouches for such travellers as are curious in their manufacture of wampum and porcupine-quills, and the origin and history of the Flying Head survive, while even the name of the tribe whose crimes first called it into existence has passed away for ever.

It was a season of great severity with that forgotten people whose council-fires were lighted on the mountain-promontory that divides Sacondaga from the sister-lake into which it discharges itself. A long and severe winter with but little snow had killed the herbage at its roots, and the moose and deer had trooped off to the more luxuriant pastures along the Mohawk, whither the hunters of the hills dared not follow them. The fishing, too, failed, and the famine became so devouring among the mountains that whole families who had no hunters to provide for them perished outright. The young men would no longer throw the slender product of the chase into the common stock, and the women and children had to maintain life as well as they could upon the roots and berries the woods afforded them.

The sufferings of the tribe became at length so galling that the young and enterprising began to talk of migrating from the ancient seat of their people, and, as it was impossible, surrounded as they were by hostile tribes, merely to shift their hunting-grounds for a season and return to them at some more auspicious period, it was proposed that if they could effect a secret march to the great lake off to the west of them they should launch their canoes upon Ontario and all move away to a new home beyond its broad waters. The wild rice, of which some had been brought into their country by a runner from a distant nation, would, they thought, support them in their perilous voyage along the shores of the great water where it grows in such profusion, and they believed that, once safely beyond the lake, it would be easy enough to find a new home abounding in game upon those flowery plains which, as they had heard, lay like one immense garden beyond the chain of inland seas.

The old men of the tribe were indignant at the bare suggestion of leaving the bright streams and sheltered valleys amid which their springtime of life had passed so happily. They doubted the existence of the garden-regions of which their children spoke, and they thought that if there were indeed such a country it was madness to attempt to reach it in the way proposed. They said, too, that the famine was a scourge which the Master of Life inflicted upon his people for their crimes, that if its pains were endured with the constancy and firmness that became warriors the visitation would soon pass away, but that those who fled from it would only war with their destiny, and that chastisement would follow them, in some shape, wheresoever they might flee. Finally, they added that they would rather perish by inches on their native hills—they would rather die that moment—than leave them for ever to revel in plenty upon stranger-plains.

"Be it so! They have spoken!" exclaimed a fierce and insolent youth, springing to his feet and casting a furious glance around the council as the aged chief who had thus addressed it resumed his seat. "Be the

dotard's words their own, my brothers; let them die for the crimes they have even now acknowledged. We know of none; our unsullied summers have nothing to blush for. It is they that have drawn this curse upon our people; it is for them that our vitals are consuming with anguish, while our strength wastes away in the search of sustenance we cannot find, or which, when found, we are compelled to share with those for whose misdeeds the Great Spirit hath placed it far from us. They have spoken: let them die. Let them die if we are to remain to appease the angry spirit, and the food that now keeps life lingering in their shrivelled and useless carcases may then nerve the limbs of our young hunters or keep our children from perishing. Let them die if we are to move hence, for their presence will but bring a curse upon our path; their worn-out frames will give way upon the march, and the raven that hovers over their corses will guide our enemies to the spot and scent them like wolves upon our trail. Let them die, my brothers, and because they are still our tribesmen let us give them the death of warriors, and that before we leave this ground;" and with these words the young barbarian, pealing forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of the old man nearest to him.

The infernal yell was echoed on every side; a dozen flint hatchets were instantly raised by as many remorseless arms, and the massacre was wrought before one of those thus horribly sacrificed could interpose a plea of mercy. But for mercy they would not have pleaded had opportunity been afforded them, for even in the moment that intervened between the cruel sentence and its execution they managed to show that stern resignation to the decrees of Fate which an Indian warrior ever exhibits when death is near; and each of the seven old men that perished thus barbarously drew his wolf-skin mantle around his shoulders and nodded his head, as if inviting the death-blow that followed.

The parricidal deed was done, and it now became a question how to dispose of the remains of those whose lamp of life while twinkling in the socket had been thus fearfully quenched for ever. The act, though said to have been of not unfrequent occurrence among certain Indian tribes at similar exigences, was one utterly abhorrent to the nature of most of our aborigines, who from their earliest years are taught the deepest veneration for the aged. In the present instance, likewise, it had been so outrageous a perversion of their customary views of duty among this simple people that it was thought but proper to dispense with their wonted mode of sepulture and dispose of the victims of famine and fanaticism in some peculiar manner. They wished in some way to sanctify the deed by offering up the bodies of the slaughtered to the Master of Life, and that without dishonoring the dead. It was, therefore, agreed to decapitate the bodies and burn them; and, as the nobler part could not, when thus dissevered, be buried with the usual forms, it was determined to sink the heads together to the bottom of the lake.

The soulless trunks were accordingly consumed and the ashes scattered to the winds. The heads were then deposited singly in separate canoes, which were pulled off in a kind of procession from the shore. The young chief who had suggested the bloody

scene of the sacrifice rowed in advance, in order to designate the spot where they were to disburden themselves of their gory freight. Resting then upon his oars, he received each head in succession from his companions and proceeded to tie them together by their scalp-locks, in order to sink the whole, with a huge stone, to the bottom. But the vengeance of the Master of Life overtook the wretch before his horrid office was accomplished, for no sooner did he receive the last head into his canoe than it began to sink; his feet became entangled in the hideous chain he had been knotting together, and before his horror-stricken companions could come to his rescue he was dragged, shrieking, to the bottom. The others waited not to see the water settle over him, but pulled with their whole strength for the shore.

The morning dawned calmly upon that unhallowed water, which seemed at first to show no traces of the deed it had witnessed the night before. But gradually, as the sun rose up higher, a few gory bubbles appeared to float over one smooth and turbid spot which the breeze never crisped into a ripple. The parricides sat on the bank watching it all the day, but sluggish as at first that sullen blot upon the fresh blue surface still remained. Another day passed over their heads, and the thick stain was yet there. On the third day the floating slime took a greener hue, as if colored by the festering mass beneath, but coarse fibres of darker dye marbled its surface; and on the fourth day these began to tremble along the water like weeds growing from the bottom or the long tresses of a woman's scalp floating in a pool when no wind disturbs it. The fifth morning came, and the conscience-stricken watchers thought that the spreading scalp—for such now all agreed it was—had raised itself from the water and become rounded at the top, as if there were a head beneath it. Some thought, too, that they could discover a pair of hideous eyes glaring beneath the dripping locks. They looked on the sixth, and there indeed was a monstrous head floating upon the surface, as if anchored to the spot, around which the water, notwithstanding a blast which swept the lake, was calm and motionless as ever.

Those bad Indians then wished to fly, but the doomed parricides had not now the courage to encounter the warlike bands through which they must make their way in fleeing from their native valley. They thought, too, that, as nothing about the head except the eyes had motion, it could not harm them, resting quietly, as it did, upon the bosom of the waters. And, though it was dreadful to have that hideous gaze fixed for ever upon their dwellings, yet they thought that if the Master of Life meant this as an expiation for their frenzied deed they would strive to live on beneath those unearthly glances without shrinking or complaint.

But a strange alteration had taken place in the floating head on the morning of the seventh day. A pair of broad wings, ribbed like those of a bat and with claws appended to each tendon, had grown out during the night, and, buoyed up by these, it seemed to be now resting on the water. The water itself appeared to ripple more briskly near it, as if joyous that it was about to be relieved of its unnatural burden, but still for hours the head maintained its first position. At last the wind began to rise, and, driving through the trough of the waves, beneath

their expanded membrane, raise the wings from the surface and seemed for the first time to endow them with vitality. They flapped harshly once or twice upon the billows, and the head rose slowly and heavily from the lake.

An agony of fear seized upon the gazing parricides, but the supernatural creation made no movement to injure them. It only remained balancing itself over the lake and casting a shadow from its wings that wrapped the valley in gloom. But dreadful was it beneath their withering shade to watch that terrific monster hovering like a falcon for the swoop and know not upon what victim it might descend. It was then that they who had sown the gory seed from which it sprung to life with one impulse sought to escape its presence by flight. Herding together like a troop of deer when the panther is prowling by, they rushed in a body from the scene. But the flapping of the demon-pinions was soon heard behind them, and the winged head was henceforth on their track, wheresoever it led.

In vain did they cross one mountain-barrier after another, plunge into the rocky gorge or thread the mazy swamp to escape their fiendish watcher. The Flying Head would rise on tireless wings over the loftiest summit or dart in arrowy flight through the narrowest passages without furling its pinions, while their sullen threshing would be heard even in those vine-webbed thickets where the little ground-bird can scarcely make its way. The very caverns of the earth were no protection to the parricides from its presence, for scarcely would they think they had found a refuge in some sparry cell when, poised midway between the ceiling and the floor, they would behold the Flying Head glaring upon them. Sleeping or waking, the monster was ever near; they paused to rest, but the rushing of its wings as it swept around their resting-place in never-ending circles prevented them from finding forgetfulness in repose; or if, in spite of those blighting pinions that ever fanned them, fatigue did at moments plunge them in uneasy slumbers, the glances of the Flying Head would pierce their very eyelids and steep their dreams in horror.

What was the ultimate fate of that band of parricides no one has ever known. Some say that the Master of Life kept them always young, in order that their capability of suffering might never wear out, and these insist that the Flying Head is still pursuing them over the great prairies of the Far West. Others aver that the glances of the Flying Head turned each of them gradually into stone, and these say that their forms, though altered by the wearing of the rains in the lapse of long years, may still be recognized in those upright rocks which stand like human figures along the shores of some of the neighboring lakes.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE SABBATH.

OW still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song;
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill;
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud;
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song, the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen,
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzy mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe; the toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large,
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail—the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree,
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward, earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side
He meditates on Him whose power he marks

In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots, and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe;
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground:
The aged man, the bowèd down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain and eyes the new-made grave well pleased,—
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns
Until the man of God—worthy the name—
Opens the book and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues;
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full;
The people, rising, sing, "with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms:" harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles
At every close the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls:
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the choir. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch.
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still; his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death; but, ah! a wish will rise:
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
My heart would sing, and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn, or, wandering far
In solitary paths where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale to walk amid those sweets—
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High:
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air,
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move

Save where the linnet lights upon the spray,
Where not a flow'ret bends its little stalk
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;
Silence his praise, his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son,
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps. The volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer:
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days,
When all men worship God as conscience wills!
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew.
A virtuous race to godliness devote,
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame? What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name? Yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live; these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard whose Muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's choir
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die—a people doomed
To death, old men and youths and simple maids.
With them each day was holy, but *that* morn
On which the angel said, "See where the Lord
Was laid," joyous arose—to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With greensward gay and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws;

There, leaning on his spear (one of the array
That in the times of old had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,
Yet ranged itself to aid his son dethroned),
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream; then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed, and no more
The assembled people dared in face of day
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night save when the wintry storm raved fierce
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied to hear the voice—
Their faithful pastor's voice. He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book
And words of comfort spake; over their souls
His accents soothing came, as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes when at the close of eve
She gathers in her mournful brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings: close nestling 'neath her breast,
They cherished cower amid the purple blooms.

JAMES GRAHAME.

CORONACH.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

FALCONER was born in Edinburgh in the year 1736.* He was the son of a poor barber in the Netherbow who had two other children, both deaf and dumb, who ended their days in a poor-house. He early, through frequent visits to Leith, came in contact with that tremendous element which he was to sing so powerfully, and in which he was to sink at last—which was to give him at once his glory and his grave. While a mere boy he went, by his own account, reluctantly on board a Leith merchant-ship, and was afterward in the royal navy. Of his early education or habits very little is known. He had all his scholarship from one Webster. We figure him (after the similitude of a dear lost sailor-boy, a relative of our own) as a stripling with curling hair, ruddy cheek, form prematurely developed into round robustness, frank, free and manly bearing, returning ever and anon from his ocean-wanderings and bearing to his friends some rare bird or shell of the tropics as a memorial of his labors and his love. Before he was eighteen years of age Providence supplied him with the materials whence he was to pile up the monument of his future fame. He became second mate in the ship Britannia, a vessel trading in the Levant. This vessel was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna exactly in the manner described in the poem, which is just a colored photograph of the adventures, difficulties, dangers and disastrous result of the voyage. In 1751 we find him living in Edinburgh and publishing his first poem; this was an elegy on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales. It was followed by other pieces, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Some have claimed for him the authorship of the favorite sea-song "Cease, Rude Boreas," but this seems uncertain.

Falconer is supposed to have continued in the merchant-service (one of his biographers maintains that he was for some time in the Ramilies, a man-of-war which suffered shipwreck in the Channel) till 1762, when he published his "Shipwreck." This poem was dedicated to the duke of York, who had newly become rear-admiral of the Blue on board the Princess Amelia, attached to the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke. The duke was not a Solomon, but he had sense enough to perceive that the sailor who could produce such a poem was no ordinary man, and generous enough to offer him promotion if he should leave the merchant-service for the royal navy. Falconer, accordingly, was promoted to be a midshipman on board the Royal George (Sir Edward Hawke's ship)—the same, we believe, which afterward went down in such a disastrous manner and furnished a subject for one of Cowper's boldest little poems. "The Shipwreck" was highly commended by the *Monthly Review*—then the leading literary organ—and became widely popular.

While in the Royal George, Falconer con-

* Other authorities place the year of his birth A. D. 1730.

trived to find time for his poetical studies. Retiring sometimes from his messmates into a small space between the cable-trees and the ship's side, he wrote his "Ode on the Duke of York's Second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral." This poem was severely criticised in the *Critical Review*. It has certainly much pomp and thundering sound of language and versification, but wants the genuine Pindaric inspiration.

At the peace of 1763 the Royal George was paid off, and Falconer became purser of the Glory frigate of thirty-two guns. About this time he married a young lady named Hicks, daughter of a surgeon in Sheerness-yard—a lady more distinguished by her mental than her physical qualities. The poet dubbed her in his verses "Miranda." It is hinted that he had some difficulty in procuring her consent to marry him, and was forced to lay regular siege to her in rhyme. At length she capitulated, and the marriage was eminently happy. She survived her husband many years, lived at Bath, and enjoyed a comfortable livelihood on the proceeds of her husband's *Marine Dictionary*.

When the Glory was laid up at Chatham, Commissioner Hanway, brother of the once celebrated Jonas Hanway (whom Dr. Johnson so justly chastised for his diatribe against tea), showed much interest in the pursuits and person of our poet. He even ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up with every comfort, that Falconer might pursue his studies without expense and with all convenience. Here he brought his *Marine Dictionary* to a conclusion—a work which had occupied him for years, and which supplied a desideratum in the literature of the profession.

Falconer left his cabin-study with its many pleasant accommodations, and became a scribbler-of-all-work in a London garret. Here his existence ran on for a while in an obscure, and probably miserable, current. It is said that Murray, the bookseller, the father of *the* John Murray, of Albemarle street, wished to take the poet into partnership upon terms of great advantage, but that Falconer, for reasons which are not known, declined the offer.

Falconer had undoubtedly thought the sea a hard and sickening profession, but latterly found that writing for the booksellers was a slavery still more abject and unendurable. He resolved once more to embark upon the "melancholy main." Often as he had hugged its horrors, laid his hand on its mane and narrowly escaped its devouring jaws, he was drawn in again as by the fatal suction of a whirlpool into its power. Perhaps he had imbibed a passion for the sea. At all events, he accepted the office of purser to the Aurora frigate, which was going out to India, and on the 30th of September, 1769, he left England for ever: the Aurora was never heard of more. Some vague rumors, indeed, prevailed of a contradictory character—that she had been burned, that she had foundered in the Mozambique Channel, that she had been cast away on a reef of rocks near Macao, that five persons had been saved from her wreck—but nothing certain transpired except that she was lost, and this fine singer of the sea along with her. Unfortunate Aurora! dawn soon overcast! Unfortunate poet, so speedily removed!

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That laid so low that sacred head of thine."

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

HARVEY BIRCH.*

HARVEY BIRCH had been a peddler from his youth—at least, so he frequently asserted, and his skill in the occupation went far to prove the truth of the declaration. He was a native of one of the Eastern colonies, and from something of superior intelligence which belonged to his father it was thought they had known better fortunes in the land of their nativity. Harvey possessed, however, the common manners of the country, and was in no way distinguished from men of his class but by his acuteness and the mystery which enveloped his movements. Ten years before, they had arrived together in the vale, and, purchasing their humble dwelling, continued peaceful inhabitants, but little noticed and but little known. Until age and infirmities had prevented, the father devoted himself to the cultivation of the small spot of ground belonging to his purchase, while the son pursued with avidity his humble barter. Their orderly quietude had soon given them so much consideration in the neighborhood as to induce a maiden of five and thirty to forget the punctilio of her sex, and to accept the office of presiding over their domestic comforts. The roses had long before vanished from the cheeks of Katy Haynes, and she had seen in succession both her male and female acquaintances forming the union so desirable to her sex, with but little or no hope left for herself, when, with views of her own, she entered the family of the Birches. Necessity is a hard master, and for the want of a better companion the father and son were induced to accept her services; but still Katy was not wanting in some qualities which made her a very tolerable housekeeper. On the one hand, she was neat, industrious, honest and a good manager; on the other, she was talkative, selfish, superstitious and inquisitive. By dint of using the latter quality with consummate industry she had not lived in the family five years when she triumphantly declared that she had heard—or, rather, overheard—sufficient to enable her to say what had been the former fate of her associates. Could Katy have possessed enough of divination to pronounce upon their future lot, her task would have been accomplished. From

* The county of Westchester, after the British had obtained possession of the island of New York, became common ground in which both parties continued to act for the remainder of the war of the Revolution. A large proportion of its inhabitants, either restrained by their attachments or influenced by their fears, affected a neutrality they did not feel. The lower towns were, of course, more particularly under the dominion of the Crown, while the upper, finding a security from the vicinity of the Continental troops, were bold in asserting their revolutionary opinions and their right to govern themselves. Great numbers, however, wore masks which even to this day have not been thrown aside, and many an individual has gone down to the tomb stigmatized as a foe to the rights of his countrymen, while in secret he has been the useful agent of the leaders of the Revolution; and, on the other hand, could the hidden repositories of divers flaming patriots have been opened to the light of day, royal protections would have been discovered concealed under piles of British gold.

the private conversation of the parent and child she learnt that a fire had reduced them from competence to poverty, and at the same time diminished the number of their family to two. There was a tremulousness in the voice of the father as he touched lightly on the event which affected even the heart of Katy, but no barrier is sufficient to repel vulgar curiosity. She persevered until a very direct intimation from Harvey, by threatening to supply her place with a female a few years younger than herself, gave her awful warning that there were bounds beyond which she was not to pass. From that period the curiosity of the housekeeper had been held in such salutary restraint that, although no opportunity of listening was ever neglected, she had been able to add but little to her stock of knowledge. There was, however, one piece of intelligence, and that of no little interest to herself, which she had succeeded in obtaining, and from the moment of its acquisition she directed her energies to the accomplishment of one object, aided by the double stimulus of love and avarice. Harvey was in the frequent habit of paying mysterious visits in the depth of the night to the fireplace of the apartment that served for both kitchen and parlor. Here he was observed by Katy, and, availing herself of his absence and the occupations of the father, by removing one of the hearthstones she discovered an iron pot glittering with a metal that seldom fails to soften the hardest heart. Katy succeeded in replacing the stone without discovery, and never dared to trust herself with another visit. From that moment, however, the heart of the virgin lost its obduracy, and nothing interposed between Harvey and his happiness but his own want of observation.

The war did not interfere with the traffic of the peddler, who seized on the golden opportunity which the interruption of the regular trade afforded, and appeared absorbed in the one grand object of amassing money. For a year or two his employment was uninterrupted and his success proportionate, but at length dark and threatening hints began to throw suspicion arouud his movements, and the civil authority thought it incumbent on them to examine narrowly into his mode of life. His imprisonments, though frequent, were not long, and his escapes from the guardians of the law easy, compared to what he endured from the persecution of the military. Still Birch survived, and still he continued his trade, though compelled to be very guarded in his movements, especially whenever he approached the northern boundaries of the county, or, in other words, the neighborhood of the American lines. Most of the movements of the peddler were made at the hours which others allotted to repose. The evening sun would frequently leave him at one extremity of the county, and the morning find him at the other. His pack was his never-failing companion, and there were those who closely studied him in his moments of traffic and thought his only purpose was the accumulation of gold. He would be often seen near the Highlands with a body bending under its load, and again near the Harlem River travelling with lighter steps with his face toward the setting sun. But these glances at him were uncertain and fleeting. The intermediate time no eye could penetrate. For months he disappeared, and no traces of his course were ever known.

Strong parties held the heights of Harlem and the northern end of Manhattan Island was bristling with the bayonets of the English sentinels, yet the peddler glided among them unnoticed and uninjured. His approaches to the American lines were also frequent, but generally so conducted as to baffle pursuit. Many a sentinel placed in the gorges of the mountains spoke of a strange figure that had been seen gliding by them in the mists of the evening.

These stories reached the ears of the officers, and in two instances the trader had fallen into the hands of the Americans. The first time he had escaped from Lawton shortly after his arrest, but the second he was condemned to die. On the morning of his intended execution the cage was opened, but the bird had flown. This extraordinary escape had been made from the custody of a favorite officer of Washington and sentinels who had been thought worthy to guard the person of the commander-in-chief. Bribery and treason could not be imputed to men so well esteemed, and the opinion gained ground among the common soldiery that the peddler had dealings with the Dark One. Katy, however, always repelled this opinion with indignation, for within the recesses of her own bosom the housekeeper, in ruminating on the events, concluded that the evil spirit did not pay in gold. Nor, continued the wary spinster in her cogitations, does Washington; paper and promises were all that the leader of the American troops could dispense to his servants. After the alliance with France, when silver became more abundant in the country, although the scrutinizing eyes of Katy never let any opportunity of examining into the deerskin purse pass unimproved, she was never able to detect the image of Louis intruding into the presence of the well-known countenance of George III. In short, the secret hoard of Harvey sufficiently showed in its contents that all its contributions had been received from the British.

The house of Birch had been watched at different times by the Americans with a view to his arrest, but never with success, the reputed spy possessing a secret means of intelligence that invariably defeated their schemes. Once, when a strong body of the Continental army held the Four Corners for a whole summer, orders had been received from Washington himself never to leave the door of Harvey Birch unwatched. The command was rigidly obeyed, and during this long period the peddler was unseen; the detachment was withdrawn, and the following night Birch re-entered his dwelling.

THE PURSUIT.

"What animal is moving through the field on our right?" said Captain Lawton.

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump, 'tis a dromedary," added the captain, eying it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed, "Harvey Birch! Take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of his danger and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left and cut him off from this place of refuge. The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay now became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and, still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them, when a man a short distance in the rear crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting,

"Harvey Birch! Take him dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed, "Hunted like a beast of the forest!" He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and had already escaped the fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled before them. A fragment of a wall that had withstood the ravages made by the war in the adjoining fences of wood fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill on whose summit was a place of perfect security. The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men and the thundering tread of the horse too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop or die!" was uttered above his head and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw within a bound of him the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening sabre. Fear, exhaustion and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth. As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors, and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil. All the wrong of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton there!" cried Mason as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me and search these rocks: the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet. "If one of you dismount, he dies.—Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence in his manner, as they re-entered the highway, and biting off the end of a cigar for the want of a better quality of tobacco.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the captain, catching his breath and speaking with difficulty; "I wish our bone-setter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs."

"Sitgreaves is left in attendance on Captain Singleton, at the house of Mr. Wharton."

"Then there I halt for the night, Tom. These rude times must abridge ceremony; besides, you may remember the old gentleman professed a kinsman's regard for the corps. I can never think of passing so good a friend without a halt."

"And I will lead the troops on to the Four Corners; if we all halt there, we shall breed a famine in the land."

"A condition I never desire to be placed in. The idea of that graceful spinster's cakes is no bad solace for twenty-four hours in the hospital."

"Oh, you won't die if you can think of eating," said Mason, with a laugh.

"I should surely die if I could not," observed the captain, gravely.

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troop, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant. "Are you an incendiary? Would you burn a house in cold blood? Let but a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

"Zounds!" muttered the sleepy cornet in

the rear, as he was nodding on his horse; "there is life in the captain, notwithstanding his tumble."

Lawton and Mason rode on in silence, the latter ruminating on the wonderful change produced in his commander by his fall when they arrived opposite to the gate before the residence of Mr. Wharton. The troop continued its march, but the captain and his lieutenant dismounted, and, followed by the servant of the former, they proceeded slowly to the door of the cottage.

DEATH OF HARVEY'S FATHER.

The father of Harvey had been greatly molested in consequence of the suspicious character of his son. But, notwithstanding the most minute scrutiny into the conduct of the old man, no fact could be substantiated against him to his injury, and his property was too small to keep alive the zeal of patriots by profession. Its confiscation and purchase would not have rewarded their trouble. Age and sorrow were now about to spare him further molestation, for the lamp of life had been drained of its oil. The recent separation of the father and son had been painful, but they had submitted in obedience to what both thought a duty. The old man had kept his dying situation a secret from the neighborhood, in the hope that he might still have the company of his child in his last moments. The confusion of the day and his increasing dread that Harvey might be too late helped to hasten the event he would fain arrest for a little while. As night set in, Katy, turning her face, saw the peddler himself standing within the door of the room.

"Is he alive?" asked Harvey, tremulously, and seemingly afraid to receive the answer.

"Surely," said Katy, rising hastily and officiously offering her chair; "he must live till day, or till the tide is down."

Disregarding all but the fact that his father still lived, the peddler stole gently into the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound the father and son was of no ordinary kind; in the wide world they were all to each other. At one blow competence and kindred had been swept from them, and from that day to the present hour persecution and distress had followed their wandering steps. Approaching the bedside, Harvey leaned his body forward, and in a voice nearly choked by his feelings he whispered near the ear of the sick,

"Father, do you know me?"

The parent slowly opened his eyes, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his pallid features, leaving behind it the impression of death, more awful by the contrast. The peddler gave a restorative he had brought with him to the parched lips of the sick man, and for a few minutes new vigor seemed imparted to his frame. He spoke, but slowly and with difficulty. Curiosity kept Katy silent, and Harvey seemed hardly to breathe as he listened to the language of the departing spirit.

"My son," said the father, in a hollow voice, "God is as merciful as he is just: if I threw the cup of salvation from my lips when a youth, he graciously offers it to me in mine age. He has chastised to purify, and I go to join the spirits of our lost family. In a little while, my child, you will be alone. I know you too well not to foresee you will be a pilgrim through life. The

bruised reed may endure, but it will never rise. You have that within you, Harvey, that will guide you aright; persevere as you have begun, for the duties of life are never to be neglected, and—"

A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient peddler hastened to learn the cause, followed by Katy. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the doorway told the trader but too well his errand and the fate that probably awaited himself. The intruder was a man still young in years, but his lineaments bespoke a mind long agitated by evil passions. His dress was of the meanest materials, and so ragged and unseemly as to give him the appearance of studied poverty. His hair was prematurely whitened, and his sunken, lowering eye avoided the bold, forward look of innocence. There was a restlessness in his movements and an agitation in his manner that proceeded from the workings of the foul spirit within him, and which was not less offensive to others than distressing to himself. This man was a well-known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the county with a semblance of patriotism, and who were guilty of every grade of offence, from simple theft up to murder. Behind him stood several other figures clad in a similar manner, but whose countenances expressed nothing more than the indifference of brutal insensibility. They were all well armed with muskets and bayonets and provided with the usual implements of foot-soldiers. Harvey knew resistance to be in vain, and quietly submitted to their directions. In the twinkling of an eye he was stripped of his decent garments and under the muzzles of the muskets required faithfully to answer such interrogatories as were put to him.

"Where is your pack?" was the first question to the peddler.

"Hear me," said Birch, trembling with agitation: "in the next room is my father, now in the agonies of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing and close his eyes, and you shall have all—ay, all."

"Answer me as I put the question, or this musket shall send you to keep the old driveller company. Where is your pack?"

"I will tell you nothing unless you let me go to my father," said the peddler, resolutely.

His persecutor raised his arm with a malicious sneer, and was about to execute his threat, when one of his companions checked him.

"What would you do?" he said. "You surely forget the reward.—Tell us where are your goods, and you shall go to your father."

Birch complied instantly, and a man was despatched in quest of the booty; he soon returned, throwing the bundle on the floor, swearing it was as light as feathers.

"Ay,", cried the leader, "there must be gold somewhere for what it did contain.—Give us your gold, Mr. Birch; we know you have it. You will not take continental—not you."

"You break your faith," said Harvey.

"Give us your gold," exclaimed the other, furiously, pricking the peddler with his bayonet until the blood followed his pushes in streams.

At this instant a slight movement was heard in the adjoining room, and Harvey cried imploringly,

"Let me—let me go to my father, and you shall have all."

"I swear you shall go then," said the Skinner.

"Here, take the trash," cried Birch as he threw aside the purse which he had contrived to conceal, notwithstanding the change in his garments.

The robber raised it from the floor with a hellish laugh:

"Ay, but it shall be to your Father in heaven."

"Monster! Have you no feeling, no faith, no honesty?"

"To hear him, one would think there was not a rope around his neck already," said the other, laughing.—"There is no necessity for your being uneasy, Mr. Birch; if the old man gets a few hours the start of you in the journey, you will be sure to follow him before noon to-morrow."

This unfeeling communication had no effect on the peddler, who listened with gasping breath to every sound from the room of his parent, until he heard his own name spoken in the hollow, sepulchral tones of death. Birch could endure no more, but, shrieking out, "Father! hush! Father! I come, I come!" he darted by his keeper, and was the next moment pinned to the wall by the bayonet of another of the band. Fortunately, his quick motion had caused him to escape a thrust aimed at his life, and it was by his clothes only that he was confined.

"No, Mr. Birch," said the Skinner; "we know you too well for a slippery rascal to trust you out of sight. Your gold, your gold!"

"You have it," said the peddler, writhing with agony.

"Ay, we have the purse, but you have more purses. King George is a prompt paymaster, and you have done him many a piece of good service. Where is your hoard? Without it you will never see your father."

"Remove the stone underneath the woman," cried the peddler, eagerly; "remove the stone."

"He raves! he raves!" said Katy, instinctively moving her position to a different stone from the one on which she had been standing.

In a moment it was torn from its bed, and nothing but earth was seen beneath.

"He raves! You have driven him from his right mind," continued the trembling spinster. "Would any man in his senses keep gold under a hearth?"

"Peace, babbling fool!" cried Harvey.—"Lift the corner stone, and you will find that which will make you rich and me a beggar."

"And then you will be despicable," said the housekeeper, bitterly. "A peddler without goods and without money is sure to be despicable."

"There will be enough left to pay for his halter," cried the Skinner, who was not slow to follow the instructions of Harvey, soon lighting upon a store of English guineas. The money quickly transferred to a bag, notwithstanding the declarations of the spinster that her dues were unsatisfied, and that of right ten of the guineas were her property.

Delighted with a prize that greatly exceeded their expectations, the band prepared to depart, intending to take the peddler with them, in order to give him up to the American troops above, and to claim the reward offered for his apprehension. Everything

was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms—for he resolutely refused to move an inch—when a form appeared in their midst which appalled the stoutest hearts among them. The father had arisen from his bed, and he tottered forth at the cries of his son. Around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy thought it was the spirit of the elder Birch, and they fled the house, followed by the alarmed Skinners in a body.

The excitement which had given the sick man strength soon vanished, and the peddler, lifting him in his arms, reconveyed him to his bed. The reaction of the system which followed hastened to close the scene.

The glazed eye of the father was fixed upon the son; his lips moved, but his voice was unheard. Harvey bent down, and with the parting breath of his parent received his dying benediction.

A life of privation and of wrongs embittered most of the future hours of the peddler, but under no sufferings, in no misfortunes, the subject of poverty and obloquy, the remembrance of that blessing never left him; it constantly gleamed over the images of the past, shedding a holy radiance around his saddest hours of despondency; it cheered the prospect of the future with the prayers of a pious spirit, and it brought the sweet assurance of having faithfully and truly discharged the sacred offices of filial love.

The Skinners fled precipitately to the wood, which was but a short distance from the house of Birch, and, once safely sheltered within its shades, they halted and mustered their panic-stricken forces.

"What in the name of fury seized your coward hearts?" cried their dissatisfied leader, drawing his breath heavily.

"The same question might be asked yourself," returned one of the band, sullenly.

"From your fright, I thought a party of De Lancy's men were upon us. Oh, you are brave gentlemen at a race!"

"We follow our captain."

"Then follow me back, and let us secure the scoundrel and receive the reward."

"Yes, and by the time we reach the house that black rascal will have the mad Virginian upon us. I would rather meet fifty Cowboys than that single man."

"Fool!" cried the enraged leader; "don't you know Dunwoodie's horse are at the Corners, full two miles from here?"

"I care not where the dragoons are, but I will swear that I saw Captain Lawton enter the house of old Wharton while I lay watching an opportunity of getting the British colonel's horse from the stable."

"And if he should come, won't a bullet silence a dragoon from the South as well as one from Old England?"

"Ay, but I don't choose a hornets' nest about my ears; raze the skin of one of that corps, and you will never see another peaceable night's foraging again."

"Well," muttered the leader as they retired deeper into the wood, "this sottish peddler will stay to see the old devil buried; and though we cannot touch him at the funeral—for that would raise every old woman and priest in America against us—he'll wait to look after the movables."

With this threat they withdrew to one of their usual places of resort.

SALE OF BIRCH'S HOUSE.

The peddler went to the door, and, taking a cautious glance about the valley, quickly returned and commenced the following dialogue:

"The sun has just left the top of the eastern hill; my time presses me. Here is the deed for the house and lot; everything is done according to law."

The other took the paper and conned its contents with a deliberation that proceeded partly from his caution and partly from the unlucky circumstance of his education having been much neglected when a youth. The time occupied in this tedious examination was employed by Harvey in gathering together certain articles which he intended to include in the stores that were to leave the habitation with himself. Katy had already inquired of the peddler whether the deceased had left a will, and she saw the Bible placed in the bottom of a new pack which she had made for his accommodation with a most stoical indifference, but as the six silver spoons were laid carefully by its side a sudden twinge of her conscience objected to such a palpable waste of property, and she broke silence:

"When you marry, Harvey, you may miss those spoons."

"I never shall marry."

"Well, if you don't, there's no occasion to make rash promises, even to yourself. One never knows what one may do in such a case. I should like to know of what use so many spoons can be to a single man; for my part, I think it is the duty of every man who is well provided to have a wife and family to maintain."

At the time Katy expressed this sentiment the fortune of a woman in her class of life consisted of a cow, a bed, the labors of her own hands in the shape of divers pillow-cases, blankets and sheets, with, where fortune was unusually kind, a half dozen silver spoons. The spinster herself had obtained all the other necessaries by her own industry and prudence, and it can easily be imagined that she saw the articles she had long counted her own vanish in the enormous pack with a dissatisfaction that was in no degree diminished by the declaration that had preceded the act. Harvey, however, disregarded her opinions and feelings, and continued his employment of filling the pack, which soon grew to something like the ordinary size of the peddler's burden.

"I'm rather fearsome about this conveyance," said the purchaser, having at length waded through the covenants of the deed.

'Why so?"

"I'm afraid it won't stand good in law. I know that two of the neighbors leave home to-morrow morning to have the place entered for confiscation; and if I should give forty pounds and lose it all, 'twould be a dead pull-back to me."

"They can only take my right," said the peddler. "Pay me two hundred dollars, and the house is yours; you are a well-known Whig, and you, at least, they won't trouble." As Harvey spoke there was a strange bitterness of manner mingled with the shrewd care he expressed concerning the sale of his property.

"Say one hundred, and it is a bargain," returned the man, with a grin that he meant for a good-natured smile.

"'A bargain'!" echoed the peddler, in surprise. "I thought the bargain already made."

"Nothing is a bargain," said the purchaser, with a chuckle, "until papers are delivered and the money paid in hand."

"You have the paper."

"Ay, and will keep it, if you will excuse the money. Come! say one hundred and fifty, and I won't be hard. Here! here is just the money."

The peddler looked from the window and saw with dismay that the evening was fast advancing, and knew well that he endangered his life by remaining in the dwelling after dark; yet he could not tolerate the idea of being defrauded in this manner in a bargain that had already been fairly made. He hesitated.

"Well," said the purchaser, rising, "mayhap you can find another man to trade with between this and morning; but if you don't, your title won't be worth much afterward."

"Take it, Harvey," said Katy, who felt it impossible to resist a tender like the one before her; for the purchase-money was in English guineas. Her voice roused the peddler. and a new idea seemed to strike him.

"I agree to the price," he said; and, turning to the spinster, he placed part of the money in her hand as he continued: "Had I other means to pay you, I would have lost all rather than have suffered myself to be defrauded of part."

"You may lose all yet," muttered the stranger, with a sneer, as he rose and left the building.

"Yes," said Katy, following him with her eyes; "he knows your failing, Harvey: he thinks with me, now the old gentleman is gone, you will want a careful body to take care of your concerns."

The peddler was busied in making arrangements for his departure, and he took no notice of this insinuation, while the spinster returned again to the attack. She had lived so many years in expectation of a termination to her hopes so different from that which now seemed likely to occur that the idea of separation began to give her more uneasiness than she had thought herself capable of feeling about a man so destitute and friendless.

"Have you another house to go to?" inquired Katy.

"Providence will provide me with a home."

"Yes," said the housekeeper; "but maybe 'twill not be to your liking."

"The poor must not be difficult."

"I'm sure I'm anything but a difficult body," cried the spinster, very hastily, "but I love to see things becoming and in their places; yet I wouldn't be hard to persuade to leave this place myself. I can't say I altogether like the ways of the people hereabouts."

"The valley is lovely," said the peddler, with fervor, "and the people like all the race of man. But to me it matters nothing: all places are now alike, and all faces equally strange." As he spoke he dropped the article he was packing from his hand, and seated himself on a chest with a look of vacant misery.

"Not so, not so!" said Katy, shoving her chair nearer to the place where the peddler sat—"not so, Harvey. You must know me, at least; my face cannot be strange to you, certainly."

Birch turned his eyes slowly on her countenance, which exhibited more of feeling and less of self than he had ever seen there before. He took her hand kindly, and his own

features lost some of their painful expression, as he said,

"Yes, good woman, you, at least, are not a stranger to me. You may do me partial justice; when others revile me, possibly your feelings may lead you to say something in my defence."

"That I will—that I would," said Katy, eagerly; "I will defend you, Harvey, to the last drop. Let me hear them that dare revile you! You say true, Harvey: I am partial and just to you. What if you do like the king? I have often heard it said he was at the bottom a good man; but there's no religion in the old country, for everybody allows the ministers are desperate bad."

The peddler paced the floor in evident distress of mind; his eye had a look of wildness that Katy had never witnessed before, and his step was measured with a dignity that appalled the housekeeper.

"While my father lived," murmured Harvey, unable to smother his feelings, "there was one who read my heart; and oh what a consolation to return from my secret marches of danger, and the insults and wrongs that I suffered, to receive his blessing and his praise! But he is gone," he continued, stopping and gazing wildly toward the corner that used to hold the figure of his parent, "and who is there to do me justice?"

"Why, Harvey, Harvey!"

"Yes, there is one who will—who must—know me before I die. Oh, it is dreadful to die and leave such a name behind me."

"Don't talk of dying, Harvey," said the spinster, glancing her eyes around the room and pushing the wood in the fire to obtain a light from the blaze.

The ebullition of feeling in the peddler was over; it had been excited by the events of the past day and a vivid perception of his sufferings. It was not long, however, that passion maintained an ascendency over the reason of this singular man, and, perceiving that the night had already thrown an obscurity around objects without-doors, he hastily threw his pack over his shoulders, and, taking Katy kindly by the hand in leavetaking, "It is painful to part with even you, good woman," he said, "but the hour has come, and I must go. What is left in the house is yours: to me it could be of no use, and it may serve to make you more comfortable. Farewell! We shall meet hereafter."

"In the regions of darkness," cried a voice that caused the peddler to sink on the chest, from which he had risen, in despair. "What! another pack, Mr. Birch, and so well stuffed so soon?"

"Have you not done evil enough?" cried the peddler, regaining his firmness and springing on his feet with energy. "Is it not enough to harass the last moments of a dying man, to impoverish me? What more would you have?"

"Your blood!" said the Skinner, with cool malignity.

"And for money!" cried Harvey, bitterly; "like the ancient Judas, you would grow rich with the price of blood."

"Ay, and a fair price it is, my gentleman—fifty guineas; nearly the weight of that scarecrow carcase of yours in gold."

"Here," said Katy, promptly; "here are fifteen guineas, and these drawers and this bed are all mine. If you will give Harvey

but one hour's start from the door, they shall be yours."

"One hour?" said the Skinner, showing his teeth and looking with a longing eye at the money.

"But a single hour. Here! take the money."

"Hold!" cried Harvey; "put not faith in the miscreant."

"She may do what she pleases with her faith," said the Skinner, with malignant pleasure, "but I have the money in good keeping. As for you, Mr. Birch, we will bear your insolence for the fifty guineas that are to pay for your gallows."

"Go on," said the peddler, proudly; "take me to Major Dunwoodie: he, at least, may be kind, although he may be just."

"I can do better than by marching so far in such disgraceful company. This Mr. Dunwoodie has let one or two Tories go at large, but the troop of Captain Lawton is quartered some half mile nearer, and his receipt will get me the reward as soon as his major's. How relish you the idea of supping with Captain Lawton this evening, Mr. Birch?"

"Give me my money or set Harvey free," cried the spinster, in alarm.

"Your bribe was not enough, good woman, unless there is money in this bed." Thrusting his bayonet through the ticking and ripping it for some distance, he took a malicious satisfaction in scattering its contents about the room.

"If," cried the housekeeper, losing sight of her personal danger in care of her newly-acquired property, "there is law in the land, I will be righted."

"The law of the neutral ground is the law of the strongest. But your tongue is not as long as my bayonet: you had, therefore, best not set them at loggerheads, or you might be the loser."

A figure stood in the shadow of the door, as if afraid to be seen in the group of Skinners, but a blaze of light, raised by some articles thrown in the fire by his persecutors, showed the peddler the face of the purchaser of his little domain. Occasionally there was some whispering between this man and the Skinner nearest him that induced Harvey to suspect he had been the dupe of a contrivance in which that wretch had participated. It was, however, too late to repine, and he followed the party from the house with a firm and collected tread, as if marching to a triumph and not to the gallows.

In passing through the yard the leader of the band fell over a billet of wood and received a momentary hurt from the fall; exasperated at the incident, the fellow sprang on his feet, filling the air with execrations.

"The curse of Heaven light on the log!" he exclaimed. "The night is too dark for us to move in; throw that brand of fire in yon pile of tow, to light up the scene."

"Hold!" roared the speculator; "you'll fire the house."

"And see the farther," said the other, hurling the brand in the midst of the combustibles. In an instant the building was in flames. "Come on; let us move toward the heights while we have light to pick our road."

"Villain!" cried the exasperated purchaser; "is this your friendship—this my reward for kidnapping the peddler?"

"'Twould be wise to move more from the light if you mean to entertain us with abuse, or we may see too well to miss our mark," cried the leader of the gang. The next

instant he was as good as his threat, but happily missed the terrified speculator and equally appalled spinster, who saw herself again reduced from comparative wealth to poverty by the blow. Prudence dictated to the pair a speedy retreat, and the next morning the only remains of the dwelling of the peddler was the huge chimney.

HARVEY BIRCH SURRENDERED TO THE AMERICANS.—REWARD OF THE SKINNERS.

"Which is Captain Lawton?" said the leader of the gang, gazing around him in some little astonishment.

"He waits your pleasure," said the trooper, dryly.

"Then here I deliver to your hands a condemned traitor: this is Harvey Birch, the peddler-spy."

Lawton started as he looked his old acquaintance in the face, and, turning to the Skinner with a lowering look, he asked,

"And who are you, sir, that speak so freely of your neighbors?—But," bowing to Dunwoodie, "your pardon, sir. Here is the commanding officer; to him you will please address yourself."

"No," said the man; "it is to you I deliver the peddler, and from you I claim my reward."

"Are you Harvey Birch?" said Dunwoodie, advancing with an air of authority that instantly drove the Skinner to a corner of the room.

"I am," said Birch, proudly.

"And a traitor to your country," continued the major, with sternness. "Do you know that I should be justified in ordering your execution this night?"

"'Tis not the will of God to call a soul so hastily to his presence," said the peddler, with solemnity.

"You speak the truth," said Dunwoodie; "and a few brief hours shall be added to your life. But as your offence is most odious to a soldier, so it will be sure to meet a soldier's vengeance: you die to-morrow."

"'Tis as God wills."

"I have spent many a good hour to entrap the villain," said the Skinner, advancing a little from his corner, "and I hope you will give me a certificate that will entitle us to the reward."

"Major Dunwoodie," said the officer of the day, entering the room, "the patrols report a house to be burnt near yesterday's battle-ground."

"'Twas the hut of the peddler," muttered the leader of the gang; "we have not left him a shingle for shelter. I should have burnt it months ago, but I wanted his shed for a trap to catch the sly fox in."

"You seem a most ingenious patriot," said Lawton.—"Major Dunwoodie, I second the request of this worthy gentleman, and crave the office of bestowing the reward on him and his fellows."

"Take it.—And you, miserable man, prepare for the fate which will surely befall you before the setting of to-morrow's sun."

"Life offers but little to tempt me with," said Harvey, slowly raising his eyes and gazing wildly at the strange faces in the apartment.

"Come, worthy children of America!" said Lawton; "follow and receive your reward."

The Skinners followed Captain Lawton with alacrity toward the quarters occupied

by the troop of that gentleman. The captain of dragoons had on all occasions manifested so much zeal for the cause in which he was engaged, was so regardless of personal danger when opposed to the enemy, and his stature and stern countenance contributed so much to render him terrific, that these qualities had in some measure procured him a reputation distinct from the corps in which he served. His intrepidity was mistaken for ferocity, and his hasty zeal for the natural love of cruelty. On the other hand, a few acts of clemency—or, more properly speaking, of discriminating justice—had with one portion of the community acquired for Dunwoodie the character of undue forbearance. It is seldom that either popular condemnation or popular applause falls exactly in the quantities earned where it is merited.

While in the presence of the major the leader of the gang had felt himself under that restraint which vice must ever experience in the company of acknowledged virtue, but, having left the house, he at once conceived that he was under the protection of a congenial spirit. There was a gravity in the manner of Lawton that deceived most of those who did not know him intimately, and it was a common saying in his troop "that when the captain laughed he was sure to punish." Drawing near his conductor, therefore, the leader commenced a confidential dialogue.

"'Tis always well for a man to know his friends from his enemies," said the half-licensed freebooter.

To this prefatory observation the captain made no other reply than a sound which the other interpreted into assent.

"I suppose Major Dunwoodie has the good opinion of Washington," continued the Skinner, in a tone that rather expressed a doubt than asked a question.

"There are some who think so."

"Many of the friends of Congress in this county," the man proceeded, "wish the horse was led by some other officer. For my part, if I could only be covered by a troop now and then, I could do many an important piece of service to the cause to which this capture of the peddler would be a trifle."

"Indeed! Such as what?"

"For the matter of that, it could be made as profitable to the officer as it would be to us who did it," said the Skinner, with a look of the most significant meaning.

"But how?" asked Lawton, a little impatiently, and quickening his step to get out of the hearing of the rest of the party.

"Why, near the royal lines—even under the very guns of the heights—might be good picking if we had a force to guard us from De Lancey's men, and to cover our retreat from being cut off by the way of Kingsbridge."

"I thought the refugees took all that game to themselves?"

"They do a little at it, but they are obliged to be sparing among their own people. I have been down twice under an agreement with them: the first time they acted with honor, but the second they came upon us and drove us off, and took the plunder to themselves."

"That was a very dishonorable act indeed. I wonder that an honorable man will associate with such rascals."

"It is necessary to have an understanding with some of them or we might be taken; but a man without honor is worse

than a brute. Do you think Major Dunwoodie is to be trusted?"

"You mean on honorable principles?"

"Certainly. You know Arnold was thought well of until the royal major was taken."

"Why, I do not believe Dunwoodie would sell his command, as Arnold wished to do, neither do I think him exactly trustworthy in a delicate business like this of yours."

"That's just my notion," rejoined the Skinner, with a self-approving manner that showed how much he was satisfied with his own estimate of character.

By this time they had arrived at a better sort of farmhouse, the very extensive outbuildings of which were in tolerable repair, for the times. The barns were occupied by the men of the troop, while the horses were arranged under the long sheds which protected the yard from the cold north wind. The latter were quietly eating, with saddles on their backs and bridles thrown on their necks, ready to be bitted and mounted at the shortest warning. Lawton excused himself for a moment and entered his quarters. He soon returned holding in his hand one of the common stable-lanterns, and led the way to a large orchard that surrounded the building on three sides. The gang followed the trooper in silence, believing his object to be facility of communicating further on this interesting topic without the danger of being overheard.

Approaching the captain, the Skinner renewed the discourse with a view of establishing further confidence, and of giving his companion a more favorable opinion of his own intellect.

"Do you think the colonies will finally get the better of the king?" he inquired, with a little of the impatience of a politician.

"'Get the better'!" echoed the captain, with impetuosity; then, checking himself, he continued: "No doubt they will. If the French will give us arms and money, we can drive out the royal troops in six months."

"Well, so I hope we shall soon, and then we shall have a free government, and we who fight for it will get our reward."

"Oh," cried Lawton, "your claims will be indisputable, while all these vile Tories who live at home peaceably to take care of their farms will be held in the contempt they merit. You have no farm, I suppose?"

"Not yet; but it will go hard if I do not find one before the peace is made."

"Right! Study your own interests, and you study the interests of your country; press the point of your own services and rail at the Tories, and I'll bet my spurs against a rusty nail that you get to be a county clerk at least."

"Don't you think Paulding's party were fools in not letting the royal adjutant-general escape?" said the man, thrown off his guard by the freedom of the captain's manner.

"'Fools'!" cried Lawton, with a bitter laugh. "Ay, fools indeed! King George would have paid them better, for he is richer: he would have made them gentlemen for their lives. But, thank God! there is a pervading spirit in the people that seems miraculous. Men who have nothing act as if the wealth of the Indies depended on their fidelity; all are not villains like yourself, or we should have been slaves to England years ago."

"How!" exclaimed the Skinner, starting back and dropping his musket to the level of the other's breast; "am I betrayed, and are you my enemy?"

"Miscreant!" shouted Lawton, his sabre ringing in its steel scabbard as he struck the musket of the fellow from his hands; "offer but again to point your gun at me, and I'll cleave you to the middle."

"And you will not pay us, then, Captain Lawton?" said the Skinner, trembling in every joint; for just then he saw a party of mounted dragoons silently encircling the whole party.

"Oh! pay you? Yes, you shall have the full measure of your reward. There is the money that Colonel Singleton sent down for the captors of the spy," throwing a bag of guineas with disdain at the other's feet. "But ground your arms, you rascals, and see that the money is truly told."

The intimidated band did as they were ordered, and while they were eagerly employed in this pleasing avocation a few of Lawton's men privately knocked the flints out of their muskets.

"Well," cried the impatient captain, "is it right? Have you the promised reward?"

"There is just the money," said the leader, "and we will now go to our homes, with your permission."

"Hold! So much to redeem our promise; now for justice. We pay you for taking a spy, but we punish you for burning, robbing and murdering.—Seize them, my lads, and give each of them the law of Moses—forty, save one."

This command was given to no unwilling listeners, and in the twinkling of an eye the Skinners were stripped and fastened by the halters of the party to as many of the apple trees as were necessary to furnish one to each of the gang. Swords were quickly drawn and fifty branches cut from the trees like magic; from these were selected a few of the most supple of the twigs, and a willing dragoon was soon found to wield each of the weapons. Captain Lawton gave the word, humanely cautioning the men not to exceed the discipline prescribed by the Mosaic law, and the uproar of Babel commenced in the orchard. The cries of the leader were easily to be distinguished above those of his men—a circumstance which might be accounted for by Captain Lawton's reminding his corrector that he had to deal with an officer, and he should remember and pay him unusual honor. The flagellation was executed with great neatness and despatch, and it was distinguished by no irregularity excepting that none of the disciplinarians began to count until they had tried their whips by a dozen or more blows—by the way, as they said themselves, of finding out the proper places to strike. As soon as this summary operation was satisfactorily completed Lawton directed his men to leave the Skinners to replace their own clothes and to mount their horses, for they were a party who had been detached for the purpose of patrolling lower down in the county.

"You see, my friend," said the captain to the leader of the Skinners, after he had prepared himself to depart, "I can cover you to some purpose when necessary. If we meet often, you will be covered with scars which, if not very honorable, will at least be merited."

The fellow made no reply; he was busy with his musket and hastening his comrades

to march, when, everything being ready, they proceeded sullenly toward some rocks at no great distance which were overhung by a deep wood. The moon was just rising, and the group of dragoons could easily be distinguished where they had been left. Suddenly turning, the whole gang levelled their pieces and drew the triggers. The action was noticed and the snapping of the locks was heard by the soldiers, who returned their futile attempt with a laugh of derision, the captain crying aloud,

"Ah, rascals! I knew you, and have taken away your flints."

"You should have taken away that in my pouch too," shouted the leader, firing his gun in the next instant.

The bullet grazed the ear of Lawton, who laughed as he shook his head, saying,

"A miss is as good as a mile."

One of the dragoons had seen the preparations of the Skinner, who had been left alone by the rest of his gang as soon as they had made their abortive attempt at revenge, and was in the act of plunging his spurs into his horse as the fellow fired. The distance to the rocks was but small, yet the speed of the horse compelled the leader to abandon both money and musket to effect his escape. The soldier returned with his prizes, and offered them to the acceptance of his captain; but Lawton rejected them, telling the man to retain them himself until the rascal appeared in person to claim his property. It would have been a business of no small difficulty for any tribunal then existing in the new States to have forced a restitution of the money, for it was shortly after most equitably distributed by the hands of Sergeant Hollister among a troop of horse.

HARVEY BIRCH, HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE AMERICANS, MEETS THE CAPTAIN OF THE SKINNERS WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES.

Both of the fugitives were standing listening with much anxiety, when a man, armed with a musket, was seen stealing toward them, under the shelter of the cedar bushes that partially covered the hill. Henry first observed the suspicious-looking stranger, and instantly pointed him out to his companion. Birch started, and certainly made an indication of sudden flight; but, recollecting himself, he stood, in sullen silence, until the stranger was within a few yards of them.

"'Tis friends," said the fellow, clubbing his gun, but apparently afraid to venture nearer.

"You had better retire," said Birch; "here are rig'lars at hand. We are not near Dunwoodie's horse now, and you will not find me an easy prize to-day."

"Confound Major Dunwoodie and his horse!" cried the leader of the Skinners (for it was he); "God bless King George and a speedy end to the rebellion, say I. If you would show me the safe way into the refugees, Mr. Birch, I'll pay you well, and ever after stand your friend in the bargain."

"The road is as open to you as to me," said Birch, turning from him in ill-concealed disgust; "if you want to find the refugees, you know well where they lay."

"Ay, but I'm a little doubtful of going in upon them by myself; now, you are well known to them all, and it will be no detriment to you just to let me go in with you."

Henry here interfered, and after holding a short dialogue with the fellow he entered into

a compact with him, that, on condition of surrendering his arms, he might join the party. The man complied instantly, and Birch received his gun with eagerness; nor did he lay it upon his shoulder to renew their march before he had carefully examined the priming and ascertained, to his satisfaction, that it contained a good dry ball-cartridge.

As soon as this engagement was completed they commenced their journey anew. By following the bank of the river Birch led the way free from observation until they reached the point opposite the frigate, when, by making a signal, a boat was induced to approach. Some time was spent and much precaution used before the seamen would trust themselves ashore; but, Henry having finally succeeded in making the officer who commanded the party credit his assertions, he was able to rejoin his companions in arms in safety. Before taking leave of Birch the captain handed him his purse, which was tolerably well supplied for the times. The peddler received it, and, watching an opportunity, he conveyed it, unnoticed by the Skinner, to a part of his dress that was ingeniously contrived to hold such treasures.

The boat pulled from the shore, and Birch turned on his heel, drawing his breath like one relieved, and shot up the hills with the strides for which he was famous. The Skinner followed, and each party pursued the common course, casting frequent and suspicious glances at the other, and both maintaining a most impenetrable silence.

Wagons were moving along the river-road, and occasional parties of horse were seen escorting the fruits of the inroad toward the city. As the peddler had views of his own, he rather avoided falling in with any of these patrols than sought their protection; but after travelling a few miles on the immediate banks of the river—during which, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the Skinner to establish something like sociability, he maintained a most determined silence, keeping a firm hold of the gun and always maintaining a jealous watchfulness of his associate—the peddler suddenly struck into the highway with an intention of crossing the hills toward Harlem. At the moment he gained the path a body of horse came over a little eminence, and was upon him before he perceived them. It was too late to retreat, and after taking a view of the materials that composed this party Birch rejoiced in the encounter, as a probable means of relieving him from his unwelcome companion. There were some eighteen or twenty men, mounted and equipped as dragoons, though neither their appearance nor manners denoted much discipline. At their head rode a heavy, middle-aged man whose features expressed as much of animal courage and as little of reason as could be desired for such an occupation. He wore the dress of an officer, but there was none of that neatness in his attire nor grace in his movements that was usually found about the gentlemen who bore the royal commission. His limbs were firm and not pliable, and he sat his horse with strength and confidence, but his bridle-hand would have been ridiculed by the meanest rider amongst the Virginians. As he expected, this leader instantly hailed the peddler in a voice by no means more conciliating than his appearance.

"Hey, my gentlemen! which way so fast?" he cried. "Has Washington sent you down as spies?"

"I am an innocent peddler," returned

Harvey, meekly, "and am going below to lay in a fresh stock of goods."

"And how do you expect to get below, my innocent peddler? Do you think we hold the forts at Kingsbridge to cover such peddling rascals as you in your goings in and comings out?"

"I believe I hold a pass that will carry me through," said the peddler, handing him a paper with an air of great indifference.

The officer—for such he was—read it, and cast a look of surprise and curiosity at Harvey when he had done. Then, turning to one or two of his men who had officiously stopped the way, he cried,

"Why do you detain the man? Give way, and let him pass in peace. But who have we here? Your name is not mentioned in the pass."

"No, sir," said the Skinner, lifting his hat with humility. "I have been a poor deluded man who has been serving in the rebel army, but, thank God! I've lived to see the error of my ways, and am now come to make reparation by enlisting under the Lord's anointed."

"Umph! a deserter—a Skinner, I'll swear, wanting to turn Cowboy. In the last brush I had with the scoundrels I could hardly tell my own men from the enemy. We are not over-well supplied with coats, and, as for countenances, the rascals change sides so often that you may as well count their faces for nothing. But trudge on; we will contrive to make use of you sooner or later."

Ungracious as was this reception, if you could judge of the Skinner's feelings from his manner it nevertheless delighted him. He moved with alacrity toward the city, and really was so happy to escape the brutal looks and frightful manner of his interrogator as to lose sight of all other considerations. But the man who performed the functions of orderly in the irregular troop rode up to the side of his commander and commenced a close, and apparently a confidential, discourse with his principal. They spoke in whispers and cast frequent and searching glances at the Skinner, until the fellow began to think himself an object of more than common attention. His satisfaction at this distinction was somewhat heightened at observing a smile on the face of the captain, which, although it might be thought grim, certainly denoted satisfaction.

This pantomime occupied the time they were passing a hollow, and concluded as they rose another hill. Here the captain and his sergeant both dismounted and ordered the party to halt. The two partisans each took a pistol from his holster—a movement that excited no suspicion or alarm, as it was a precaution always observed—and beckoned to the peddler and the Skinner to follow. A short walk brought them to a spot where the hill overhung the river, the ground falling nearly perpendicularly to the shore. On the brow of the eminence stood a deserted and dilapidated barn. Many boards of its covering were torn from their places, and its wide doors were lying, the one in front of the building and the other halfway down the precipice, whither the wind had cast it.

Entering this desolate spot, the refugee officer very coolly took from his pocket a short pipe which from long use had acquired not only the hue, but the gloss, of ebony, a tobacco-box, and a small roll of leather that contained steel, flint and tinder. With this

apparatus he soon furnished his mouth with a companion that habit had long rendered necessary to reflection. So soon as a large column of smoke arose from this arrangement, the captain significantly held forth a hand toward his assistant. A small cord was produced from the pocket of the sergeant and handed to the other. The refugee threw out vast puffs of smoke until nearly all of his head was obscured, and looked around the building with an inquisitive eye. At length he removed the pipe, and, inhaling a draught of pure air, returned it to its domicile and proceeded at once to business. A heavy piece of timber lay across the girths of the barn but a little way from the southern door, which opened directly upon a full view of the river as it stretched far away toward the bay of New York. Over this beam the refugee threw one end of the rope, and, regaining it, joined the two parts in his hand. A small and weak barrel that wanted a head, the staves of which were loose, and at one end standing apart, was left on the floor, probably as useless. The sergeant, in obedience to a look from his officer, placed it beneath the beam. All of these arrangements were made with immovable composure, and they now seemed completed to the officer's perfect satisfaction.

"Come!" he said, coolly, to the Skinner, who, admiring the preparations, had stood a silent spectator of their progress. He obeyed, and it was not until he found his neckcloth removed and hat thrown aside that he took the alarm. But he had so often resorted to a similar expedient to extort information or plunder that he by no means felt the terror an unpractised man would have suffered at these ominous movements. The rope was adjusted to his neck with the same coolness that formed the characteristic of the whole movement, and, a fragment of board being laid upon the barrel, he was ordered to mount.

"But it may fall," said the Skinner, for the first time beginning to tremble. "I will tell you anything—even how to surprise our party at the Pond—without all this trouble; and it is commanded by my own brother."

"I want no information," returned his executioner—for such he now seemed really to be—throwing the rope repeatedly over the beam, first drawing it tight, so as to annoy the Skinner a little, and then casting the end from him, beyond the reach of any one.

"This is joking too far," cried the Skinner, in a tone of remonstrance, and raising himself on his toes with the vain hope of releasing himself from the cord by slipping his head through the noose; but the caution and experience of the refugee officer had guarded against this escape.

"What have you done with the horse you stole from me, rascal?" muttered the officer of the Cowboys, throwing out volumes of smoke while he waited for a reply.

"He broke down in the chase," replied the Skinner, quickly; "but I can tell you where one is to be found that is worth him and his sire."

"Liar! I will help myself when I am in need. You had better call upon God for aid, as your hour is short."

On concluding this consoling advice, he struck the barrel a violent blow with his heavy foot, and the slender staves flew in every direction, leaving the Skinner whirling in the air. As his hands were uncon-

fined, he threw them upward and held himself suspended by main strength.

"Come, captain," he said, coaxingly, a little huskiness creeping into his voice and his knees beginning to shake with tremor, "end the joke; 'tis enough to make a laugh, and my arms begin to tire. I can't hold on much longer."

"Harkee, Mr. Peddler," said the refugee, in a voice that would not be denied; "I want not your company. Through that door lies your road. March! Offer to touch that dog, and you'll swing in his place, though twenty Sir Henrys wanted your services." So saying, he retired to the road with the sergeant as the peddler precipitately retreated down the bank.

Birch went no farther than a bush that opportunely offered itself as a screen to his person, while he yielded to an unconquerable desire to witness the termination of this extraordinary scene.

Left alone, the Skinner began to throw fearful glances around to espy the hiding-places of his tormentors. For the first time the horrid idea seemed to shoot through his brain that something serious was intended by the Cowboy. He called entreatingly to be released and made rapid and incoherent promises of important information, mingled with affected pleasantry at their conceit, which he would hardly admit to himself could mean anything so dreadful as it seemed. But, as he heard the tread of the horses moving on their course and in vain looked around for human aid, violent trembling seized his limbs and his eyes began to start from his head with terror. He made a desperate effort to reach the beam, but, too much exhausted with his previous exertions, he caught the rope in his teeth in a vain effort to sever the cord, and fell to the whole length of his arms. Here his cries were turned into shrieks:

"Help! Cut the rope! Captain! Birch! Good peddler! Down with the Congress! Sergeant! For God's sake, help! Hurrah for the king! O God! O God! Mercy, mercy, mercy!"

As his voice became suppressed one of his hands endeavored to make its way between the rope and his neck, and partially succeeded, but the other fell quivering by his side. A convulsive shuddering passed over his whole frame, and he hung a hideous corpse.

Birch continued gazing on this scene with a kind of infatuation. At its close he placed his hands to his ears and rushed toward the highway. Still the cries for mercy rang through his brain, and it was many weeks before his memory ceased to dwell on the horrid event.

The Cowboys rode steadily on their route as if nothing had occurred, and the body was left swinging in the wind until chance directed the footsteps of some straggler to the place.

HARVEY'S INTERVIEW WITH WASHINGTON.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the month of September that a large assemblage of officers was collected near the door of a building that was situated in the heart of the American troops who held the Jerseys. The age, the dress and the dignity of deportment of most of these warriors indicated them to be of high rank, but one in particular was paid a deference and obedience that announced him to be of the highest. His

dress was plain, but it bore the usual military distinctions of command. He was mounted on a noble animal of a deep bay, and a group of young men in gayer attire evidently awaited his pleasure and did his bidding. Many a hat was lifted as its owner addressed this officer; and when he spoke, a profound attention exceeding the respect of mere professional etiquette was exhibited on every countenance.

At length the general raised his own hat and bowed gravely to all around him. The salute was returned, and the party dispersed, leaving the officer without a single attendant except his body-servants and one aid-de-camp. Dismounting, he stepped back a few paces and for a moment viewed the condition of his horse with the eye of one who well understood the animal, and then, casting a brief but expressive glance at his aid, he retired into the building, followed by that gentleman. On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude, like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence the aid-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length the general raised his eyes and spoke in those low, placid tones that seemed natural to him:

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

"He waits the pleasure of Your Excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aid bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the general, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed, when he spoke to himself in an undertone:

"To-morrow we must raise the curtain and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, toward which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments, which seemed more calculated for disguise than comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed, and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and, opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and for ever we must be strangers."

The peddler dropped the folds of the great-coat that concealed his features and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then, dropping his head upon his bosom, he said, meekly,

"If it be Your Excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold it has become my duty to know many men who, like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me: you alone know my

secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend not only their fortunes, but their lives." He paused as if to reflect in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then continued: "I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause, and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me, and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom until it reached the highest point of elevation: a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks, and as the officer concluded it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services. Hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one: I wish not to undervalue your dangers. Here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

The peddler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker, but as the other held forth the money he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the general, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does Your Excellency think that I have exposed my life and blasted my character for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought Your Excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no! Not a dollar of your gold will I touch: poor America has need of it all."

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview.

The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued:

"There are many motives which might govern me that to you are unknown. Our situations are different: I am known as the leader of armies, but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised for years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past. What have you to subsist on?"

"These!" said the peddler, stretching forth his hands, that were already embrowned with toil.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are much esteemed in life depend on your secrecy:

what pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag—"tell them that I would not take the gold."

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly:

"Now, indeed, I know you; and, although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend. Fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gates of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey—"so long as God gives me health and honest industry, I can never want in this country—but to know that Your Excellency is my friend is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

The officer stood for a few moments in the attitude of intense thought. He then drew to him the desk, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper and gave it to the peddler.

"That Providence destines this country to some great and glorious fate I must believe while I witness the patriotism that pervades the bosoms of her lowest citizens," he said. "It must be dreadful to a mind like yours to descend into the grave branded as a foe to liberty, but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly entrust you with this certificate; should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"'Children'!" exclaimed the peddler. "Can I give to a family the infamy of my name?"

The officer gazed at the strong emotion he exhibited with pain, and he made a slight movement toward the gold; but it was arrested by the expression of his companion's face. Harvey saw the intention, and shook his head as he continued more mildly:

"It is indeed a treasure that Your Excellency gives me; it is safe, too. There are men living who could say that my life was nothing to me, compared to your secrets. The paper that I told you was lost I swallowed when taken last by the Virginians. It was the only time I ever deceived Your Excellency, and it shall be the last. Yes, this is indeed a treasure to me. Perhaps," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend; but if it should not, there are none to grieve for me."

"Remember," said the officer, with strong emotion, "that in me you will always have a secret friend, but openly I cannot know you."

"I know it—I know it," said Birch; "I knew it when I took the service. 'Tis probably the last time that I shall ever see Your Excellency. May God pour down his choicest blessings on your head!" He paused and moved toward the door. The officer followed him with eyes that expressed deep interest. Once more the peddler turned and

seemed to gaze on the placid but commanding features of the general with regret and reverence, and then, bowing low, he withdrew.

The armies of America and France were led by their illustrious commander against the enemy under Cornwallis, and terminated a campaign in triumph that had commenced in difficulties. Great Britain soon after became disgusted with the war, and the independence of the States was acknowledged.

As years rolled by it became a subject of pride among the different actors in the war and their descendants to boast of their efforts in the cause which had confessedly heaped so many blessings upon their country; but the name of Harvey Birch died away among the multitude of agents who were thought to have labored in secret against the rights of their countrymen. His image, however, was often present to the mind of the powerful chief who alone knew his true character, and several times did he cause secret inquiries to be made into the other's fate, one of which only resulted in any success. By this he learned that a peddler of a different name, but similar appearance, was toiling through the new settlements that were springing up in every direction, and that he was struggling with the advance of years and apparent poverty. Death prevented further inquiries on the part of the officer, and a long period passed before he was again heard of.

THE WAR OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

It was thirty-three years after the interview which we have just related that an American army was once more arrayed against the troops of England, but the scene was transferred from the banks of the Hudson to those of the Niagara. The body of Washington had long lain mouldering in the tomb; but, as time was fast obliterating the slight impressions of political enmity or personal envy, his name was hourly receiving new lustre, and his worth and integrity each moment became more visible not only to his countrymen, but to the world. He was already the acknowledged hero of an age of reason and truth, and many a young heart amongst those who formed the pride of our army in 1814 was glowing with the recollection of the one great name of America, and inwardly beating with the sanguine expectation of emulating, in some degree, its renown.

In no one were these virtuous hopes more vivid than in the bosom of a young officer who stood on the Table Rock contemplating the great cataract on the evening of the 25th of July of that bloody year. The person of this youth was tall and finely moulded, indicating a just proportion between strength and activity; his deep black eyes were of a searching and dazzling brightness. At times, as they gazed upon the flood of waters that rushed tumultuously at his feet, there was a stern and daring look that flashed from them which denoted the ardor of an enthusiast. But this proud expression was softened by the lines of a mouth around which there played a suppressed archness that partook of feminine beauty. His hair shone in the setting sun like ringlets of gold as the air from the Falls gently moved the rich curls from a forehead whose whiteness showed that exposure and heat alone had given their darker hue to a face glowing with health. There was another officer stand-

ing by the side of this favored youth, and both seemed, by the interest they betrayed, to be gazing for the first time at the wonder of the Western world. A profound silence was observed by each, until the companion of the officer that we have described suddenly started, and, pointing eagerly with his sword into the abyss beneath, exclaimed,

"See, Wharton! There is a man crossing in the very eddies of the cataract, and in a skiff no bigger than an eggshell."

"He has a knapsack: it is probably a soldier," returned the other. "Let us meet him at the ladder, Mason, and learn his tidings."

Some time was expended in reaching the spot where the adventurer was intercepted. Contrary to the expectations of the young soldiers, he proved to be a man far advanced in life, and evidently no follower of the camp. His years might be seventy, and they were indicated more by the thin hairs of silver that lay scattered over his wrinkled brow than by any apparent failure of his system. His frame was meagre and bent, but it was the attitude of habit; for his sinews were strung with the toil of half a century. His dress was mean, and manifested the economy of its owner by the number and nature of its repairs. On his back was a scantily-furnished pack that had led to the mistake in his profession. A few words of salutation, and on the part of the young men of surprise that one so aged should venture so near the whirlpools of the cataract, were exchanged, when the old man inquired, with a voice that began to manifest the tremor of age, the news from the contending armies.

"We whipped the Redcoats here the other day among the grass on the Chippewa plains," said the one who was called Mason; "since when, we have been playing hide-and-go-seek with the ships. But we are now marching back from where we started, shaking our heads."

"Perhaps you have a son among the soldiers?" said his companion, with a milder demeanor and an air of kindness. "If so, tell me his name and regiment, and I will take you to him."

The old man shook his head, and, passing his hand over his silver locks, with an air of meek resignation he answered,

"No; I am alone in the world."

"You should have added, Captain Dunwoodie," cried his careless comrade, "if you could find either; for nearly half our army has marched down the road, and may be by this time under the walls of Fort George, for anything that we know to the contrary."

The old man stopped suddenly and looked earnestly from one of his companions to the other. The action being observed by the soldiers, they paused also.

"Did I hear right?" the stranger uttered, raising his hand to screen his eyes from the rays of the setting sun. "What did he call you?"

"My name is Wharton Dunwoodie," replied the youth, smiling.

The stranger motioned silently for him to remove his hat, which the youth did accordingly, and his fair hair blew aside like curls of silk and opened the whole of his ingenuous countenance to the inspection of the other.

"'Tis like our native land," exclaimed the old man with vehemence—"improving with time. God has blessed both."

"Why do you stare thus, Lieutenant Ma-

son?" cried Captain Dunwoodie, laughing a little. "You show more astonishment than when you saw the Falls."

"Oh! the Falls. They are a thing to be looked at on a moonshiny night by your aunt Sarah and that gay old bachelor Colonel Singleton, but a fellow like myself never shows surprise unless it may be at such a touch as this."

The extraordinary vehemence of the stranger's manner had passed away as suddenly as it was exhibited, but he listened to this speech with deep interest, while Dunwoodie replied a little gravely:

"Come, come, Tom! No jokes about my good aunt, I beg; she is kindness itself, and I have heard it whispered that her youth was not altogether happy."

"Why, as to rumor," said Mason, "there goes one in Accomac that Colonel Singleton offers himself to her regularly every Valentine's Day, and there are some who add that your old great-aunt helps the suit."

"Aunt Jeanette!" said Dunwoodie, laughing. "Dear good soul! she thinks but little of marriage in any shape, I believe, since the death of Dr. Sitgreaves. There were some whispers of a courtship between them formerly, but it ended in nothing but civilities; and I suspect that the whole story arises from the intimacy of Colonel Singleton and my father."

"I know all that, of course; but you must not tell me that the particular prim bachelor goes so often to General Dunwoodie's plantation merely for the sake of talking old soldier with your father. The last time I was there that yellow, sharp-nosed housekeeper of your mother's took me into the pantry and said that the colonel was no despisable match, as she called it, and how the sale of his plantation in Georgia had brought him— O Lord! I don't know how much."

"Quite likely," returned the captain; "Katy Haynes is no bad calculator."

They had stopped during this conversation, in uncertainty whether their new companion was to be left or not.

The old man listened to each word, as it was uttered, with the most intense interest, but toward the conclusion of the dialogue the earnest attention of his countenance changed to a kind of inward smile. He shook his head, and, passing his hand over his forehead, seemed to be thinking of other times. Mason paid but little attention to the expression of his features, and continued:

"To me she is selfishness embodied."

"Her selfishness does but little harm," returned Dunwoodie. "One of her greatest difficulties is her aversion to the blacks. She says that she never saw but one that she liked."

"And who was he?"

"His name was Cæsar; he was a house-servant of my late grandfather Wharton. You don't remember him, I believe? He died the same year with his master, while we were children. Katy yearly sings his requiem, and, upon my word, I believe he deserved it. I have heard something of his helping my English uncle—as we call General Wharton—in some difficulty that occurred in the old war. My mother always speaks of him with great affection. Both Cæsar and Katy came to Virginia with my mother when she married. My mother was—"

"An angel!" interrupted the old man, in a voice that startled the young soldiers by its abruptness and energy.

"Did you know her?" cried the son, with a glow of pleasure on his cheek.

The reply of the stranger was interrupted by sudden and heavy explosions of artillery, which were immediately followed by continued volleys of small-arms, and in a few minutes the air was filled with the tumult of a warm and well-contested battle.

The two soldiers hastened with precipitation toward the camp, accompanied by their new acquaintance. The excitement and anxiety created by the approaching fight prevented a continuance of the conversation, and the three held their way to the army, making occasional conjectures on the cause of the firing and the probability of a general engagement. During their short and hurried walk Captain Dunwoodie, however, threw several friendly glances at the old man, who moved over the ground with astonishing energy for his years; for the heart of the youth was warmed by an eulogium on a mother that he adored. In a short time they joined the regiment to which the officers belonged, when the captain, squeezing the stranger's hand, earnestly begged that he would make inquiries after him on the following morning, and that he might see him in his own tent. Here they separated.

Everything in the American camp announced an approaching struggle. At a distance of a few miles the sound of cannon and musketry was heard above the roar of the cataract. The troops were soon in motion, and a movement made to support the division of the army which was already engaged. Night had set in before the reserve and irregulars reached the foot of Lundy's Lane, a road that diverged from the river and crossed a conical eminence at no great distance from the Niagara highway. The summit of this hill was crowned with the cannon of the British, and in the flat beneath was the remnant of Scott's gallant brigade, which for a long time had held an unequal contest with distinguished bravery. A new line was interposed and one column of the Americans directed to charge up the hill, parallel to the road. This column took the English in flank, and, bayonetting their artillerists, gained possession of the cannon. They were immediately joined by their comrades, and the enemy was swept from the hill. But large reinforcements were joining the English general momentarily, and their troops were too brave to rest easy under the defeat. Repeated and bloody charges were made to recover the guns, but in all they were repulsed with slaughter. During the last of these struggles the ardor of the youthful captain whom we have mentioned urged him to lead his men some distance in advance, to scatter a daring party of the enemy. He succeeded, but in returning to the line missed his lieutenant from the station that he ought to have occupied.

Soon after this repulse, which was the last, orders were given to the shattered troops to return to the camp. The British were nowhere to be seen, and preparations were made to take in such of the wounded as could be moved. At this moment Wharton Dunwoodie, impelled by affection for his friend, seized a lighted fusee, and, taking two of his men, went himself in quest of his body where he was supposed to have fallen. Mason was found on the side of the hill, seated with

great composure, but unable to walk, from a fractured leg. Dunwoodie saw and flew to the side of his comrade, exclaiming,

"Ah, dear Tom! I knew I should find you the nearest man to the enemy."

"Softly, softly! Handle me tenderly," replied the lieutenant. "No; there is a brave fellow still nearer than myself, and who he can be I know not. He rushed out of our smoke, near my platoon, to make a prisoner or some such thing, but, poor fellow! he never came back. There he lies, just over the hillock. I have spoken to him several times, but I fancy he is past answering."

Dunwoodie went to the spot, and to his astonishment beheld the aged stranger.

"It is the old man who knew my mother," cried the youth; "for her sake he shall have honorable burial. Lift him, and let him be carried in; his bones shall rest on native soil."

The men approached to obey. He was lying on his back, with his face exposed to the glaring light of the fusee; his eyes were closed as if in slumber; his lips, sunken with years, were slightly moved from their natural position, but it seemed more like a smile than a convulsion which had caused the change. A soldier's musket lay near him: his hands were pressed upon his breast, and one of them contained a substance that glistened like silver. Dunwoodie stooped, and, removing the limbs, perceived the place where the bullet had found a passage to his heart. The subject of his last care was a tin box through which the fatal lead had gone, and the dying moments of the old man must have passed in drawing it from his bosom. Dunwoodie opened it, and found a paper in which, to his astonishment, he read the following:

"Circumstances of political importance which involve the lives and fortunes of many have hitherto kept secret what this paper now reveals. Harvey Birch has for years been a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct!

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

It was the spy of the neutral ground, who died, as he had lived, devoted to his country and a martyr to her liberties.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THERE is no single building within the walls of Jerusalem which excites a more intense interest in the mind of the traveller, or which has afforded wider scope for speculation, than the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church was built by the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, and covers the supposed spot of our Saviour's interment. The key of the church is kept by the governor of the city, the door is guarded by a Turk and opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents and in the presence of their several dragomen—an arrangement which often causes great and vexatious delays to such as desire admittance. This formality was probably intended for solemnity and effect, but its consequence is exactly the reverse; for as soon as the door is opened the pilgrims, who have almost always been kept waiting for some time, and have naturally become impatient, rush in, struggling with each other.

Supposing the rush to be over and the

traveller to have recovered from its effects, he will find himself in a large apartment forming a sort of vestibule. On the left, in a recess of the wall, is a large divan, cushioned and carpeted, where the Turkish doorkeeper is usually sitting, with half a dozen of his friends, smoking the long pipe and drinking coffee, and always conducting himself with great dignity and propriety. Directly in front, surmounted by an iron railing, having at each end three enormous wax candles more than twenty feet high, and suspended above it a number of silver lamps of different sizes and fashions—gifts from the Catholic, Greek and Armenian convents—is a long flat stone called the "Stone of Unction," and on this, it is said, the body of our Lord was laid when taken down from the cross and washed and anointed in preparation for sepulture. This is the first object that arrests the pilgrims in their entrance, and here they prostrate themselves in succession, the old and the young, women and children, the rich man and the beggar, and all kiss the sacred stone. It is a slab of polished white marble, and one of the monks, whom I questioned on the subject as he rose from his knees after kissing it most devoutly, told me that it was not the genuine stone, which he said was under it, the marble having been placed there as an ornamental covering and to protect the hallowed relic from the abuses of the Greeks.

On the left is an iron circular railing, in the shape of a large parrot's cage, having within it a lamp and marking the spot where the women sat while the body was anointed for the tomb. In front of this is an open area surrounded by high square columns supporting a gallery above. The area is covered by a dome imposing in appearance and effect, and directly under, in the centre of the area, is an oblong building, about twenty feet long and twelve feet high, circular at the back, but square and finished with a platform in front, and within this building is the holy sepulchre.

Leaving for a moment the throng that is constantly pressing at the door of the sepulchre, let us make the tour of the church. Around the open space under the dome are small chapels for the Syrians, Copts, Maronites, and other sects of Christians who have not, like the Catholics, the Greeks and Armenians, large chapels in the body of the church. Between two of the piliars is a small door opening to a dark gallery, which leads, as the monks told me, to the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, between which and that of the Saviour there is a subterranean communication. These tombs are excavated in the rock, which here forms the floor of the chamber. Farther on, and nearly in range of the front of the sepulchre, is a large opening forming a sort of court to the entrance of the Latin chapel. On one side is a gallery containing a fine organ, and the chapel is neat enough and differs but little from those in the churches of Italy. This is called the "Chapel of Apparition," where Christ appeared to the Virgin. Within the door, on the right, in an enclosure, completely hidden from view, is the Pillar of Flagellation, to which our Saviour was tied when he was scourged before being taken into the presence of Pontius Pilate. A long stick is passed through a hole in the enclosure, the handle being outside, and the pilgrim thrusts it in till it strikes against the pillar, when he draws it out and kisses the point. Only one

half of the pillar is here; the other half is in one of the churches at Rome.

Going back again from the door of the Chapel of Apparition and turning to the left, on the right is the outside of the Greek chapel, which occupies the largest space in the body of the church, and on the left is a range of chapels and doors, the first of which leads to the prison where, they say, Christ was confined before he was led to crucifixion. In front of the door is an unintelligible machine described as the stone on which our Saviour was placed when put in the stocks.

Next is the chapel where the soldier who stuck his spear into the side of the Redeemer as he hung upon the cross retired and wept over his transgression. Beyond this is the chapel where the Jews divided Christ's raiment and "cast lots for his vesture." The next is one of the most holy places in the church, the Chapel of the Cross. Descending twenty-eight broad marble steps, the visitor comes to a large chamber eighteen paces square, dimly lighted by a few distant lamps; the roof is supported by four short columns with enormous capitals. In front of the steps is the altar, and on the right a seat on which the empress Helena, advised by a dream where the true cross was to be found, sat and watched the workmen who were digging below. Descending again fourteen steps, another chamber is reached, darker and more dimly lighted than the first and hung with faded red tapestry; a marble slab having on it a figure of the cross covers the mouth of the pit in which the true cross was found. The next chapel is over the spot where our Saviour was crowned with thorns, and under the altar, protected by an iron grating, is the very stone on which he sat. Then the visitor arrives at Mount Calvary.

A narrow marble staircase of eighteen steps leads to a chapel about fifteen feet square paved with marble in mosaic and hung on all sides with silken tapestry and lamps dimly burning; the chapel is divided by two short pillars, hung also with silk, and supporting quadrangular arches. At the extremity is a large altar ornamented with paintings and figures, and under the altar a circular silver plate with a hole in the centre, indicating the spot in which rested the step of the cross. On each side of the hole is another, the two designating the places where the crosses of the two thieves were erected, and near by, on the same marble platform, is a crevice about three feet long and three inches wide, having brass bars over it and a covering of silk. Removing the covering, by the aid of a lamp I saw beneath a fissure in the rock, and this, say the monks, is the rock which was rent asunder when our Saviour, in the agonies of death, cried out from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Descending to the floor of the church, underneath is an iron grating which shows more distinctly the fissure in the rock, and directly opposite is a large monument over the head of—Adam!

The reader will probably think that all these things are enough to be comprised under one roof; and, having finished the tour of the church, I returned to the great object of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the holy sepulchre. Taking off the shoes on the marble platform in front, the visitor is admitted by a low door, on entering which the proudest head must needs do reverence.

In the centre of the first chamber is the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre, a square block of marble cut and polished. Again bending the head, and lower than before, the visitor enters the inner chamber, the holiest of holy places. The sepulchre "hewn out of the rock" is a marble sarcophagus somewhat resembling a common marble bathing-tub, with a lid of the same material. Over it hang forty-three lamps, which burn without ceasing night and day. The sarcophagus is six feet one inch long and occupies about one half of the chamber; and, one of the monks being always present to receive the gifts or tribute of the pilgrims, there is only room for three or four at a time to enter. The Fathers of the Latin convent annually perform the crucifixion. J. T. BANNISTER.

POVERTY.

PERHAPS, of all the evils which can befall a man, poverty, if not the very worst, is, as society is constructed, the most difficult to endure with cheerfulness, and the most full of bitter humiliations and pains. Sickness has its periods of convalescence, and even guilt of repentance and reformation. For the loss of friends time affords relief and religion and philosophy open consolation. But poverty is unremitting misery, perplexity, restlessness and shame. It is the vulture of Prometheus. It is the rock of Sisyphus. It throws over the universal world an aspect which only the poor can see and know. The woes of life become more terrible because they fall unalleviated upon the heart, and its pleasures sicken even more than its woes as they are beheld by those who cannot enjoy them. The poor man in society is almost a felon. The cold openly sneer and the arrogant insult with impunity. The very earth joins his enemies and spreads verdant glades and tempting woods where his foot may never tread. The very sky, with a human malice, when his fellow-beings have turned him beneath its dome, bites him with bitter winds and drenches him with pitiless tempests. He almost ceases to be a man, and yet he is lower than the brutes; for they are clothed and fed and have their dens, but the penniless wanderer, turned with suspicion from the gate of the noble or the thatched roof of the poor, is helplessly adrift amid more dangers and pains than befall any other creature. THEODORE S. FAY.

THE ART OF WRITING.

IN the Latin or Greek tongue everything is so excellently done that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English, when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle—to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do, as so should every man understand him and the judgment of wise men allow him. Many English writers have not done so, but, using strange words, as Latin, French and Italian,

do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying,

"Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale and beer?"

"Truly," quoth I, "they be all good, every one taken by himself alone; but if you put *malvesye** and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink not easy to be known, nor yet wholesome for the body. Cicero, in following Isocrates, Plato and Demosthenes, increased the Latin tongue after another sort. This way, because divers men that write do not know they can neither follow it, because of their ignorance, nor yet will praise it for over-arrogancy—two faults seldom the one out of the other's company." ROGER ASCHAM.

LOVE IS THE LIFE OF MAN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, OF SWEDEN.

MAN knows that love exists, but he does not know what it is. He knows that it exists from the common use of the word, as in the expressions, He loves me; The king loves his subjects, and subjects love their king; Husband and wife, mother and children, love each other; This man loves his country; that, his fellow-citizens or his neighbor. So, also, men are said to love certain things, this, that or the other, without reference to persons.

But, although the word "love" is so universally used, few know what love is. Because men cannot, when reflecting upon it, form any definite idea of its nature, they deny its reality or call it some influence entering man by sight, hearing, touch or conversation, and affecting him. They are utterly ignorant of the fact that love is man's very life—not only the general life of his whole body and the general life of all his thoughts, but also the life of all their particulars. Any one of intelligence can see this if asked, "Could you either think or act if the influence of love were withdrawn? Are not thought, language and action chilled as love grows cold and animated as love grows warm?" But this he knows from experience, not from any recognition of the truth that love is the life of man.

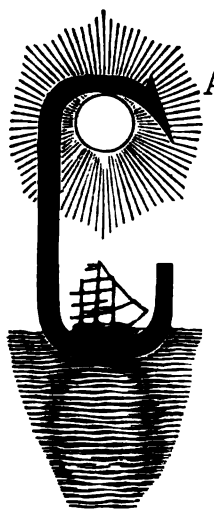
No one knows what human life is unless he knows that it is love. Ignorant of this, one may suppose that life is sensation and action; another, that it is thought. But, in fact, thought is merely the first effect of life, while sensation and action are its secondary effects. Thought is called the first effect of life, but thought may be more and more internal, or more and more external. Inmost thought, which is a perception of ends, is actually the first effect of life.

Some idea of love as being the life of man may be obtained from the effect of the sun's heat upon the world. It is known that this is the general life, as it were, of all vegetation; for from its increase in spring plants of every kind shoot from the soil, are adorned successively with leaves, flowers and fruit, and so in a manner live. But when the heat diminishes, as in autumn and winter, they are stripped of their signs of life, and wither. So is it with love in man, for love and heat correspond to each other. Therefore love is warm.

Translation of R. NORMAN FOSTER.

* Malmsey.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



CAMPBELL is the family-name of the house of Argyle, in Scotland, and the distinguished poet was of a younger branch of this house. His father was a merchant who was not very well to do, especially as he had to support and bring up a family of ten children. The poet was born in Glasgow on the 27th day of July, 1777, and very early displayed literary aptitudes. He was educated in the University of Glasgow, where he received numerous prizes, especially for his proficiency in Greek. Immediately after his graduation he became a tutor in the Isle of Mull, where the impressive scenery and interesting traditions aroused all the poetry in his nature and impelled him to give it utterance. Unable to settle down to the study of one of the learned professions, he surprised the world and settled his career by the unexpected issue, in 1799, of "The Pleasures of Hope," a descriptive and didactic poem of wonderful beauty. He had just completed his twenty-first year, and the additional marvel was that so young a man could have produced such a poem. It at once became very popular, and was regarded as a promise of many and greater poetic efforts—a promise which was not to be completely realized. In December, 1800, he saw, from the roof of a Bavarian monastery, a portion of the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden, between the French and the Austrians, and gave it an additional claim to immortality by the battle-lyric struck off under the electric inspiration—

"On Linden, when the sun was low."

In 1801 he wrote "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England" and "Lochiel's Warning," the words of which were soon on everybody's lips, and have been ever since. In 1803 he settled in London as a writer of history and criticism, as well as of poetry, but he earned only a precarious support, until in 1805 he received from the government an annual pension of two hundred pounds. This partial relief was greatly increased by the success of his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which, in addition to its merits of versification, had the charm of telling of the New World, in which English civilization was making head against the scalping-knife and the tomahawk.

In 1820, Campbell gave a course of lectures on English literature, which were well received, and in the same year became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—a post which he held for ten years. In 1827 he received the great but merited honor of election as lord-rector of the University of Glasgow. After that he accomplished little. His wife and children died; he became gloomy, melancholy, suspicious of the world; so frightened at his own fame, and so indolent withal, that he was unwilling to do the literary work which the publishers were always ready to offer him. He drank too much; his friends

became tired of his repinings and grievances, and he led a long blank remnant of life until 1844, when he died at Boulogne.

The high and yet splendid ornaments of the "Pleasures of Hope" have never palled upon the public. If "Gertrude" is an ideal without a model, and "Susquehanna's side" a fairy-picture, the tenderness and pathos of the poem are real, human and very touching. But his chief glory, the field in which Campbell has absolutely no rival, is that of his martial lyrics, "Linden," "Ye Mariners of England," and, superior to both, "The Battle of the Baltic." To have written that alone would have immortalized him. Entirely *sui generis* and splendidly sonorous is his "Hallowed Ground." Every stanza is a poem in itself—an embalmed thought; and the whole is a classic, and will be to the latest generations. Having written very much less than his poetical contemporaries, he still occupies a very high and secure place among the English poets of all ages.

LAST WORDS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WHAT means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now through age had wellnigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument—

> "A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
> Was on the visioned future bent."

In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers on the verge of the grave for a brief space. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous. His weeping family and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied, no ambition unattained, no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence even in that hour inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man—"this is the end of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am content." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity not to be recalled without reverence when in mortal agony One who spake as never man spake said, "It is finished!"

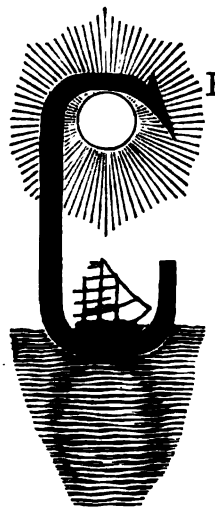
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

INDUSTRY.

IF you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE CHILD OF THE FLAXEN LOCKS.



CHILD of the flaxen locks and laughing eye,
Culling with hasty glee the flowerets gay,
Or chasing with light foot the butterfly,
I love to mark thee at thy frolic play.

Near thee I see thy tender father stand;
His anxious eye pursues thy roving track,
And oft with warning voice and beckoning hand
He checks thy speed and gently draws thee back.

Why dost thou meekly yield to his decree?
Fair boy, his fond regard to thee is known;
He does not check thy joys from tyranny;
Thou art his loved, his cherished and his own.

When worldly lures, in manhood's coming hours,
Tempt thee to wander from discretion's way,
Oh, grasp not eagerly the offered flowers:
Pause if thy *heavenly* Father bid thee stay—

Pause, and in him revere a Friend and Guide
Who does not willingly thy faults reprove,
But ever, when thou rovest from his side,
Watches to win thee back with pitying love.

MRS. MYRA ABDY.

LOVE IS MADNESS.

LOVE is that madness which all lovers have,
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave;
'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound,
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground;
A palace void of envy, cares and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away and set me free
Is but to send me into misery,
And prudence, of whose cure so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LAST HOUR OF DR. FAUSTUS.

FAUST. Oh, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day, or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente, lente, currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament;
One drop of blood will save me. O my Christ—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone!
And see! a threatening arm and angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.
No? Then I will headlong run into the earth.
Gape, earth! Oh no, it will not harbor me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Festus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air
My limbs may issue from your' smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.
[*The watch strikes.*
Oh, half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved;
No end is limited to damnèd souls:
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras, metempsychosis! Were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy; for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me:
No, Faustus; curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven. [*The clock strikes twelve.*
It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be changed into small water-drops
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.
[*Thunder, and enter the devils.*
Oh mercy, Heaven! Look not so fierce on me;
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while;
Ugly hell, gape not; come not, Lucifer.
I'll burn my books. Oh, Mephostophilis!
[*Enter Scholars.*

FIRST SCHOLAR. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray Heaven the doctor have escaped the danger.

SECOND SCH. Oh, help us, heavens! See, here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of Death.

THIRD SCH. The devil whom Festus served hath torn him thus,

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help,
At which same time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.
SEC. SCH. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet—for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools—
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial,
And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

REASON.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

JOHN DRYDEN.

I'LL LOVE NO MORE.

I'LL love no more, said I, in sullen mood;
The world is wholly selfish, false and vain;
The generous heart but courts ingratitude,
And friendship woos but insult and disdain.
Far from a cold and worthless world I'll haste:
Why should my best affections unrequited waste?

I fled the busy throng and turned my feet
Where towering trees in sunny dells rejoice,
But all things seemed, amid my lone retreat,
To mourn my stern resolve and chide my choice;
All urged me, so methought, to turn again,
And with a hopeful trust to love my fellowmen.

Above my head the branches fondly wreathed,
The social birds flew lonely to and fro,
The flowerets in each other's bosom breathed:
Nothing was joyous in its joy or woe;
Loving and loved, unvexed by wrath and strife,
Each felt, or seemed to feel, that love alone is life.

Even with the meanest and most hurtful things
The sweetest flowers would fondly intertwine;

Around the thistle see the woodbine clings,
And 'neath the nightshade blooms the eglantine:
None was too worthless to be loved, and none
Too proud or falsely pure his brother to disown.

Shame on thee, sour, mistrusting heart! I cried;
Back to thy fellows and to faith again!
In truth and love unweariedly confide,
And let thy charity thy strength sustain:
Wouldst thou with foul distrust defile hope's spring,
Amid a loving world the sole unloving thing?

W. PARTRIDGE.

NOT A POET.

I AM a little maiden
Who fain would touch the lyre,
But my poor fingers ever
Bring discord from the wire.
'Tis strange I'm not a poet:
There's music in my heart;
Some mystery must linger
About this angel-art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,
Untouched by grief or care,
In mystery so holy
Are all too light to share.
My heart is very gladsome,
But there's a corner deep
Where many a shadow nestles
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they'll not awaken
As yet for many a year:
There's not on earth a jewel
That's worth one grief-born tear.
Long may the heart be silent
If sorrow's touch alone,
Upon the chords descending,
Has power to wake its tone.

I'd never be a poet,
My bounding heart to hush
And lay down at the altar
For sorrow's foot to crush.
Ah, no! I'll gather sunshine
For coming evening's hours,
And while its springtime lingers
I'll garner up its flowers.

I fain would learn the music
Of those who dwell in heaven,
For woe-tuned harp was never
To seraph-fingers given.
But I will strive no longer
To waste my heartfelt mirth:
I will mind me that the gifted
Are the stricken ones of earth.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

TWO LOVERS.

TWO lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent,
  Two hands above the head were locked:
  These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
  O solemn hour!
  O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
  The red light fell about their knees
  On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily-spire.
  O patient life!
  O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
  The red light shone about their knees;
  But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
  O voyage fast!
  O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
  And made the space between them wide;
  They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
  O memories!
  O past that is!

GEORGE ELIOT
(Mary Ann Evans).

A SONG.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF MOHAMMED HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
  That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
  Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
  Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
  A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh, when these fair perfidious maids
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest
  Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
  As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
  New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
  Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
  Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
  Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
  Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the bank of Nilus came
  A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
  Whom long experience renders sage:
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
  Be gay and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still;
  Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
  Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
  Like Orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh, far sweeter if they please
  The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Translation of Sir William Jones.

TWO RONDEAUX.

I.

WORKS DEATH SUCH CHANGE?

WORKS Death such change upon our dead,
Doth it such awe around them spread,
  That should they suddenly appear
  At once we'd shrink from them with fear,
Though on their breast we laid our head?

Why should their light and ghostly tread
Thus thrill us with a nameless dread
  If still we hold them all so dear?
    Works Death such change?

We kissed their cold lips on the bier,
And, weeping, wished the spirit here;
  And shall the wish be all unsaid
  If some night, rising near our bed,
They stand within the moonlight clear?
    Works Death such change?

II.

I WOULD NOT SHRINK.

I WOULD not shrink if some dear ghost,
One of the dead's unnumbered host,
  Should rise in silence of the night
  Shrined in an aureole of light
And pale as snowdrop in the frost.

No! If the brother loved and lost
For me the silent river crossed,
  For me left worlds all fair and bright,
    I would not shrink.

Oh, if I gauge my heart aright,
Dear would the dead be to my sight:
  A vision from the other coast
  Of one on earth I cherished most
Would be a measureless delight;
    I would not shrink.

Charles D. Bell.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
  Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
  That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimmed its sheen,
  Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
  My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
  A mournful memory springs
That melts my heart and sheds a thrill
  Through all its trembling strings:
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
  Upon whose forehead fair
For eighteen years like sunshine slept
  This golden curl of hair.

O sunny tress! the joyous brow
  Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister-tresses now
  Lies cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
  That eye no more is gay:
Of all her beauties thou art left,
  A solitary ray.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

MINE BE A COT.

MINE be a cot beside the hill:
  A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
  With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
  Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—MATT. xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
  If thou wilt, let us build. But for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
  For see! they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
  Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
  Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid, in their turn have been hid;
  The treasures are squandered again,
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh and the jeer?
  Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above;
Friends, brothers and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love nor fear:
"Peace, peace!" is the watchword—the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow:
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

ALONE.

SO Reginald is still a bachelor,
Not young, yet youthful, studious of his ease,
His only thought how best himself to please.
Of richest wines he had an endless store:
These are his pride, and oft as lovingly
As they were children he will tell their age;
His city house, his mansion by the sea,
Alternately his jovial hours engage;
So great his wealth it hourly groweth more.

A little luck, a little keen address,
A little kindly help in time of need,
A little industry and touch of greed,
Have made his life a singular success,
And he asks homage for his splendid gains,
Paying the flattery in meats and drinks;
Applauding friends he daily entertains,
To ease him of himself. Sometimes he thinks
If he were poor his friends might love him less.

Gray-headed Reginald! he has royal parts
And in all circles fills an honored seat;
Yet vain for him are maidens' accents sweet:
At wedded slavery and henpecked hearts
He jeers and laughs; though when the nights are cold,
The tables empty and he feels alone,
A memory breaks of purer joys of old,
And, selfish to the last, he thinks of one
Who might have soothed him with her gentle arts.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

NOT MADE FOR ONE.

FAIR and soft and gay and young,
All charm, she played, she danced, she sung:
There was no way to 'scape the dart;
No care could guard the lover's heart.

"Ay, why," cried I, and dropped a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone—
"Why was such sweetness made for one?"

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care;
She heard, and raised me from her feet,
And seemed to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess;
"Ay, fool!" said I; "what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one?"

But long she had not been in view
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckoned half her charms
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be
Will favor him no more than me:
He too will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for one.

ROBERT GOULD.

A SCHOOL-USHER.

WERE I at once empowered to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigor
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And laboring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts or wit.
For one, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech,
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links and points and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.
Yet such his task—a dismal truth—
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills their minds with proper care
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile:
His own lies fallow all the while.
"Yet still he's on the road," you say,
"Of learning." Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on nor standing still,
For little way his learning reaches
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

ROBERT LLOYD.

PERSEVERANCE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN facile natures fancies quickly grow,
But such quick fancies have but little root:
Soon the narcissus flowers and dies, but slow
The tree whose blossoms shall mature to fruit.
Grace is a moment's happy feeling, power
A life's slow growth, and we for many an hour
Must strain and toil and wait and weep if we
The perfect fruit of all we are would see.

Translation of WILLIAM W. STORY.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

H, traveller bleeding by the wayside nigh,
Where bandit-thieves have left thee but to die,
All pass thee by upon "the other side;"
None pause to give thee succor and to guide.
But, lo! there cometh with Samaritan stain
One who will bind thy wounds, relieve thy pain—
One of a hated race—a friend to thee
When thine own people aid thee not, but flee.

Oh, traveller wounded in the world's fierce strife,
With none to succor, weary of thy life,
Thy friends, thy kindred, all from thee have flown,
Thus leaving thee to perish all alone.
There cometh One, but not of tainted blood,
To raise, to cleanse thee in the holy flood;
He binds thy wounds, and faith in him is given,
Lifting thy soul from earthly scenes to heav'n.

AMBROSE CURTIS.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

TOO late I stayed; forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!
And who with clear account remarks
The ebbings of his glass
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

THE SHADOW.

SEVENTEEN long years ago, and still
The hillock newly heaped I see
Which hid beneath its heavy chill
One who has never died to me,
And since the leaves which o'er it wave
Have been kept green by raining tears:
Strange how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! No cross,
No urn nor monument, is there,
But drooping leaves and starry moss
Bend softly in the summer air;
The one I would have died to save
Sleeps sweetly, free from griefs and fears:
Strange how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! I see
The hand I held so long in vain,
The lips I pressed despairingly
Because they answered not again;

I see again the shining wave
  Of the dark hair begemmed with tears:
Strange how the shadow of a grave
  Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! The hand
  Then fondly clasped still holds my own,
Leading me gently to the land
  Where storm and shadow are unknown;
The summons which I gladly crave
  Will come like music to my ears
And the chill shadows of the grave
  Be changed to light ere many years.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

A DREAM.

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
I went to the window to see the sight—
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they passed, and on they passed,
Townsfellows all, from first to last,
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
Quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates marching as when we played
At soldiers once, but now more staid:
Those were the strangest sights to me
Who were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk, bent and weak too;
Some that I loved and gasped to speak to;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd, where each seemed lonely;
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head or looked my way;
She lingered a moment: she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
Ah, mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men,
Many long forgot, but remembered then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
A sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall if I may.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

GO, HAPPY ROSE.

GO, happy rose, and, interwove
  With other flowers, bind my love.
  Tell her, too, she must not be
  Longer flowing, longer free,
  That so oft has fettered me.

Say if she's fretful I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
  Tell her if she struggle still
  I have myrtle rods at will
  For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go
And tell her this; but do not so,
  Lest a handsome anger fly
  Like a lightening from her eye
  And burn thee up, as well as I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

AMONG other characteristics, the Waguha and Wabujwé are very partial to the arts of sculpture and turning. They carve statues in wood, which they set up in their villages. Their house doors often exhibit carvings resembling the human face, and the trees in the forest between the two countries frequently present specimens of their ingenuity in this art. Some have also been seen to wear wooden medals whereon a rough caricature of a man's features was represented. At every village in Ubujwé excellent wooden bowls and basins of a very light wood (Rubiaceæ), painted red, are offered for sale.

Beyond Kundi our journey lay across chains of hills of a conical or rounded form, which enclosed many basins or valleys. While the Rugumba, or Rubumba, flows north-westerly to the east of Kundi as far as Kizambala, on the Luama River, we were daily, sometimes hourly, fording or crossing the tributaries of the Luama.

Adjoining Ubujwé is Uhyeya, inhabited by a tribe who are decidedly a scale lower in humanity than their ingenious neighbors. What little merit they possess seems to have been derived from commerce with the Wabujwé. The Wahyeya are also partial to ochre, black paints and a composition of black mud, which they mould into the form of a plate and attach to the back part of the head. Their upper teeth are filed—"out of regard to custom," they say, and not from any taste for human flesh. When questioned as to whether it was their custom to eat of the flesh of people slain in battle, they were positive in their denial, and protested great repugnance to such a diet, though they eat the flesh of all animals except that of dogs. Simple and dirt-loving as these poor people were, they were admirable for the readiness with which they supplied all our wants, voluntarily offering themselves, moreover, as guides to lead us to Uvinza, the next country we had to traverse.

Uvinza now seems to be nothing more than a name of a small district which occupies a small basin of some few miles square. At a former period it was very populous, as the many ruined villages we passed through proved. The slave-traders, when not manfully resisted, leave broad traces wherever they go.

A very long march from Kagongwe, in Uvinza, brought us to the pleasant basin of Uhombo, remarkable for its fertility, its groves of Guinea-palms and its beauty. This basin is about six miles square, but within this space there is scarcely a two-acre plot of level ground to be seen. The whole forms a picture of hilltops, slopes, valleys, hollows and intersecting ridges in happy diversity. Myriads of cool, clear

streams course through, in time united by the Lubangi into a pretty little river flowing westerly to the Luama. It was the most delightful spot that we had seen. As the people were amiable and disposed to trade, we had soon an abundance of palm-butter for cooking, sugar-cane, fine goats and fat chickens, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, nuts and manioc, millet and other grain for flour, ripe bananas for dessert, plantain and palm wines for cheer, and an abundance of soft, cool, clear water to drink. Subsequently we had many such pleasant experiences, but, as it was the first, it deserves a more detailed description.

Travellers from Africa have often written about African villages, yet I am sure few of those at home have ever comprehended the reality; I now propose to lay it before them in this sketch of a village in the district of Uhombo. The village consists of a number of low conical grass huts ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig trees, kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely thirty inches high. The common, fenced round by the grass huts, shows plainly the ochreous color of the soil, and it is so well trodden that not a grass-blade thrives upon it.

On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of naked men, women, children and infants. Though I had appeared here for the purpose of studying the people of Uhombo and making a treaty of friendship with the chief, the villagers seemed to think I had come merely to make a free exhibition of myself as some natural monstrosity.

I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unpresentable type it is possible to conceive, and, though I knew quite well that some thousands of years ago the beginning of this wretched humanity and myself were one and the same, a sneaking disinclination to believe it possessed me strongly, and I would even now willingly subscribe some small amount of silver money for him who could but assist me to controvert the discreditable fact. But common sense tells me not to take into undue consideration their squalor, their ugliness or nakedness, but to gauge their true position among the human race by taking a view of the cultivated fields and gardens of Uhombo, and I am compelled to admit that these debased specimens of humanity only plant and sow such vegetables and grain as I myself should cultivate were I compelled to provide for my own sustenance. I see, too, that their huts, though of grass, are almost as well made as the materials will permit; and, indeed, I have often slept in worse. Speak with them in their own dialect of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, and it will soon appear that they are intelligent enough upon that point. Moreover, the muscles, tissues and fibres of their bodies, and all the organs of sight, hearing, smell or motion, are as well developed as in us. Only in taste and judgment based upon larger experience, in the power of expression, in morals and intellectual culture, are we superior. I strive, therefore, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters. Almost burst-

ing into a laugh at the absurdity, I turn toward an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him, after the common manner of greeting, "My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and as I say it I thrust into his wide-open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he extended it made me think I could carve a better-looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros-hide. While speaking I look at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask clumsily manufactured from some strange dark-brown coarse material. The lips proved the thickness of skin which nature had endowed him with, and by the obstinacy with which they refused to meet each other the form of the mouth was but ill-defined, though capacious and garnished with its full complement of well-preserved teeth. His nose was so flat that I inquired in a perfectly innocent manner as to the reason for such a feature.

"Ah!" said he, with a sly laugh; "it is the fault of my mother, who when I was young bound me too tight to her back."

His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving Nature's fashion and mould of his country?

Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn, as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage and rude keeping. His feet were monstrous abortions with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as the knees, were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover or the queer "girding-tackle" need not be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan lazzarone is sumptuously—nay, regally—clothed, in comparison to this "king" in Uhombo.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces I could only comment to myself, "Ugly, uglier, ugliest!" As I looked at their nude and filthy bodies I ejaculated "Fearful!" as the sum-total of what I might with propriety say, and what, indeed, is sufficiently descriptive. And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists—the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla-bone, goat-horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle? and of the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper, "adder's fork and blind-worm's sting"? And how strangely they smell, all these queer manlike creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently. On the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white's appearance, a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I come, whither I am going and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were

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J. Fenimore Cooper

followed by long-drawn ejaculations of "Wa-a-a-antu!" ("Men!"), "Eha-a! ("And these are men!").

Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!

A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again "Wa-a-a-a-a-antu!" ("Men!"). The lower jaws, indeed, dropped so low that when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men "white all over" in this queer, queer world!

The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby color of the tongues, palates and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth.

"Great events from trivial causes spring;" and while I was trying to calculate how many *kubaba* (measure of two pounds) of millet-seed would be requisite to fill all these Dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontainable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping the hinder side of the thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless,—while thus engaged, and just thinking it was time to depart, it happened that one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head, and all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness and ochre the human heart beating for another's suffering, and I then recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters. Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly and introduced to the world with less disdain. Before I quitted the village they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings, for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn and *malafu* (palm-wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavor to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been.

On the 5th October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Riba-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut with more gradually sloping roof,

wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud, especially those in Manyema. Here, too, the thin-bodied and long-limbed goat to which we had been accustomed gave place to the short-legged, large-bodied and capacious-uddered variety of Manyema. The gray parrots with crimson tails here also first began to abound, and the hoarse growl of the fierce and shy "soko" (gorilla?) was first heard.

From the day we cross the watershed that divides the affluents of the Tanganika from the head-waters of the Luama there is observed a gradual increase in the splendor of Nature. By slow degrees she exhibits to us as we journey westward her rarest beauties, her wealth and all the profligacy of her vegetation. In the forests of Miketo and on the western slopes of the Goma mountains she scatters with liberal hand her luxuries of fruits, and along the banks of streams we see revealed the wild profusion of her bounties. As we increase the distance from the Tanganika we find the land disposed in graceful lines and curves; ridges heave up, separating valley from valley: hills lift their heads in the midst of the basins; and mountain-ranges, at greater distances apart, bound wide prospects wherein the lesser hill-chains, albeit of dignified proportions, appear but as agreeable diversities of scenery. Over the whole Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume; for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her domain.

Yet Nature has not produced a soft, velvety, smiling England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos; her creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; her thorns are hooks of steel; her trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild flowers, and game is left undisturbed because of the difficulty of moving about, for, once the main path is left, we find ourselves over head amongst thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass.

At Manyema the beauty of Nature becomes terrible, and in the expression of her powers she is awful. The language of Swahili has words to paint her in every mood. English, rich as it is, is found insufficient. In the former we have the word *pori* for a forest, an ordinary thickly-wooded tract, but for the forests of Manyema it has four special words, *mohuro*, *mwitu*, *mtambani* and *msitu*. For *mohuro* we might employ the words "jungle forest;" for *mwitu*, "dense woods;" but for *msitu* and *mtambani* we have no single equivalent, nor could we express their full meaning without a series of epithets ending with "tangled jungle" or "impervious underwood in the midst of a dense forest," for such is, in reality, the nature of a Manyema *msitu*.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine

for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the Author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating nor it is not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride. JOHN SELDEN.

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDCHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THERE was once a very old man whose eyes were dim, ears deaf and limbs almost incapable of carrying him. When he was at table, he could scarcely hold his spoon, his hand shook so much, which caused him to spill his soup on the tablecloth, and sometimes even he was not able to swallow what he had carried to his mouth. This disgusted his son and his wife, and they obliged him to sit in a corner behind the stove, giving him his food in an earthenware dish, and not always enough of it, which made him look wistfully toward the table with tears in his eyes.

One day, his trembling hands not being able to support the dish, it fell to the ground and was broken, which annoyed his daughter-in-law very much, and she expressed her displeasure at the poor old man. He, however, made no reply, only sighed deeply, and they bought for him a wooden dish, of the value of twopence, out of which he was obliged to eat. While doing this the little grandson, a child of about four years old, began to drag about pieces of wood and to collect them together.

"What are you doing there, my child?" inquired his father.

"I am going to make a little trough," answered the child, "that father and mother may eat out of when I am a man."

The parents looked at each other for a moment, and then began to weep, at the same time replacing the old grandfather at the table; and from this time they showed all possible kindness to him, and were indulgent toward those infirmities which were the effect of age and weakness.

Translation of MATILDA LOUISA DAVIS.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STUDENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

THE NATURE OF THE SCHOLAR.

EVERYTHING is vulgar and ignoble which weakens spiritual power. I shall instance idleness; to mention drunkenness or sensuality would be below the dignity of our subject. To live without occupation of any sort, to cast a dull, unmeaning gaze around us, will soon make our minds dull and unmeaning. This propensity to non-existence, to spiritual torpor, becomes a habit, a second nature; it surprises us in our studies or while listening to our teacher, creates a chasm in what would otherwise be a strictly connected whole, interposes itself here and there between ideas which we should have bound together, so that we

cannot comprehend even those which are most easy and intelligible. How this propensity should seize upon youth may well remain unaccountable even to men of the deepest penetration and judgment, and in most cases it would be no delusion to seek its cause in some secret infirmity or vice. Youth is the age of newly-developed power; everywhere there are still impulses and principles destined to burst forth into new creations. The peculiar character of youth is restless and interrupted activity; left to itself, it can never be without occupation. To see it slothful is the sight of winter in the time of spring, the blight and withering of a newly-opened flower. Were it naturally possible that this idleness should attempt to gain dominion over the true-minded and virtuous student, he would never for a moment endure it. In the eternal thought of God his spiritual power has its source; it is thus his most precious treasure, and he will not suffer it to fall into impotent rigidity before it has fulfilled its task. He watches unceasingly over himself, and never allows himself to rest in slothful inaction. It is only for a short period that this exertion of the will is needed; afterward its result continues of itself, for it is happily as easy—or even more easy, because it is more natural—for man to accustom himself to industry than to idleness, and after a time passed in sustained activity it becomes impossible for him to live without employment.

Lastly, everything is vulgar and ignoble which robs man of respect for himself, of faith in himself, and of the power of reckoning with confidence upon himself and his purposes. Nothing is more destructive of character than for man to lose all faith in his own resolutions because he has so often determined, and again determined, to do that which nevertheless he has never done. Then he feels it necessary to flee from himself; he can no longer turn inward to his own thoughts lest he be covered with shame before them; he shuns no society so much as his own, and deliberately gives himself up to dissipation and self-forgetfulness. Not so the upright student: he keeps his purpose; and whatever he has resolved to do, that he does, were it only because he has resolved to do it. For the same reason —that he must be guided by his own purpose and his own insight—he will not become a slave to the opinion of others, or even to the general opinion. It is, doubtless, of all things most ignoble when man—out of too great complacency, which at bottom is cowardice and want of spirit, or out of indolence, which prevents him from thinking for himself and drawing the principles of his conduct from his own mind—gives himself up to others and relies upon them rather than upon himself. Such a one has, indeed, no self within him, and believes in no self within him, but goes as a suppliant to others, and entreats of them, one after another, to lend him their personality. How can such a one regard himself as honorable and holy, when he neither knows nor acknowledges his own being?

The true-minded student will not make himself a slave to common opinion; nevertheless, he will accommodate himself to establish customs where these are in themselves indifferent simply because he honors himself. The educated youth grows up amid these customs; were he to cast them off, he must of necessity deliberately resolve

to do so, and attract notice and attention to himself by his singularities and his offences against decorum. How should he whose time is occupied with weightier matters find leisure to ponder such a subject? Is the matter so important, and is there no other way in which he can distinguish himself, that he must take refuge in a petty peculiarity? "No!" answers the noble-minded student; "I am here to comprehend weightier things than outward manners, and I will not have it appear that I am too awkward to understand these. I will not by such littleness cause myself and my class to be despised and hated by the uncharitable or good-naturedly laughed at by those of better disposition; my fellow-citizens of other classes or of my own, my teachers, shall have it in their power to honor or respect me as a man in every relation of human life."

And thus in all his relations does the life of the studious youth who respects himself flow on blameless and lovely.

THE PROGRESSIVE SCHOLAR.

Now, for the first time, when we have to accompany the student from the academy into life, we must call to mind that the studies and character of the progressive scholar are not necessarily completed with his residence at the university; nay, we will even perceive a ground upon which we say that, properly speaking, his studies have only their true beginning after his academic course has closed. This much, however, remains true as the sure result of what has been already said—that the youth who during his residence at the university is not at least inspired with respect for the holiness of knowledge, and does not at least learn to honor his own person to such an extent as not to render it unworthy of his high vocation, will never afterward attain to any true sense of the dignity of knowledge; and, whatever part he may perform in life, he will perform it as a piece of common handicraft, and with the sentiment of a hireling who has no other motive to his labor than the pay which he is to receive for it. To say anything more of such a one lies beyond the boundaries of our present subject.

But the student who is penetrated with the conviction that the essential purpose of his studies will be frustrated unless the idea acquire an intrinsic form and independent life within him, and that in the highest perfection—he will by no means lay aside his studies and scientific labors when he leaves the university. Even if he be compelled by outward necessity to enter upon a secular employment, he will devote to knowledge all the time and ability which he can spare from that employment, and will neglect no opportunity which presents itself of attaining a higher culture, assured that the continual exercise of his faculties in the pursuit of learning will be very profitable to him even in the transaction of his ordinary business. Amid the brilliant distinctions of office, and even in mature age, he will restlessly strive and labor to master the idea, never resigning the hope of becoming greater than he now is, so long as strength permits him to indulge it. Without this untiring effort much true genius would be wholly lost, for scientific talent usually unfolds itself more slowly the higher and purer its essential nature, and its clear development waits for mature years and manly strength.

Translation of WILLIAM SMITH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the most eminent natural philosopher of ancient or modern times, was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas day, 1642. At twelve years of age he was placed at Grantham grammar-school, with the view of becoming prepared to superintend, as a country gentleman, the small estate which his father had left him; but, manifesting an ardent desire for learning, he was entered in 1660 into Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself in mechanics and mathematics. In 1664, before he had taken his bachelor's degree, he discovered a new method of infinite series and fluxions, and, his thoughts being next turned to the phenomena of colors, he ascertained by experiment that light was not homogeneous, but a heterogeneous mixture of refrangible rays. While reflecting on this important discovery, and before he had reduced his observations to any systematic theory, he was compelled by the plague of 1665 to leave Cambridge and retire into the country. Though thus separated from his laboratory and his books, his wonderful mind was not unemployed, and, accordingly, while he was sitting alone in his garden, the falling of an apple from a tree near him led his thoughts to the subject of gravity; and, reflecting that this power is not sensibly diminished at the remotest distance from the centre of the earth, even at the top of the highest mountains, he concluded that it must extend much farther. Perhaps, thought he, it may extend to the moon, and even embrace the whole planetary system. The magnitude of the bare conception overwhelmed his mighty mind, and he therefore deferred the farther investigation of the subject till after his return to Cambridge.

Having been chosen in 1667 fellow of his college and taken his master's degree, Newton in 1669 succeeded Dr. Barrow as Lucasian professor of mathematics in the university. He now devoted all his energies to those vast subjects to which we have already alluded, and to his unrivalled genius and sagacity the world is indebted for a variety of stupendous discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among which, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movement of the solar system may be regarded as the most brilliant. The law of gravitation, which he discovered, he clearly demonstrated affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The work in which he explained this system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687 under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. Newton's discoveries in optics also were such as to change so entirely the aspect of that science that he may justly be considered its founder. His

optical investigations occupied his attention for many years, in the course of which he demonstrated the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colors, all possessing different degrees of refrangibility. The admirable work in which he has given a detailed account of these discoveries is entitled *Optics; or, A Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflections and Colors of Light.* Besides these, he published various profound mathemathical works, which it is not necessary here to enumerate.

Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle and Locke, Newton devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The mystical doctrines of religion were those which he chiefly investigated, and to his great interest in them we are indebted for his *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John*, published after his death. The manuscripts left by him were perused by Dr. Pellet, at the request of his executors, with the view to publish such as were thought fit for the press; the report returned, however, was that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the *Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms* was fit for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared, and many years afterward *An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture*, from Newton's pen, was published by Dr. Horsley.

Notwithstanding the extent of Sir Isaac Newton's scientific and literary labors, his whole life was not passed in his laboratory or as a recluse student. He served repeatedly in Parliament as member for the university, was appointed in 1695 warden of the mint, and in 1703 became president of the Royal Society, over which he continued to preside during the remainder of his life. In 1705, Queen Anne bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. The death of this truly wonderful man occurred on the 20th of March, 1727, and after having lain in state in the Jerusalem Chamber eight days his body was deposited in Westminster Abbey and a stately monument erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a literal translation:

"Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets and the causes of the tides; who discovered what before his time no one had even suspected—that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colors; and who was a diligent, penetrating and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity and the sacred writings. In his philosophy he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, author of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, was born at Cornhill, London, on the 26th of December, 1716. His father was by profession a scrivener, and, though a "respectable citizen," he was a man of so harsh and violent a temper that his wife was compelled to separate from him. Cast by this circumstance upon her own resources, the excellent

mother of Gray commenced the millinery business, with a sister as her partner, and so far succeeded as to be able to bestow upon her son a learned education, first at Eton, and afterward at the University of Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray's mind which is visible in all his poetry. At Eton the young student had secured the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the English prime minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him on a tour through France and Italy. After they had passed about a year together exploring the natural beauties, antiquities and picture-galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples and other important places, a quarrel took place between them; the travellers separated, and Gray returned to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and somewhat fastidious tastes of his associate.

Gray immediately after his return repaired to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow the profession. His father was now dead, and, though his mother's fortune was small, still they possessed sufficient to supply all their wants. He fixed his residence at Cambridge, and amidst its noble libraries and learned society passed most of the remainder of his life. He devoted himself chiefly to classical learning, though not without attending to architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of useful knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional visits to London, where he would revel among the treasures of the British Museum, and by frequent excursions to the country to pass brief periods with his learned and attached friends.

In 1765, Gray took a journey into Scotland, and at Glammis Castle met his brother-poet Beattie. He also penetrated into Wales, and journeyed to Cumberland and Westmoreland to view the scenery of the lakes. The letters in which he describes these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observations, and for a dry scholastic humor peculiar to the poet. On his return from these agreeable holidays Gray would set himself calmly down in his college retreat, pore over his favorite authors, compile tables of chronology or botany, moralize on "all he felt and all he saw," correspond with his friends, and occasionally venture into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek and Latin poets with such intense devotion and critical care that their very spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind and colored all his efforts at original composition. At the same time, his knowledge of human nature and his sympathy with the world were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity.

In 1747, Gray published his *Ode to Eton College*, and two years after appeared his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* His *Pindaric Odes* appeared in 1757, but met with comparatively little success. His fame, however, was now so widely spread that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment for

the more lucrative situation of professor of modern history in the university, at a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college hall he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering he expired, on the 30th of July, 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his own request, by the side of his mother, at Stoke, near Eton, adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.

Gray's poetry is all comprised in a few pages, and yet as a poet he holds a very high rank. His two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, are the most splendid compositions in the Pindaric style and measure in the English language. Each presents rich personifications, striking thoughts and happy imagery:

"Sublime their starry fronts they rear."

The Bard is more dramatic and picturesque than *The Progress of Poesy*, yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most majestic strains. ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THIS distinguished writer stands before the world in many forms, preacher, poet, novelist, essayist and—most important of all—social reformer. He was born at Holne vicarage, Devonshire, where his father was incumbent, on the 12th of June, 1810; he was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and on his graduation began the study of the law. This he soon abandoned, and took orders; he was first curate, and then rector, of Eversley, in Hampshire—a cure which he retained till his death. In 1844 he published a volume of *Village Sermons*, clear, simple and addressed principally to the working-people. In 1848 he made his first real literary venture in a serious drama entitled *The Saint's Tragedy*, based upon the life of the saint and martyr Elizabeth of Hungary. He had from the first enlisted as the champion of the working classes. Of this spirit the first manifesto is found in his novel of *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*, which appeared in 1850. It made a great stir, and was accused by the conservatives of being revolutionary in tendency. A pendant to this appeared in another story, entitled *Yeast*, in which he discusses the problem of poverty as it affects individuals and society, and maintains that the great leveller, upraiser and regenerator is Christianity. He was called "the Chartist clergyman," and certainly suffered, as to promotion and social consideration, for his convictions, but he gained a larger reputation. Among his other principal works, the following may be noted: In 1854, *Alexandria and its Schools* and *Westward Ho!* a story of English adventures in America during the reign of Elizabeth; *Hereward, the Last of the Englishmen*, is a splendid description of the days just after the Conquest; in 1852 he published *Andromeda, and Other Poems*, and continued to write occasional verses, among which "The Three Fishers" has gone to the ends of the earth. In 1874 he came to America, and was received with great hospitality and distinction,

but not long after his return to England he died on the 23d of January, 1875. His *Life and Letters* were issued by his wife, and they present a singularly pure, simple, unselfish man who had tried to elevate his kind.

PREACHING.*

ONE of the most remarkable things about the preacher's methods of work is the way in which they form themselves in the earliest years of his ministry, and then rule him with almost despotic power to the end. I am a slave to-day, and so I suppose is every minister, to ways of work that were made within two or three years after beginning to preach. The newness of the occupation, that unexpectedness of everything to which I alluded when I began to speak to you this afternoon, opens all the life, and makes it receptive; and then the earnestness and fresh enthusiasm of those days serves to set the habits that a man makes then, to clothe them with something that is almost sacredness, and to make them practically almost unchangeable. They are the years when a preacher needs to be very watchful over his discretion and his independence. When the clay is in the bank, it matters not so much who treads on it. And when the clay is hardened in the vase, it may press close upon another vase and yet keep its own shape. But when the clay is just setting and the shape is still soft, then is the time to guard it from the blows or pressures that would distort it for ever. Be sure, then, that the habits and methods of your opening ministry are, first of all, your own. Let no respect, however profound or merited, for any hero of the pulpit make you submit yourself to him. Let your own nature freely shape its own ways. Only be sure that those ways do really come out of your own nature, and not out of the merely accidental circumstances of your first parish. And let them be intelligent—not merely such as you happen into, but such as you can give good reasons for. And let them be noble, framed with reference to the large ideal and most sacred purposes of your work, not with reference to its minute conveniences. And let them be broad enough to give you room to grow. It is with ideas and methods of work as it is with houses: to remove from one to another is wasteful and dispiriting, but to find the one in which we have taken up our abode unfolding new capacity to accommodate our growing mental family is satisfactory and encouraging. It gives us the sense at once of settlement and progress. He is the happiest and most effective old man whose life has been full of growth, but free from revolution; who is living still in the same thoughts and habits which he had when a boy, but has found them as the Hebrews say that the Israelites found their clothes in the desert during the forty years—not merely never waxing old upon them, but growing with their growth as they passed on from youth to manhood.

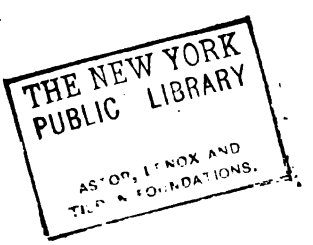
PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

* We are indebted to the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. E. F. Dutton & Co. of New York, for this selection from the *Lectures* of Dr. Phillips Brooks.

SPIRITS.

I SUPPOSE there is not a man in the world who could form any intelligent idea of what a spirit is. It is very easy

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.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for persons to define a spirit by saying what it is not, but I query whether there is, or ever could be, any man who could form any idea of what it is. We sometimes talk about seeing a spirit; ignorant persons in ages gone by, and some now, in benighted villages, talk about seeing spirits by night. They must know that they talk contradictions. Matter can be seen, but a spirit, if it clothed itself in any light substance, could not even then be seen: it would only be the substance that would be seen. The spirit itself is a thing which can neither be tasted, handled, seen nor discerned in any way whatever by our senses; for if it could be, it would then be proof positive that it was not a spirit at all, but belonged to the realm of matter. We divide all things into matter and spirit, and whatsoever can be recognized by the senses in any way is matter, depend on it. Spirit is itself a thing too subtile to be either seen or in any other way recognized by the senses. I say, then, I suppose there is no man living, and never will be any man in this mortal state, who will be able to define a spirit as to what it is, though he may say what it is not.

Now, there is a region where there are spirits dwelling without body. They are pure spirits—beings whose substance we cannot imagine; purely immaterial, as they are also immaculate. But on earth you will find no such a thing as a pure spirit. We are all spirits in bodies, and somehow, from the fact that wherever we find souls and spirits they are always found in bodies, we are very apt to confound bodies and spirits together. But let us always understand that bodies and spirits are distinct things; and though it hath pleased God in this world never to make a spirit without making a house for it to dwell in, called the body, yet the body is not the spirit.

Now, you will easily learn this, for in man's body no one can tell where the life is. In vain the surgeon lays the body on the table and dissects it: he will find life neither in the brain nor in the heart; he may cut the body in pieces as he pleases: he will not find anything that he can lay hold upon tangibly and really and say, "That is life." He can see all the effects: he can see the parts moving, he can see all the appearances of life caused by a supernatural something; but life he cannot see. It is altogether beyond his ken, and after all his searching he would lay down his scalpel and say at once, "There, now! the task is all over. There is a spirit that quickeneth this body, but in my search after life this flesh profiteth me nothing. I might as well search for a soul within a stone or within one of the pillars that support this house as search for a soul within mere flesh and blood if I look for something which I can see, which I can lay hold of, or which, by either taste, sight, smelling, or anything else, I can distinguish and designate as being a spirit."

I question whether there is any man who can define himself; the most any man can say is, "I am; I know I have an existence; but what kind of thing my spirit is I do not know, I cannot tell; I have no knowledge of what it is. I feel it, I know it moves my body, I feel its outward manifestations, I am certain of my existence; but what I am I know not."

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

SO goes the world! If wealthy,
you may call
This, "friend;" that, "brother"—friends and brothers all.
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it;
You may have been a stable-boy: what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men:
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.
But if you are poor, Heaven help you!
Though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain: the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score. Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow keen and clever,
Witty and wise: he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange!" cried I;
"whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried:
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said by their silence, "Better stay at home."
A rich man burst the door;
As Crœsus rich, I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit,
And, as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what's better: he had wealth.
What a confusion! All stand up erect;
These crowd around to ask him of his health,
These bow in honest duty and respect,
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, sir, the honor;" then a bow
Down to the earth. Is't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?
The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension;"
Then, looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend,"
Replied the other; "have you never heard
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

IVAN IVANOVICH KHEMNITZER.

THE RAILWAY-TRAVELLER'S FAREWELL.

'TWAS business called a father to travel by the rail;
His eye was calm, his hand was firm, although his cheek was pale.

He took his little boy and girl and set them
on his knee,
And their mother hung about his neck, and
her tears flowed fast and free.

"I'm going by the rail, my dears.—Eliza
love, don't cry.—
Now, kiss me, both, before I leave, and wish
papa good-bye.
I hope I shall be back again this afternoon to
tea,
And then I hope alive and well that your
papa you'll see.

"I'm going by the rail, my dears, where the
engines puff and hiss,
And ten to one the chances are that some-
thing goes amiss;
And in an instant, quick as thought, before
you could cry 'Ah!'
An accident occurs, and— Say 'Good-bye'
to poor papa.

"Sometimes from scandalous neglect, my
dears, the sleepers sink,
And then you have the carriages upset, as
you may think;
The progress of the train sometimes a truck
or coal-box checks,
And there's a risk for poor papa's and every-
body's necks.

"Or there may be a screw loose, a hook or
bolt or pin,
Or else an ill-made tunnel may give way and
tumble in;
And in the wreck the passengers and poor
papa remain
Confined, till down upon them comes the
next excursion-train.

"If a policeman's careless, dears, or if not
over-bright,
When he should show a red flag it may be
he shows a white;
Between two trains, in consequence, there's
presently a clash:
If poor papa is only bruised, he's lucky, in
the smash.

"Points may be badly managed, as they
were the other day,
Because a stingy company for hands enough
won't pay;
Over and over goes the train, the engine off
the rail,
And poor papa's unable, when he's found, to
tell the tale.

"And should your poor papa escape, my
darlings, with his life,
May he return on two legs to his children
and his wife—
With both his arms, my little dears, return
your fond embrace,
And present to you unaltered every feature
of his face.

"I hope I shall come back, my dears; but,
mind, I am insured,
So, in case the worst may happen, you are so
far all secured;
An action then will also lie for you and your
mamma—
And don't forget to bring it—on account of
poor papa." PUNCH.

EXPERIENCE, wounded, is the school
Where men learn piercing wisdom.
BROOKE.

MAHOMET.

HEN Mahomet commenced his career, the two prominent powers of the world were the empires of Rome and Persia. They divided between them all the fairest and most famous regions of Europe, Asia and Africa, and their relations with each other had the most important bearing upon the career of the Prophet and his followers. As soon as they carried their arms beyond the Arabian peninsula it was at the expense of these two powers that their first conquests had to be won. Within a few years after the death of Mahomet, Persia was entirely subdued and Rome shorn of its Oriental provinces.

Mahomet was born in the year 569, in the reign of Justin II., emperor of the Romans, and of the famous Khosru, or Chosroes, surnamed Nushirvan, king of Persia. The Roman empire, the seat of whose government was then fixed at Constantinople, the New Rome, still extended over nearly all the countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. The commands of Cæsar Augustus were still obeyed from the Atlantic to the Euphrates.

Mahomet was the son of Abdallah, and of the noblest race in Mecca and in Arabia. To his family belonged the hereditary guardianship of the Kaaba and a high place among the aristocracy of his native city. Personally poor, he was raised to a position of importance by his marriage with the rich widow Khadijah, whose mercantile affairs he had previously conducted. In his fortieth year he began to announce himself as an apostle of God sent to root out idolatry and to restore the true faith of the preceding prophets, Abraham, Moses and Jesus. Slowly and gradually he makes converts in his native city. His good wife Khadijah, his faithful servant Zeyd, are the first to recognize his mission; his young cousin, the noble Ali, the brave and generous and injured model of Arabian chivalry, declares himself his convert and vizier; the prudent, moderate and bountiful Abu-Bekr acknowledges the pretensions of the daring innovator. Through mockery and persecution the Prophet keeps unflinchingly in his path; no threats, no injuries, hinder him from still preaching to his people the unity and the righteousness of God, and exhorting to a far purer and better morality than had ever been set before them. He claims no temporal power, no spiritual domination; he asks but for simple toleration, for free permission to win men by persuasion into the way of truth. He is sent neither to compel conviction by miracles nor to constrain outward profession by the sword. He is but a preacher sent to warn men that there is one God and that there is none other but he, that all that he requires is that men should do justice and love mercy and walk

humbly with their God, and, as the sanction of all, that there will be a resurrection of the dead—as well of the just as of the unjust. Such was the teaching of one who in his own person fulfilled the duties which he taught, a thoroughly good and righteous man according to his light. As yet, at least, his hands were not stained with blood, nor his inner life with lust. The faithful husband of Khadijah, the beneficent master of Zeyd, the firm friend of Abu-Bekr and Omar and Othman and Ali, he was at once just and bountiful in his dealings with his fellow-creatures and full of zeal and devotion for the God whose sole claim to adoration he proclaimed. As yet nothing can be alleged against his life which even a higher morality that that of the Koran could condemn. His virtues *may* have been hypocrisy, his mission *may* have been imposture; but have we a right to assert this of any man—above all, of one whose every action creates a presumption in his favor?

The days of persecution at last are over; the day of power and victory commences. The Prophet who had no honor in his own country is received with homage in the city of refuge. Gradually he appears in a new character. The persecuted apostle is transformed into the triumphant warrior; he is no longer come to send peace, but a sword; where the warnings of the prophet have failed to convince, the strong arm of the conqueror must compel. The Faithful are bidden as their first duty to wage warfare with the unbelievers; angels fight at the side of the conquerors of Beder and bear to paradise the souls of the martyrs of Ohud. No competitor is to be endured, no toleration to be granted to unbelievers who do not at least redeem their lives by submission and tribute. He who had once asked for mere toleration for himself now applauded as Heaven-sent a judgment which condemned seven hundred captives to the slaughter. He who in his youth had lived as the faithful spouse of the aged Khadijah now in his old age multiplies wives to himself, absolves himself from the restraints of his own law, and brings forth divine revelations to justify in himself the gratification of passions which he condemned in others. Yet, whether his head was turned with unexpected prosperity, whether the sincere enthusiast had become a conscious impostor, his old mission and his old virtues had by no means wholly forsaken him. Whatever his motives, whatever his intentions, he at least rose far above the vulgar claims either of temporal conquerors or of spiritual pretenders. He was still the servant and apostle of God, and claimed no homage in any other character. A vulgar impostor would have claimed miraculous powers or have decked himself in the pomp of earthly royalty. But Mahomet still only proclaimed himself as God's Prophet; personal honors he disclaimed; his demeanor was as courteous and equable as ever; the friends of his adversity were never forgotten. Crown and sceptre, court and palace, he had none; the lord of Arabia lived in the humblest dwelling, on the plainest fare, accessible to the meanest of believers. The master of thousands of willing slaves still patched his own shoes and milked his own cattle, as he had done when his whole substance consisted of five camels and an Ethiopian maidservant. Though he had condescended to adopt baser means to compass his end, that end was still the proclamation of the unity and

the righteousness of God. Sublime indeed is the scene when the victorious Prophet made his triumphant entry into the sacred city, where he had preached so long, and whence he had been driven at the peril of his life. Compare Mahomet with his own degenerate followers, with Timour at Isfahan, with Nadir at Delhi, with the wretches who in our own times have desolated Chios and Cyprus and Kassándra. The entry of an Eastern victor is ordinarily the signal for plunder and massacre alike of the armed and the unarmed, of the innocent and the guilty. Mahomet had his wrongs to avenge, but they are satisfied by a handful of exceptions to a general amnesty, and the majority even of these are ultimately forgiven. It is the temple of God desecrated by idols which he had come to ransom. With the sublime words, "Truth is come; let falsehood disappear," he shivers in succession the three hundred and sixty abominations which were standing in the holy place; as Hezekiah broke in pieces the brazen serpent of Moses, so Mahomet destroys the forms of the patriarchs of his race when Abraham and Ishmael are represented in the act of a superstitious divination. And, his work once accomplished, he did not, like his victorious namesake in later times, fix his throne in the city he had won. He reared no palace for his own honor by the side of the temple which he had recovered to the honor of God. The city of his fathers, the metropolis of his race, the shrine of his religion, was again deserted for his humble dwelling among those who had stood by him in the day of trial, who, while he won baser hearts by costly spoils, had taken God and his Prophet for their sufficient portion.

Mahomet was now alike spiritual and temporal chief of his own people; it remained for him to appear in the character of universal prophet and universal conqueror. "There is no God but God; Mahomet is the apostle of God." If these be indeed the words of saving truth, it is not to the sons of Ishmael alone that they must be proclaimed, it is not within the Arabian peninsula alone that obedience is due to him who proclaims them. "There is no God but God." The Persian must no longer divide his homage between good and evil, but must turn to the worship of one almighty Lord who reigns alike over the just and the unjust. "There is no God but God; Mahomet is the apostle of God," and Chosroes and Cæsar must be told that He from whom they hold their crowns has another and more special vicegerent upon earth. But that vicegerent lived not himself to teach them the lesson. He indeed in warning letters summoned their allegiance and placed the name of the camel-driver of Mecca before those of the successors of Augustus and of Artaxerxes. The proud Persian, descendant of a line of kings, scatters to the winds the insolent missive; his doom is fixed: "So shall God tear his kingdom." The Roman, who had himself shown how a bold man might rise to empire, knew better with whom he had to deal. The African provincial arrayed in the imperial purple could sympathize with the bold Arab, and dismissed the messenger with honorable treatment. It would have been a strife indeed had the victor of Beder been matched in deadly conflict with the victor of Nineveh. But the immutable will had doomed it otherwise; the Saracen was indeed to measure himself with the

Roman, and to overthrow the hosts which had delivered Byzantium and had conquered Persia. But the Arabian Prophet, the Carthaginian hero, were no more among them. Heraclius, worn out with toils and triumphs, resigned the defence of Syria to weaker hands, and Mahomet in his tomb at Medina left the mightiest work of his prophetic mission to the sage policy of Abu-Bekr the Righteous and to the irresistible arm of Khaled the Sword of God.

Now, putting aside for the present the question of Mahomet's supposed imposture and assuming for the time his principle of propagating his religion by force, there is really but little to condemn in his character and conduct. According to the morality of his own age and nation, there was absolutely nothing to censure in his public and very little in his private life. Even judging him by a higher and severer standard, we may fairly say that few men have risen from a private station to sovereign power with so noble an end before them, and with so little of recorded crime. His early life appears to have been absolutely blameless; he won the esteem of many who did not admit his pretensions, and it is certainly in his favor that those who knew him best trusted him the most. No man, they tell us, is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. The simple life of the Arab admitted of no one in that exact capacity, but in the nearest approach to it, in his noble freedman Zeyd, Mahomet found one in whose eyes he was emphatically a hero. The confidence and affection of a wife to whom he owed his position, and one fifteen years older than himself; the constant confidence and affection of men of the noblest and at the same time the most opposite characters, the calm Abu-Bekr, the chivalrous Ali, the fiery Omar,—certainly tend to show that the personal character of Mahomet in no way gave the lie to his lofty pretensions. To say with Prideaux that his early life was "very wicked and licentious" is mere calumny without proof. Everything shows that—at least, during his residence at Mecca—Mahomet lived externally the life of a really good man according to his light. If he was a hypocrite, he was a hypocrite of the most consummate subtlety.

In the second period of his career it is impossible not to recognize a deterioration. From the moment of his appeal to the sword something of baser leaven seems to fasten itself upon his career. In that appeal there is, indeed, nothing wonderful. It is easy to argue, as persecutors have done in all ages, that toleration is soul-murder; that if we forbid the public dissemination of poison for the body, much more should we forbid the dissemination of poison for the soul. Yet this is a view which, if logically followed out, would lead to conclusions yet more sanguinary than those of Mahomet. No submission, no tribute, ought to be accepted; the accursed thing should be utterly put away. Mahomet had before him the example of Mosaic law, which preached a far more rigorous mandate of extermination against the guilty nations of Canaan. He had before him the practice of all surrounding powers, Christian, Jewish and heathen, though, from the disaffection of Syria and Egypt to the orthodox throne of Constantinople,* he might have learned how easily persecution defeats its own end. That the

* Tophane, a suburb of Constantinople.

Almighty allows differences in religion to exist, and leaves the conversion of his erring creatures to the ordinary course of his providence, might well be deemed an argument against his servants resorting in his supposed behalf to violent and extraordinary means. But experience shows how slowly and with what difficulty the human mind is brought to embrace this truth.

Under Mahomet's circumstances, it is really no very great ground for condemnation that he did appeal to the sword. He did no more than follow the precedents of his own and every surrounding nation. Yet one might say that a man of such mighty genius as Mahomet must have been might have been fairly expected to rise superior to the trammels of prejudice and precedent. And it cannot be denied that from this moment we discern a certain taint upon his whole conduct—one which does not, indeed, affect the general righteousness of his career, but which comes out in individual errors from which he had previously been free. With his first appeal to the sword there appears to have come upon him a general unscrupulousness as to the means whereby his ends were to be compassed. Compared with most Oriental conquerors, Mahomet stands generally clear both of cruelty and perfidy. He did not, like even Baber, mark his triumphs by pyramids of skulls, nor did he, like the later Ottomans, enslave, impale or flay alive men who had surrendered upon an honorable capitulation; but, compared with the peaceful preacher of Mecca, the warrior of Medina may be called both cruel and perfidious. In his first campaign he caused his generals to attack his enemies in the sacred month, during which the Arabs abstained from warfare; he then, like Elizabeth in the case of Davison, tried to throw the blame on his subordinate, and finally produced a revelation to abrogate the sacred month entirely. Surely this revelation should at least have been promulgated before it was acted upon. Again, in an instance to which I have already alluded, when the Jews of Koraidha agreed to surrender to the discretion of Saad, Mahomet openly applauded the decision by which that warrior sentenced them to a general destruction. Yet it is only fair to acknowledge that even this massacre was a trifle compared with the ordinary horrors of Oriental warfare, and that it stands alone in the career of Mahomet. Certainly, as a general rule, few Eastern victors of any time, few Western ones of that and many subsequent ages, kept their hands so clear from unnecessary bloodshed as Mahomet and his immediate followers.

The permission of polygamy has undoubtedly proved in its ultimate results one of the greatest and most fearful evils in the Mahometan system. But how far are we to consider it as a legitimate ground of personal blame to the prophet that he allowed and practised plurality of wives? It should not be forgotten that in this as in every other respect he was, in his own age and country, a reformer. For an utterly irregular profligacy Mahomet substituted a regulated polygamy which must then and there have seemed almost as heavy a yoke as his prohibition of the other Arab delights of strong drink and games of chance. Whatever Mahometans may choose to make their own practice, the law of the Prophet is express. Every man of the Faithful is to confine himself to four women, whether under the

title of wives or concubines. Any excess beyond this limit is strictly forbidden and severely punished. One can hardly blame a man who attempts a great reform because he does not attempt a still greater. But the reformer is of all men the most bound to observe his own laws. Had Mahomet practised polygamy all his days, and after the promulgation of his precepts sternly kept himself within his own limits, no man could have blamed him. But in Mahomet, living as he had previously lived, the practice of polygamy at all was a sad falling off. The man who could spend his youth apparently in perfect constancy, certainly in perfect harmony and affection, with the motherly Khadijah, really need not have set up a seraglio of youthful beauties in his own declining years. Still less should he have restricted others and absolved himself from his own restrictions, keeping other men to four and allowing unlimited numbers to himself. Least of all should he have produced divine revelations to justify in himself what was condemned even by the imperfect morals of his times. If I can believe that Mahomet ever stooped to conscious imposture, it certainly was in the cases of Zeinab, the wife of Zeyd, and of Mary the Egyptian. The beauty of Zeinab drew from Mahomet an expression of admiration. Her husband, Zeyd, divorced her. But by Arabian custom for a man to espouse the widow or divorced wife of his freedman was esteemed a species of incest. A new revelation obviated the difficulty. In this case the only thing that can be urged in Mahomet's favor is the very monstrousness of the proceeding. The imposture, if an imposture, was almost too barefaced to be ventured upon. And, strange to say, the proceeding does not seem to have seriously shaken the faith of any of his followers—least of all, of those who were most interested and injured.

Judging Mahomet, then, according to his own principles, we find in him comparatively little to condemn. As in every one else, a few crimes and errors deface a generally noble career. He wrought a great reform, and that, on the whole, by what his fellows regarded as noble means. For a corrupt, debasing and sanguinary idolatry he substituted the worship of the one God and taught men that that one God was alike almighty and all-righteous. He gathered his people together into one nation and gave them civil and moral precepts—imperfect, indeed, but far better than any that they had previously possessed. Their most revolting practices, as infanticide, he utterly abolished. Others, as polygamy and private revenge, he subjected to stringent regulations. In some respects, as the prohibition of wine, the character of his teaching was positively ascetic. To the world at large Mahomet has been of a truth the Antichrist, the false prophet, the abomination of desolation, but to the Arab of the seventh century he was the greatest of benefactors. The reply of the Saracen envoy to the Persian king Yezdejird when he reproached the Arabs with their poverty and savage mode of life contains a grand summary of the immediate results of Mahomet's teaching.

"Whatever thou hast said," replied Sheikh Maghareh, "respecting the former condition of the Arabs is true. Their food was green lizards; they buried their infant daughters alive —nay, some of them feasted on dead carcases and drank blood, while others slew their rela-

tions and thought themselves great and valiant when by such an act they became possessed of more property; they were clothed with hair garments, knew not good from evil, and made no distinction between that which is lawful and that which is unlawful. Such was our state. But God in his mercy has sent us, by a holy prophet, a sacred volume which teaches us the true faith." Pity indeed that so noble a discourse should thus continue: "By it we are commanded to bear with infidels and to exchange our poor and miserable condition for that of wealth and power."

But, after all, comes the great question, Was the man who effected in his own day so great a reform an impostor? Was his whole career one of sheer hypocrisy? Was his divine mission a mere invention of his own of whose falsehood he was conscious throughout? Such was the notion of the elder controversialists, like Prideaux, but to an unprejudiced observer it carries its confutation with it on the face of it. Surely nothing but a consciousness of really righteous intentions could have carried Mahomet so steadily and consistently, without ever flinching or wavering, without ever betraying himself to his most intimate companions, from his first revelation to Khadijah to his last agony in the arms of Ayesha. If the whole was imposture, it was an imposture utterly without parallel, from its extraordinary subtlety and the wonderful long-sightedness and constancy which one must attribute to its author. Whether persecuted or triumphant, whether in the hour of victory at Beder or in the hour of defeat at Ohud, whether corresponding with the kings of the earth or with rivals of his own people, his lofty spirit never deserted him for a moment. Compare Mahomet with the notorious impostors who appeared in imitation of him at the close of his career. Mahomet had no miracle but his Koran; Al Assouad, Tuleila and Moseilama deceived the senses of their followers by tricks of vulgar sleight-of-hand, while some of them relieved them from the heavy observances of prayer and fasting laid upon them by the ascetic of Mecca. Compare Moseilama and Mahomet. Compare their letters. "From Moseilama the Apostle of God to Mahomet the Apostle of God: Now let the earth be half mine and half thine." "From Mahomet the Apostle of God to Moseilama the Liar: The earth is God's; he giveth it for inheritance to such of his servants as he pleaseth, and the happy issue shall attend those that fear him." Surely in one we see the timid, bungling, doubting production of a conscious impostor, while the other displays the lofty confidence of one who fully believed in his own claims. Again, in the hour of death, amidst agony and delirium, not a word escapes him to betray any flaw or doubt in his pretensions. His last unconnected, half-inarticulate words still spoke of his hopes in Paradise, of his "fellow-citizens on high." Surely he was not playing the hypocrite at that awful moment.

That Mahomet in his early career was actuated by the noblest intentions and that he fully believed in his own mission is, I think, perfectly evident. That prosperity corrupted him, though it did not wholly turn him astray, is, I think, no less evident. That confidence in his own teaching followed him to the last is equally so. But this is by no means inconsistent with some alloy of conscious imposture during the

later and less noble portion of his career. This view has been adopted by many eminent writers who fully acquit him of all imposture at the beginning. That he fell off in many respects is clear; he may have even fallen so far as to put forth as divine revelations mere excuses for his own frailty or devices to obtain his own ends. Yet I would not willingly believe this. I would rather believe, as appears to have been the view of Dr. Möhler, that even where Mahomet most grievously erred he still never stooped to conscious forgery. Accustomed to regard all his impulses as arising from divine inspiration, he may, when one false step had permanently degraded him, have sincerely recognized a divine command in the mere impulses of his passions, or even in suggestions the reverse of divine. His moral sense was evidently obscured; he may have been open to the charge of self-delusion; but I do not believe that at any moment he was the conscious deluder of others.

Mahometanism is a national system which attempts to be universal, and which most grievously fails in the attempt. Its great rite is typical of this its aspect. Mahomet did not, or could not, rise above a local worship; he had, therefore, a holy place—a place of pilgrimage. Sprung from the blood of the hereditary guardians of the Kaaba, it was the object of his life to restore that venerated temple to its true purpose, to expel the idols from the holy place of Abraham and Ishmael. His traditionary love so clung around it that he adopted from its local worship many grotesque and superstitious ceremonies which seem strangely at variance with the generally reasonable and decorous ritual of the Moslem. In an Arab, a son of Ishmael, all this was, if not rational, at least natural. But why should Persians, Moors, Turks and Indians, aliens from the stock of Abraham, be sent to worship at a shrine the whole of whose associations belong to another nation? Going on pilgrimage somewhere seems a natural impulse among men of all creeds, but why should any but Arabs compass the Kaaba of Abraham or reverence the holy well of Ishmael? To a devout Mahometan the tomb of Mahomet himself would seem the most natural object of pilgrimage. And so it is; to this day many of the Faithful from distant lands are not satisfied with the communication in the national worship of Arabia which their law requires, but follow a truer impulse in turning aside to pray at the tomb of the Prophet of their own faith.

In one or two respects Mahometanism has actually appeared as a retrograde system, even among heathen nations. One cannot doubt that the doctrine of fatalism had a wonderful effect in animating the spirits of the first Saracens, but its ultimate effect has been pernicious to the last degree. When the first heat of enthusiasm is over, this same doctrine leads to quite opposite results. It becomes a mere excuse for stupid and listless idleness; submission to the divine will is held to render all human exertion superfluous. Nothing in the world is so energetic as a Mahometan nation in its youth; nothing is so utterly feeble as a Mahometan nation in its old age.

The religious and moral aspect of Mahomet is one of the most wonderful phenomena which history or moral philosophy can present. A man himself sincere and righteous, the greatest of reformers and benefactors to

his own people, a preacher and legislator of truth and civilization, has eventually done more than any mortal man to hinder the progress alike of truth and of civilization. The religious reformer has checked the advance of Christianity; the political reformer has checked the advance of freedom, and, indeed, of organized government in any shape; the moral reformer has set his seal to the fearful evils of polygamy and slavery.

Whether Mahomet be personally the Antichrist of Scripture I do not profess to determine, but I do know that his religion, approximating as it does so closely to Christianity without being Christian, has eventually proved, above all others, emphatically Antichristian. Such has been the fearful result of one, at most of two, false steps, in his personal history. A little more inquiry, and Mahomet might have proved a Christian missionary; and had he only abstained from attacking other nations, he might in any case have been honored as the benefactor of his own. As it is, from the Atlantic to the Ganges, the creed of Islam, engrafted on the old social and political system of the East, has proved the bitterest of all foes to Christian faith and Western law. No opposition, political or theological, ever approached the bitterness which reigned for centuries between the champions of either faith, whether in the school of disputation or on the field of battle. No warfare has ever called forth such enthusiasm on either side as that in which the Cross and the Crescent have sunk and risen with the defeat and the triumph of the contending hosts.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M. A.

THE DILEMMA.

"JULIA, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hothouses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are to drink to the health of both and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no! I cannot break his heart."

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel-walk bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs, but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped and plucked a rose; Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years, I think, since we parted."

"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."

There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"Oh, a very great deal," replied her lover.

Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage:

"I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir!"

"That is, I mean— I beg your pardon. The truth is— I should have said that— that— You have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up, but in so doing the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens, Fitzclarence! that is my cousin Rosalind."

"Your cousin Rosalind! Where? How? The miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me, Julia! how pale you have grown! Yet hear me! Be comforted. I am a very wretch, but I shall be faithful. Do not turn away, love; do not weep. Julia, Julia, what is the matter with you? By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted. Julia, I will marry you, I swear to you by—"

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own, my very best Alfred!"

"Mad—quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless."

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha, I am sure of it! Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers."

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind, yet you found her resistless."

"Well, I believe you are right; and, besides, *de gustibus*— I beg your pardon; I was going to quote Latin."

HENRY GLASFORD BELL.

SPEECH OF ARCHIDAMUS AGAINST WAR WITH ATHENS.

FROM THE GREEK OF THUCYDIDES.

WHEN the Lacedæmonians had heard the charges brought by the allies against the Athenians, and their rejoinder, they ordered everybody but themselves to withdraw, and deliberated alone. The majority were agreed that there was now a clear case against the Athenians, and that they must fight at once. But Archidamus, their king, who was held to be both an able and a prudent man, came forward and spoke as follows:

"At my age, Lacedæmonians, I have had experience of many wars, and I see several of you who are as old as I am, and who will

not, as men too often do, desire war because they have never known it or in the belief that it is either a good or a safe thing. Any one who calmly reflects will find that the war about which you are now deliberating is likely to be a very great one. When we encounter our neighbors in the Peloponnese, their forces are like our forces, and they are all within a short march. But when we have to do with men whose country is a long way off, and who are most skilful seamen and thoroughly provided with the means of war, having wealth, private and public, ships, horses, infantry and a population larger than is to be found in any single Hellenic territory, not to speak of the numerous allies who pay them tribute,—is this a people against whom we can lightly take up arms or plunge into a contest unprepared? To what do we trust? To our navy? There we are inferior, and to exercise and train ourselves until we are a match for them will take time. To our money? Nay, but in that we are weaker still; we have none in our treasury, and we are never willing to contribute out of our private means.

"Perhaps some one may be encouraged by the superior quality and numbers of our infantry, which will enable us regularly to invade and ravage their lands. But their empire extends to distant countries, and they will be able to introduce supplies by sea. Or, again, we may try to stir up revolts among their allies. But these are mostly islanders, and we shall have to employ a fleet in their defence as well as in our own. How, then, shall we carry on the war? For if we can neither defeat them at sea nor deprive them of the revenues by which their navy is maintained, we shall get the worst of it. And, having gone so far, we shall no longer be able even to make peace with honor, especially if we are believed to have begun the quarrel. We must not for one moment flatter ourselves that if we do but ravage their country the war will be at an end. Nay, I fear that we shall bequeath it to our children; for the Athenians, with their high spirit, will never barter their liberty to save their land or be terrified like novices at the sight of war.

"Not that I would have you shut your eyes to their designs and abstain from unmasking them or tamely suffer them to injure our allies. But do not take up arms yet. Let us first send and remonstrate with them; we need not let them know positively whether we intend to go to war or not. In the mean time, our own preparations may be going forward; we may seek for allies wherever we can find them, whether in Hellas or among the barbarians, who will supply our deficiencies in ships and money. Those who, like ourselves, are exposed to Athenian intrigue cannot be blamed if in self-defence they seek the aid, not of Hellenes only, but of barbarians. And we must develop our own resources to the utmost. If they listen to our ambassadors, well and good; but if not, in two or three years' time we shall be in a stronger position should we then determine to attack them. Perhaps, too, when they begin to see that we are getting ready, and that our words are to be interpreted by our actions, they may be more likely to yield; for their fields will be still untouched and their goods undespoiled, and it will be in their power to save them by their decision. Think of their land simply in the light of a hostage, all the more valuable in proportion

as it is better cultivated: you should spare it as long as you can, and not, by reducing them to despair, make their resistance more obstinate. For if we allow ourselves to be stung into premature action by the reproaches of our allies, and waste their country before we are ready, we shall only involve Peloponnesus in more and more difficulty and disgrace. Charges brought by cities or persons against one another can be satisfactorily arranged; but when a great confederacy, in order to satisfy private grudges, undertakes a war of which no man can foresee the issue, it is not easy to terminate it with honor.

"And let no one think that there is any want of courage in cities so numerous hesitating to attack a single one. The allies of the Athenians are not less numerous; they pay them tribute, too, and war is not an affair of arms, but of money, which gives to arms their use, and which is needed above all things when a continental is fighting against a maritime power: let us find money first, and then we may safely allow our minds to be excited by the speeches of our allies. We, on whom the future responsibility, whether for good or evil, will chiefly fall, should calmly reflect on the consequences which may follow.

"Do not be ashamed of the slowness and procrastination with which they are so fond of charging you; if you begin the war in haste, you will end it at your leisure because you took up arms without sufficient preparation. Remember that we have always been citizens of a free and most illustrious state, and that for us the policy which they condemn may well be the truest good sense and discretion. It is a policy which has saved us from growing insolent in prosperity or giving way under adversity, like other men. We are not stimulated by the allurements of flattery into dangerous courses of which we disapprove, nor are we goaded by offensive charges into compliance with any man's wishes. Our habits of discipline make us both brave and wise—brave, because the spirit of loyalty quickens the sense of honor, and the sense of honor inspires courage; wise, because we are not so highly educated that we have learned to despise the laws and are too severely trained and of too loyal a spirit to disobey them. We have not acquired that useless over-intelligence which makes a man an excellent critic of an enemy's plans, but paralyzes him in the moment of action. We think that the wits of our enemies are as good as our own, and that the element of fortune cannot be forecast in words. Let us assume that they have common prudence, and let our preparations be, not words, but deeds. Our hopes ought not to rest on the probability of their making mistakes, but on our own caution and foresight. We should remember that one man is much the same as another, and that he is best who is trained in the severest school. These are principles which our fathers have handed down to us and we maintain to our lasting benefit: we must not lose sight of them; and when many lives and much wealth, many cities and a great name, are at stake, we must not be hasty or make up our minds in a few short hours: we must take time. We can afford to wait when others cannot, because we are strong.

"And now send to the Athenians and remonstrate with them both about Potidæa and about the other wrongs of which your allies complain. They say that they are will-

ing to have the matter tried, and against one who offers to submit to justice you must not proceed as against a criminal until his cause has been heard. In the mean time, prepare for war. This decision will be the best for yourselves and the most formidable to your enemies." Translation of B. JOWETT, M. A.

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

THANK GOD, we live in a country where liberty of conscience is respected, and where civil constitution holds over us the ægis of her protection, without intermeddling with ecclesiastical affairs. From my heart I say, "America, with all thy faults, I love thee still." And perhaps at this moment there is no nation on the face of the earth where the Church is less trammeled, and where she has more liberty to carry out her sublime destiny, than in these United States.

For my part, I much prefer the system which prevails in this country, where the temporal needs of the Church are supplied by voluntary contributions of the faithful, to the system which obtains in some Catholic countries of Europe, where the Church is supported by the government, thereby making feeble reparation for the gross injustice it has done to the Church by its former wholesale confiscation of ecclesiastical property. And the Church pays dearly for this indemnity, for she has to bear the perpetual attempts at interference and the vexatious enactments of the civil power, which aims at making her wholly dependent upon itself.

Some years ago, in company with the late Archbishop Spaulding, on my return from Rome, I paid a visit to the bishop of Annecy, in Savoy. I was struck by the splendor of his palace, and saw a sentinel at the door, placed there by the French government as a guard of honor. But the venerable bishop soon disabused me of my favorable impressions. He told me that he was in a state of gilded slavery. "I cannot," said he, "build as much as a sacristy without obtaining permission of the government."

I do not wish to see the day when the Church will invoke or receive any government aid to build our churches or to pay the salary of our clergy, for the government may then begin to dictate to us what doctrines we ought to preach. And in proportion as state patronage would increase, the sympathy and aid of the faithful would diminish.

I heartily pray that religious intolerance may never take root in our favored land. May the only king to force our conscience be the King of kings, may the only prison erected among us for the sin of unbelief or misbelief be the prison of a troubled conscience, and may our only motive for embracing truth be, not the fear of man, but the love of truth and of God!

JAMES GIBBONS, D. D.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE COMMON DOOM:

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined:
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

AN HOUR TOO LATE.

I HAVE loved you—oh how madly!—
I have wooed you softly, sadly,
As the changeful years went by;
Yet you kept your haughty distance,
Yet you scorned my brave persistance,
While the long, long years went by.

Now that colder lovers leave you,
Now that fate and time bereave you
(For the cruel years will fly),
In your beauty's pale declension
You would grace with condescension
The love that touched you never
When your bloom and hopes were high.

Ah! but what if I discover
That too long in antique fashion
I have nursed a fruitless passion,
Whose rage and reign—thank Heaven!—
Are passed at length and over—
That Fate hath locked for ever Love's golden Eden gate?
There's a wrong beyond redressing,
There's a prize not worth possessing,
And a lady's condescension
May come an hour too late.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kissed and promised time away
Till Night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore
Where dangers may surround me,
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
She shall a lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom:
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

I SAW her when the flowers of life
Bloomed in hope's radiant dawn,
Fair as the rainbow in the sky
Ere its tints of heaven are gone.
Her heart was pure; no withering blight
Had crushed its dreams of youth,
Nor weeds of sorrow rankled round
Her soul of angel-truth.

Her path was studded o'er with gems
Of pleasure's holiest ray;
No cloud had crossed her sunny brow
To steal its light away;
No gloomy shade of grief had cast
Its darkness o'er her face,
Nor tear of anguish on her cheek
Had left its dim, damp trace.

Before her Fancy's wizard charm
Raised from their bowers of bliss
Bright visions of a future time
More glorious even than this;
Around her Virtue's halo shed
Its pale yet peerless beam,
While young Romance stood pensive by
And basked beneath its gleam.

Her form was graceful as the sprite
Whose home is in a flower
That pours its balm to elves alone
At midnight's solemn hour;
Her smile was like the first-born tinge
Of gold along the blue
That magic-like wakes beauty's morn,
Bathed in its roseate hue.

She struck her lute and sung of love,
A sadly plaintive strain:
'Twas Memory's echo of the past,
That ne'er could come again;
Her voice was sweet as Music's breath
Low murmuring on the strings
Of the wild air-harp ere the wind
Shakes breezes from his wings.

I saw her once again, but all
Her loveliness was flown;
Her tongue was silent as the tomb
That claimed her for its own;

The brightness of her glance had fled
As stars flee from the day;
The rose that decked her crimson cheek
Was blasted by decay.

The dews of death sat sternly cold
Upon her marble brow;
The snowy bosom heaved no more:
'Twas moist and clammy now;
The eye that once with fond delight
Shone like the meteor's blaze
Now sunk and lustreless was fixed,
A dead and sightless gaze.

The dark hair o'er her forehead fell
And veiled its icy chill;
Life's sparkling founts were frozen up,
The throbbing heart was still;
The shadowy frame of soulless clay,
So beauteous once, and blest,
Lay like a sculptured form of stone,
Wrapped in eternal rest.

The fleshless hands were clasped across
Her breast, as if her soul
'Mid worship's seraph-breathings flew
To reach heaven's blissful goal;
About her livid lips still played
The last faint smile she gave,
Like moonlight's lingering farewell gleam
Upon a mouldering grave.

I stood beside the shrouded bier
And kissed the lifeless earth,
And wept to think that joys like hers
Should perish at their birth;
'Tis even so: the greenest bud
In summer's glow will fade,
And hallowed hopes of years to come
Are oft the first decayed.

JAMES WITHERS.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING.

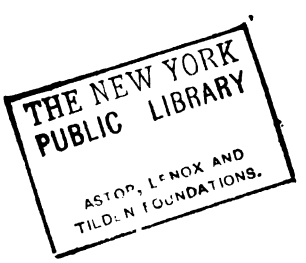
FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN DE LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

TWO demons at their pleasure share our being,
The cause of Reason from their homestead fleeing;
No heart but on their altars kindleth flames.
If you demand their purposes and names,
The one is Love, the other is Ambition.
Of far the greater share this takes possession,
For even into love it enters,
Which I might prove; but now my story centres
Upon a shepherd clothed with lofty powers:
The tale belongs to older times than ours.

A king observed a flock widespread
Upon the plains, most admirably fed,
O'erpaying largely, as returned the years,
Their shepherd's care by harvests for his shears.
Such pleasure in this man the monarch took,
"Thou meritest," said he, "to wield a crook
O'er higher flock than this, and my esteem
O'er men now makes thee judge supreme."
Behold our shepherd, scales in hand,
Although a hermit and a wolf or two,
Besides his flock and dogs, were all he knew.
Well stocked with sense, all else upon demand
Would come, of course, and did, we understand.
His neighbor hermit came to him to say,
"Am I awake? Is this no dream, I pray?
You favorite? You great? Beware of kings!
Their favors are but slippery things,

Dear-bought; to mount the heights to which they call
Is but to court a more illustrious fall.
You little know to what this lure beguiles.
My friend, I say, beware!" The other smiles.
The hermit adds, "See how
The court has marred your wisdom even now!
That purblind traveller I seem to see,
Who, having lost his whip, by strange mistake
Took for a better one a snake;
But while he thanked his stars, brimful of glee,
Outcried a passenger, 'God shield your breast!
Why, man, for life, throw down that treacherous pest,
That snake!'—'It is my whip.'—'A snake, I say!
What selfish end could prompt my warning, pray?
Think you to keep your prize?'—'And wherefore not?
My whip was worn; I've found another new:
This counsel grave from envy springs in you.'
The stubborn wight would not believe a jot,
Till warm and lithe the serpent grew,
And, striking with his venom, slew
The man almost upon the spot.
And, as to you, I dare predict
That something worse will soon afflict."
"Indeed? What worse than death, prophetic hermit?"—
"Perhaps the compound heartache I may term it."
And never was there truer prophecy.
Full many a courtier-pest by many a lie
Contrived, and many a cruel slander,
To make the king suspect the judge awry
In both ability and candor;
Cabals were raised, and dark conspiracies,
Of men that felt aggrieved by his decrees.
"With wealth of ours he hath a palace built,"
Said they. The king, astonished at his guilt,
His ill-got riches asked to see:
He found but mediocrity,
Bespeaking strictest honesty.
So much for his magnificence.
Anon his plunder was a hoard immense
Of precious stones that filled an iron box
All fast secured by half a score of locks.
Himself the coffer opened, and sad surprise
Befell those manufacturers of lies:
The open lid disclosed no other matters
Than, first, a shepherd's suit in tatters,
And then a cap and jacket, pipe and crook,
And script, mayhap with pebbles from the brook.
"O treasure sweet," said he, "that never drew
The viper brood of envy's lies on you,
I take you back, and leave this palace splendid,
As some roused sleeper doth a dream that's ended.—
Forgive me, sire, this exclamation:
In mounting up my fall I had foreseen,
Yet loved the height too well; for who hath been,
Of mortal race, devoid of all ambition?"

Translation of ELIZUR WRIGHT.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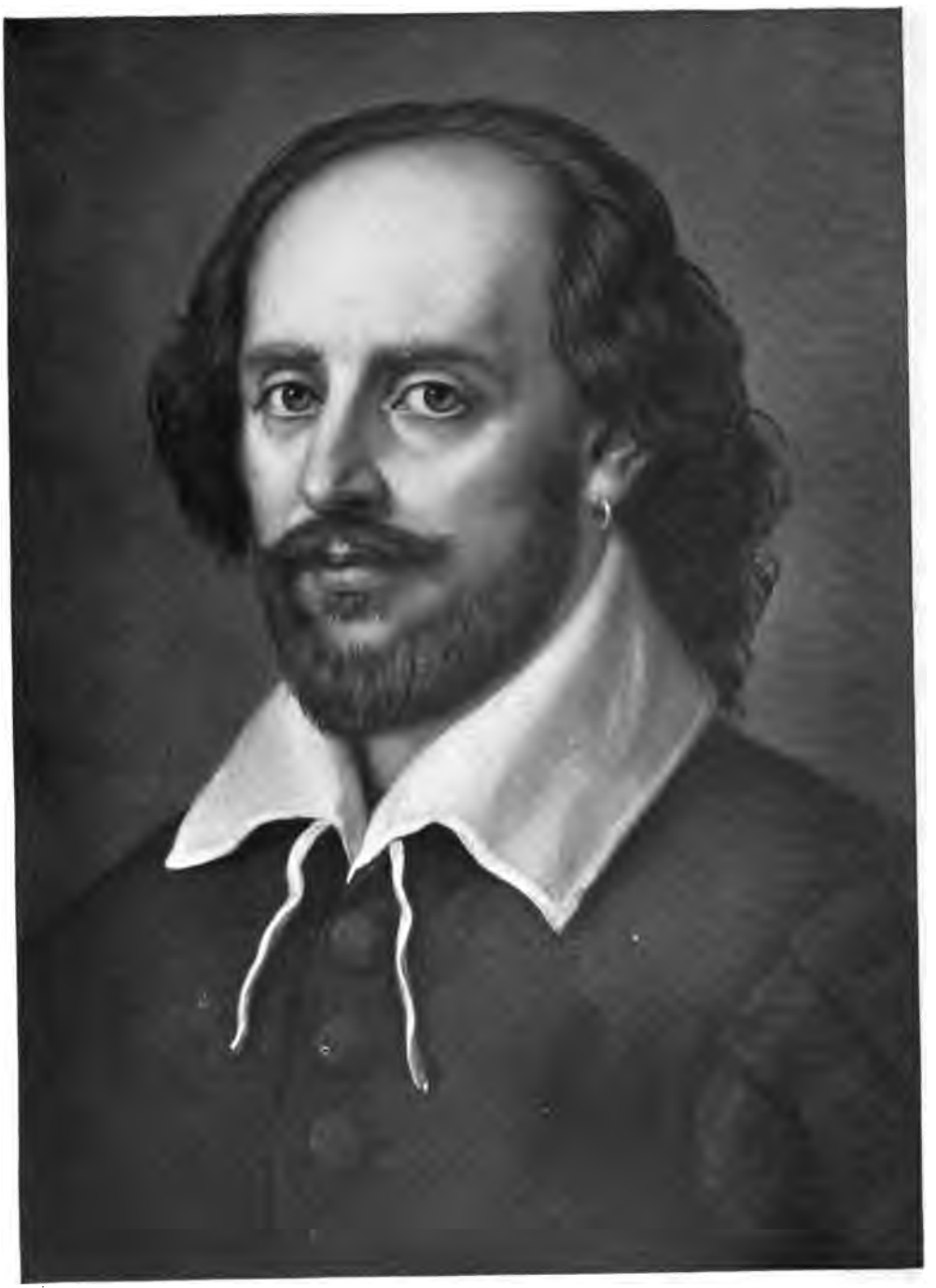


E. Hader, artist.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC.

THE Father spake: in grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake: a dream that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in silence there
Heard the pure melody, and, low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music, slowly, grandly waking,
Till, bathed in beauty, it became a world,
Led by his voice its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound his love revealing,
Though in response a universe moves by;
Throughout eternity its echo pealing,
World after world awakes in glad reply.

And wheresoever in his rich creation
Sweet music breathes in wave or bird or soul,
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost is seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemished once for ever's lost
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow; then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part; the sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound; last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH CLEARER VISION.

I SAW to-night the man I loved
Three little years ago;
I did not think so short a time
Could change a mortal so.

There were none like him in those days—
So strong, so true, so wise;
He had a lofty marble brow
And tender, soulful eyes,

A voice of music, hair by which
The raven's wing would seem
But pale indeed, a face and form
To haunt the sculptor's dream.

But when I looked at him to-night
I saw no single trace
Of the old glory—only just
A very common face.

No marble brow, no soul-lit orbs;
The face was round and sleek
That once to my love-haunted eyes
Was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed
So very much—ah me!—
But I was blind in those dear days,
And now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind,
Of course, and yet to-night
I should be happier far if I
Had not received my sight.

One little thought will trouble me:
I only wish I knew
Whether he still is blind, or if
His eyes are open too.

CARLOTTA FERRY.

PURSUING BEAUTY.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
Still richer in variety
The treasures of the land of love.

We women like weak Indians stand
Inviting from our golden coast
The wandering rovers to our land,
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart,
But, by possession settled in,
They quickly play another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store,
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court or you be won,
For love is but discovery:
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

MODESTY.

FROM AN INDIAN MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN BY AN ANCIENT BRAHMIN.

WHO art thou, O man, that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step toward being wise is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behavior is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the counsels of a friend and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise and believeth it not; he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man and observe the arrogant! He clotheth himself in rich attire; he walketh in the public street; he casteth round his eyes and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with insolence, and his superiors, in return, look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear, and to speak, of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise, and the flatterer, in return, eateth him up.

Translation of ROBERT DODSLEY.

USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

LEARNING taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds, though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity and insolency by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but the examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything which is the root of all weakness, for all things are admired either because they are new or because they are great. For novelty no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find printed in his heart, "I know nothing." Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets that goeth behind the curtain

and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there which were commonly for a passage or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went off." So, certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death or adverse fortune, which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken, and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said, "Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken; to-day I have seen a mortal thing die." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill-humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing the appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and the ulcerations thereof and the life; and therefore I will conclude with the chief reason of all, which is that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself or to call himself to account, nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full and use them dextrously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them, like an ill-mower that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

FRANCIS BACON.

LIFE.

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF MEXICO.

From Friedrich Heinrich Alexander, Baron von Humboldt.

FROM the seventh to the thirteenth century population seems in general to have continually flowed toward the south. From the regions situated to the north of the Rio Gila issued forth those warlike nations who successively inundated the country of Anahuac. We are ignorant whether that was their primitive country, or whether they came originally from Asia or the north-west coast of America and traversed the savannas of Nabajoa and Moqui to arrive at the Rio Gila. The hieroglyphical tables of the Aztecs have transmitted to us the memory of the principal epochs of the great migrations among the Americans. This migration bears some analogy to that which in the fifth century plunged Europe in a state of barbarism of which we yet feel the fatal effects in many of our social institutions. However, the people who traversed Mexico left behind them traces of cultivation and civilization. The Toultecs appeared first, in the year 648, the Chichimecks in 1170, the Nahualtecs in 1178, the Acolhues and Aztecs in 1196. The Toultecs introduced the cultivation of maize and cotton; they built cities, made roads and constructed those great pyramids which are yet admired, and of which the faces are very accurately laid out. They knew the use of hieroglyphical paintings; they could found metals and cut the hardest stones, and they had a solar year more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans. The form of their government indicated that they were the descendants of a people who had experienced great vicissitudes in their social state. But where is the source of that cultivation? Where is the country from which the Toultecs and Mexicans issued?

Tradition and historical hieroglyphics name Huehuetlapallan, Tollan and Aztlan as the first residence of these wandering nations. There are no remains of any ancient civilization of the human species to the north of the Rio Gila or in the northern regions travelled through by Hearne, Fiedler and Mackenzie, but on the north-west coast, between Nootka and Cook River, especially under the fifty-seventh degree of north latitude, in Norfolk Bay and Cox Canal, the natives display a decided taste for hieroglyphical paintings. M. Fleurieu, a man of distinguished learning, supposes that these people might be the descendants of some Mexican colony which at the period of the conquest took refuge in those northern regions. This ingenious opinion will appear less probable if we consider the great distance which these colonists would have to travel, and reflect that the Mexican cultivation did not extend beyond the twentieth degree of latitude. I am rather inclined to believe that on the migration of the Toultecs

and Aztecs to the south some tribes remained on the coasts of New Norfolk and New Cornwall, while the rest continued their course southward. We can conceive how people travelling *en masse*—for example, the Ostrogoths and Alani—were able to pass from the Black Sea into Spain; but how could we believe that a portion of these people were able to return from west to east at an epoch when other hordes had already occupied their first abodes on the banks of the Don or the Boristhenes?

This is not the place to discuss the great problem of the Asiatic origin of the Toultecs or Aztecs. The general question of the first origin of the inhabitants of the continent is beyond the limits prescribed to history, and is not, perhaps, even a philosophical question. There undoubtedly existed other people in Mexico at the time when the Toultecs arrived there in the course of their migration, and therefore to assert that the Toultecs are an Asiatic race is not maintaining that all the Americans came originally from Thibet or Oriental Siberia. De Guignes attempted to prove by the Chinese annals that they visited America posterior to 458, and Horn in his ingenious work *De Originibus Americanis*, published in 1699, M. Scherer in his historical researches respecting the New World, and more recent writers, have made it appear extremely probable that old relations existed between Asia and America.

I have advanced that the Toultecs, or Aztecs, might be a part of those Hiongnoux who, according to the Chinese historians, emigrated under their leader Punon and were lost in the north parts of Siberia. This nation of warrior-shepherds has more than once changed the face of Oriental Asia and desolated, under the name of Huns, the finest parts of civilized Europe. All these conjectures will acquire more probability when a marked analogy shall be discovered between the languages of Tartary and those of the new continent—an analogy which, according to the latest researches of Mr. Barton Smith, extends only to a very small number of words. The want of wheat, oats, barley, rye, and all those nutritive gramina which go under the general name of "cereal," seems to prove that if Asiatic tribes passed into America they must have descended from pastoral people. We see in the old continent that the cultivation of cereal gramina and the use of milk were introduced as far back as we have any historical records. The inhabitants of the new continent cultivated no other gramina than maize (*zea*). They fed on no species of milk, though the lamas, alpacas, and in the North of Mexico and Canada two kinds of indigenous oxen, would have afforded them milk in abundance. These are striking contrasts between the Mongol and American race.

Without losing ourselves in suppositions as to the first country of the Toultecs and the Aztecs, and without attempting to fix the geographical position of those ancient kingdoms of Huehuetlapallan and Aztlan, we shall confine ourselves to the accounts of the Spanish historians. The northern provinces New Biscay, Sonora and New Mexico, were very thinly inhabited in the sixteenth century. The natives were hunters and shepherds, and they withdrew as the European conquerors advanced toward the north. Agriculture alone attaches man to the soil and develops the love of country. Thus we see that in the southern parts of Anahuac, in the cul-

tivated region adjacent to Tenochtitlan, the Aztec colonists patiently endured the cruel vexations exercised toward them by their conquerors, and suffered everything rather than quit the soil which their fathers had cultivated. But in the northern provinces the natives yielded to the conquerors their uncultivated savannas, which served for pasturage to the buffaloes. The Indians took refuge beyond the Rio Gila, toward the Rio Zaguanas and the mountains De las Grullas. The Indian tribes who formerly occupied the territory of the United States and Canada followed the same policy, and chose rather to withdraw first behind the Alleghany Mountains, then behind the Ohio, and then behind the Missouri, to avoid being forced to live among the Europeans. From the same cause we find the copper-colored race neither in the *provincias internas* of New Spain nor in the cultivated parts of the United States.

The migrations of the American tribes having been constantly carried on from north to south, at least between the sixth and twelfth centuries, it is certain that the Indian population of New Spain must be composed of very heterogeneous elements. In proportion as the population flowed toward the south, some tribes would stop in their progress and mingle with the tribes which followed them. The great variety of languages still spoken in the kingdom of Mexico proves a great variety of races and origin.

Translation of JOHN BLACK.

PRUDENCE NECESSARY TO THE BEST OF MEN.

WELL-DISPOSED youths may find that goodness of heart and openness of temper, though these may give them great comfort within and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their business in the world. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are, indeed, as it were, a guard to Virtue without which she can never be safe. It is not enough that your designs—nay, that your actions—are intrinsically good: you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so that sagacity and goodness will not be able to see through it and to discern the beauties within. Let this be your constant maxim—that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will Virtue herself look beautiful unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum.

HENRY FIELDING.

LONG HAVE I LOVED.

LONG have I loved what I behold—
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

BERNARD BARTON.

URANIA.

SHE smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men,
But light the serious visage grew:
She looked and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labored, puny passion-fits—
Ah! may she scorn them still till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she.

Yet show her once, ye heavenly powers,
One of some worthier race than ours—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights,
His voice like sounds of summer nights,
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe,

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry, "Long, long I've looked for thee."

Then will she weep; with smiles till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men;
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their pure, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BETH-GÊLERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come! Wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John,
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,

His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child: no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound, my child by thee's devoured!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant look, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In Fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
And cease the storm to brave
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE PATRIARCH'S LAMENT.

H for one draught of those sweet waters now
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
Oh that I could but bathe my fevered brow,
To wash away the dust of worldly strife,
And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary and my spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts
Where once with Hope I dreamed the hours away,
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

Vain are such wishes. I no more may tread
With lingering step and slow the green hillside:
Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
And I must onward, whatsoe'er betide.
The pleasant nooks of youth are passed for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveller on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
Glitters with fragments of each ruined shrine
Where once my spirit worshipped when with sweet
And passionless devotion it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's wrath?
Daily they droop by nature's swift decay;
What though the setting sun still lights my path?
Morn's dewy freshness long has passed away.
Oh, give me back life's newly-budded flowers,
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth, my youth! Oh, give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrowed brow and blooming cheek,
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings,—these I seek.
Ah! who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

EMMA C. EMBURY.

HELEN OF GREECE.

WAS this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come! give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shall be my paramour.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE SOUSA.

PART I.

COME listen to a monkish tale of old,
Right Catholic, but puerile some may deem
Who all unworthy their high notice hold
Aught but grave truths and lofty learnèd theme;
Too wise for simple pleasure, smiles and tears,
Dream of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come listen to the legend—for of them
Surely thou art not—and to thee I'll tell
How on a time in holiest Santarem
Strange circumstance miraculous befell
Two little ones who to the sacred shrine
Came daily to be schooled in things divine.

Twin-sisters, orphan innocents, were they;
Most pure, I ween, from all but th' olden taint
Which only Jesu's blood can wash away;
And lovely as the life of holiest saint
Was his, that good Dominican's who fed
His Master's lambs with more than daily bread.

The children's custom, while that pious man
Fulfilled the various duties of his state,
Within the spacious church, as sacristan,
Was on the altar-steps to sit and wait,
Nestling together ('twas a lovely sight!)
Like the young turtledoves of Hebrew rite.

A small rich chapel was their sanctuary
While thus abiding, with adornment fair
Of curious carvèd work wrought cunningly
In all quaint patterns and devices rare,
And ever there above the altar smiled
From Mary mother's arms the holy Child—

Smiled on his infant guests as there below,
On the fair altar-steps, those young ones spread
(Nor aught irreverent in such act, I trow)
Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread;
Such feast not ill-beseemed the sacred dome:
Their Father's house is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced that on a certain day,
When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
Where patiently was ever wont to stay
His infant charge, with vehement acclaim
Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,
And each to tell the same strange tale began.

"Father," they cried as, hanging on his gown
On either side, in each perplexèd ear

They poured their eager tidings, "he came down:
Menino Jesu hath been with us here!
We prayed him to partake our fruits and bread,
And he came down, and smiled on us, and fed."

"Children, my children, know ye what ye say?"
Bernardo hastily replied. "But hold!
Peace, Brialanza! rash art thou alway.
Let Inez speak." And little Inez told,
In her slow silvery speech, distinctly o'er
The same strange story he had heard before.

"Blessed are ye, my children!" with devout
And deep humility the old man cried;
"Ye have been highly favored. Still to doubt
Were gross impiety and sceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favored, children dear;
Now your old master's faithful counsel hear:

"Return to-morrow with the morning light,
And as before spread out your simple fare
On the same table, and again invite
Menino Jesu to descend and share;
And if he come, say, 'Bid us, blessed Lord—
We and our master—to thy heavenly board.'

"Forget not, children of my soul, to plead
For your old teacher, even for His sake
Who fed ye faithfully; and he will heed
Your innocent lips, and I shall so partake
With his dear lambs. Beloved, with the sun
Return to-morrow; then his will be done!"

PART II.

"To-night, to-night, Menino Jesu saith,
We shall sup with him, father—we and thee,"
Cried out both happy children in a breath
As the good father entered anxiously
About the morrow's noon that holy shrine,
Now consecrate by special grace divine.

"He bade us come alone, but then we said
We could not without thee, our master dear.
At that he did not frown, but shook his head
Denyingly. Then straight, with many a tear,
We pleaded so he could not but relent,
And bowed his head and smiled, and gave consent."

"Now, God be praised!" the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to earth, and so till vesper-bell
Entrancèd in the spirit's depths he lay,
Then rose like one refreshed with sleep, and stood
Composed among th' assembling brotherhood.

The mass was said; the evening chant was o'er;
Hushed its long echoes through the lofty dome;
And now Bernardo knew th' appointed hour
That he had prayed for of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile
Where darkness gained apace from aisle to aisle,

Except that through a distant doorway streamed
One slanting sunbeam, gliding whereupon
Two angel-spirits—so, in sooth, it seemed,
That loveliest vision—hand in hand came in
With noiseless motion. "Father, we are here,"
Sweetly saluted the good father's ear.

A hand he laid on each fair sun-bright head,
Crowned like a seraph's with effulgent light,
And "Be ye blessed, ye blessèd ones," he said,
"Whom Jesu bids to his own board to-night.
Lead on, ye chosen, to th' appointed place;
Lead your old master—so—with steadfast pace."

He followed where those young ones led the way
To that small chapel; like a golden clue
Streamed on before that long bright sunset ray,
Till at the door it stopped. Then, passing through,
The master and his pupils side by side
Knelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy shrine;
Chalice and paten on the altar stood,
Spread with fair damask. Of the crimson wine
Partaking first alone, the living food
Bernardo next with his dear children shared—
Young lips, but well for heavenly food prepared.

And there we leave them. Not for us to see
The feast made ready that first act to crown,
Nor to peruse that wondrous mystery
Of the divine Menino's coming down
To lead away th' elect expectant three
With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it that with him they surely were
That night in Paradise, for they who came
Next to the chapel found them as in prayer
Still kneeling, stiffened every lifeless frame,
With hands and eyes upraised, as when they died,
Toward the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle spread far and wide,
And thousands came the feast of death to see,
And all beholders, deeply edified,
Returned to their own homes more thoughtfully,
Musing thereon, with one great truth impressed—
That "to depart and be with Christ is best."

Translation of BLACKWOOD.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! Rest! Thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THERE IS NO WASTE.

THERE is no waste, let the eternal gold
From genius' mint be scattered myriad-fold:
Never a star was launched but its fine rays
Took some small shade of darkness from the night;
The stream that sings unseen among the ferns
Bears welcome increase to the ocean's might;
Even the minutest flower the sense discerns
Enriches all the breaths of summer days.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON TEDLITZ.

I.

WHEN midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb,
And marches, beating his phantom-drum,
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain
With fleshless fingers pale,
And beats and beats again and again
A long and dreary reveille.

Like the voice of abysmal waves
Resounds its unearthly tone,
Till the dead old soldiers long in their graves
Awaken through every zone,

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
And the frozen in the icy North,
And those who under the burning sun
Of Italy sleep, come forth,

And they whose bones long while
  Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
And the slumberers under the reeds of the
    Nile,
  Arise with arms in their hands.

II.

And at midnight, in his shroud,
  The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast, long, deep and loud,
  As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
  On the old imperial dragoons,
And the cuirassiers they form in lines,
  And the carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
  Their weapons in rear and van,
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
  And their features are sad and wan.

III.

And when midnight robes the sky,
  The emperor leaves his tomb
And rides along, surrounded by
  His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
  Is glittering on his breast;
In a uniform of blue and white
  And a gray camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
  On the various marshalled groups
As the man with the glittering silver star
  Rides forth to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all
  Go again through their exercise,
Till the moon withdraws and a gloomier
    pall
  Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the chief once more
  The generals and marshals throng,
And he whispers a word—oft heard before—
  In the ear of his aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
  And then are no longer seen;
The challenging watchword given is
    "France;"
  The answer is "Sainte Helene."

And this is the grand review
  Which at midnight on the wolds,
If popular tales may pass for true,
  The buried emperor holds.

Translation of CLARENCE MANGAN.

TO A COQUETTE.

LADY, wouldst thou learn of me
  Love's designing witcherie?
Listen: I have learned of thee.

Choose the youth whom thou wouldst win,
Woo him with thine eyes, sweet one:
Wherefore wait till he begin?

If he ask thy hand to dance,
Yield thou with a dazzled glance;
Talk to him of old romance.

Let thy voice be low and meek,
That he scarce may hear thee speak:
Listening, he may touch thy cheek.

Feign a sad unhappiness—
Something thou mayst not confess:
Sympathy may soothe distress.

Tell of walks by soft moonlight;
Should he say, "Wilt walk to-night?"
Start half wishful, half in fright.

Wile him into window-nooks,
Flatter him with fervid looks,
Lean with him o'er pictured books.

Languish if he stay away,
"Aye be with me," seem to say:
Man will never say thee nay.

Dear, deceitful strategy!
Cupid's slyest archery!
Thus may hearts ensnarèd be.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

DIRGE OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.*

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust
In hollow circumstance of woes,
Nor sculptured clay with lying breath
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow for your sovereign's urn
A resting-place for ever there;
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings,
And never be the secret said
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain-tide
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look,
And now that I have run my race
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

* Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterward buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal-car:
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad with iron hand
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done,
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name,
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done,
  But darker ministers of fate
Impatient round the eternal throne
  And in the caves of vengeance wait,
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.*

  HEIR of that name
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth,
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,
  When kings and princes round thy cradle came
And gave their crowns as playthings to thine hand,
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land,

  How were the schemes
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state!
  What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race!

  Scarce had thine eyes
Beheld the light of day when thou wert bound
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow crowned
  With Rome's imperial diadem—the prize
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

  Yet where is now
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light,
And led on half the world to stirring fight,
  Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow?
Alas! when foiled on his last battle-plain,
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain.

* Napoleon II.

Far worse thy fate
Than that which doomed him to the barren rock;
Through half the universe was felt the shock
When down he toppled from his high estate,
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy!
Hadst no such dreams to cheer the lagging hours:
Thy chain still galled though wreathed with fairest flowers;
Thou hadst no images of by-past joy,
No visions of anticipated fame,
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife—
She who first gave and should have watched thy life,
Trebling a mother's tenderness for thee?
Despoiled heir of empire, on her breast
Did thy young head repose in its unrest?

No! Round her heart
Children of humbler, happier lineage twined;
Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind
Of pageants where she bore a heartless part:
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest,
Child of ambition's martyr! Life had been
To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene
Of doubt and dread and suffering at the best,
For thou wert one whose path in these dark times
Must lead to sorrows—it might be, to crimes.

Thou art at rest!
The idle sword has worn its sheath away,
The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay,
And they who with vain tyranny comprest
Thy soul's high yearnings now forget their fear,
And fling Ambition's purple o'er thy bier.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

RIVALS.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst,
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst:
By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast
I beg not you would favor me
Would you but slight the rest;
How great soe'er your rigors are,
With them alone I'll cope:
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LA FONTAINE.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, one of France's most distinguished poets, was born on the 8th of July, 1621, at Château Thierry. The house of his birth is still standing, and remains unchanged. His early education under the village schoolmaster was meagre, but in 1641 he entered the Oratory at Rheims, where he made good progress. At the age of twenty-six he married a lady whom his father had chosen for him. His father also resigned his post as forester in his favor, but neither the wife nor the position suited the son, and he soon resigned the one and deserted the other.

Like many authors in bygone days, La Fontaine lived mostly on the patronage of distinguished and noble patrons. He died at the ripe old age of seventy-four, at Paris, on April 13, 1695. His fables are the chief productions of his pen. Of them Wright says:

"La Fontaine makes each fable a little drama, with its exposition. A painter of animals, whom he studied with an artist's attention and the warm imagination of a poet who identifies himself with everything and to whom nothing in nature is indifferent, he joined to the charm of a learned and at the same time simple language which seems alike of the past and present that of a free, easy, varied versification expanding and contracting with marvellous propriety as the thought requires. The habitual character of his narrative is an ingenuous wit, a piquant simplicity, a familiar good-nature full of sense, spirit and unreserve; but when his subject bears him to it, he becomes serious, touching, melancholy, elevated, sublime; the good-natured man disappears; we hear the inspired accents of the most eloquent poesy. 'La Fontaine,' says Sainte Beuve, 'versifying the subjects of fables furnished by tradition, does not at first go beyond the limits of the branch. His first book is an essay; in it we see the fable pure and simple. Thus conceived, the fable seems to me a small and quite insignificant branch. Among the Orientals at first, when primitive wisdom was disguised under happy parables to speak to kings, it might have its elevation and its grandeur; but transplanted to our West, and reduced to a short story with its two- or four-line moral, I see only a form of instruction suited to children. How, then, did La Fontaine become a great poet in this very branch of fables? It is because he went beyond it; he appropriated it to himself, and saw in it from a certain moment only a pretext for his inventive genius and his talent of universal observation.'

"We do not pretend here to class La Fontaine's fables; this would show an unconsciousness of their spirit and assail their diversity. But in the first rank in the order of beauty we must place the great

moral fables 'The Shepherd and the King,' 'The Peasant of the Danube,' involving an eloquent sentiment of history, and almost of statesmanship; then those other fables which in their whole are a complete painting, of a more finished turn, and equally full of philosophy—'The Old Man and the Three Young Men,' 'The Cobbler and the Financier,' the last as perfect in itself as a great scene as a short comedy of Molière. Some are properly elegies—'Tircis and Amaranth'—and others elegies under a less direct and more enchanting form, such as the 'Two Doves.' If human nature seems often harshly treated by La Fontaine, if he says that childhood is 'without pity' and old age 'pitiless' (manhood making the best terms it can with him), it is enough to save him from the reproach of calumniating man, and leaves him as one of our great consolers, that friendship found him so habitual and so touching an interpreter. His 'Two Friends' is a masterpiece of this kind; but whenever he has to speak of friendship, his heart opens, his observant raillery expires; he has words that are felt, tender and noble accents. After reading this selection of La Fontaine's best fables, we feel our admiration for him renewed and refreshed, and exclaim, with the eminent critic Joubert, 'There is in La Fontaine a plenitude of poesy nowhere else to be found in our French writers.'"

SIR THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE, who was born in London in 1480, was son of Sir John More, knight, one of the judges of the king's bench. He received the first part of his education at St. Anthony's, Threadneedle street, and was afterward admitted into the family of Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, who was accustomed to say of him to his guests, "This boy who waits at table, whoever lives to see it, will prove a marvellous man." In 1497 he entered at Oxford, where he continued two years, and then, being designed for the law, removed to New Inn, London, and soon after to Lincoln's Inn, of which his father was a member.

About the age of twenty he became disgusted with the law and shut himself up during four years in the Charter-house, devoting himself exclusively to the services of religion. He had a strong inclination to take orders, and even to turn Franciscan, but was overruled by his father, whose authority was, moreover, reinforced by the amorous propensities of the son, which were not to be subdued even by the austerities of the cloister. Accordingly, he married Jane, eldest daughter of John Colt, Esq., of Newhall, Essex. About this period, too, he was appointed law-reader at Furnival's Inn, which he held for three years, and besides read a public lecture in the church of St. Laurence, Old Jewry, upon St. Austin's treatise *De Civitate Dei.*

At the age of two and twenty he was elected member of the Parliament called by Henry VII. in 1503 to demand a subsidy and nine-fifteenths for the marriage of Margaret, his eldest daughter, to James, king of Scotland. More opposed this demand with such force of argument that it was finally rejected by the House. In 1508 he was made judge of the sheriff's court, also a justice of the peace, and became eminent at the bar. In 1516 he went to Flanders, in the retinue of Bishop Tonstal and Dr. Knight, who were sent by Henry to renew the alli-

ance with the archduke of Austria, afterward Charles V. On his return he was offered a pension by Cardinal Wolsey, which, however, he thought proper to refuse, though he soon after accepted of the king the place of master of the requests. About this time, also, His Majesty conferred on him the honor of knighthood, appointed him one of his privy council and admitted him to the greatest personal familiarity. In 1520 he was made treasurer of the exchequer, and about the same period built a house at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames, and, being now a widower, married a second wife. In 1523, a Parliament being summoned to raise money for a war with France, he was elected Speaker of the House of Commons, and in this character opposed with great firmness, and with equal success, an oppressive subsidy demanded by the minister, Cardinal Wolsey. He was sent in 1526, with Cardinal Wolsey and others, on a joint embassy to France, and in 1528 was made chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. In the following year His Majesty appointed him, together with Tonstal, bishop of Durham, ambassador to negotiate a peace between the emperor Henry and the king of France, and in the peace hence resulting, concluded at Cambray, he obtained for the kingdom advantages so far beyond what had been expected that the king, on the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, gave him the great seal on the 25th of October of the same year; and it is remarkable that he was the first layman who had ever obtained that honor. But perceiving, from the measures pursued by the king in respect of his divorce from Queen Catharine, that a final rupture with Rome would be inevitable, and that himself, from his office, must be entangled in the contest, he resigned the seal after having sustained his high dignity only two years and a half. On the passing of the act of supremacy, in 1534, he refused to take the required oath, and he died on the block, a martyr, on the 5th of July, 1535.

Sir Thomas retained his hilarity, and even his habitual facetiousness, to the last, and made a sacrifice of his life to his integrity with all the indifference he would have shown in an ordinary affair. The following couplet, which is attributed to him, will serve to indicate the habitual state of mind which enabled him to meet his fate with a fortitude so admirable:

> "If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
> And if they do, fear but augments the pain."

A large portion of the writings of Sir Thomas More are in Latin, of which a collection in folio was published at Basil in 1566, and the year following at Louvain. Among this number is his *Eutopia*, his most celebrated work, which was written in 1516, and first published at Basil in 1518; at least, this is the first edition of which we have any account. From this book it appears that in the early part of his life he was a free-thinker, though he was subsequently devoted to Catholic principles. It was composed during the greatest hurry of his professional business, and at this period he stole time from his sleep to pursue his studies. The *Eutopia* was translated into several languages, and added greatly to the fame of his talents. A translation of it in English appeared in 1624 by Ralph Robinson, and in 1683 by Bishop Burnet, with a preface concerning the nature of translations.

The age of More was the age of discoveries, and his *Eutopia* was taken by the learned Budæus and others for true history. They thought it expedient that missionaries should be sent out to convert so wise a people to Christianity.

GEORGE BURNETT.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is one of the most glorious of the distinguishing attributes of human nature in its best estate; in its fall knowledge is undoubtedly the most glorious distinction within its reach. Man by nature, even in the lowest state of degradation in which savage life presents him, knows more than the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. He is also by nature prone to the pursuit of knowledge and capable of immense and endless advances in the attainment. Who can think on the discoveries and inventions in sciences and in arts without being convinced that man has something truly noble in his constitution? He is a royal palace in ruins. It is true the degraded and destitute circumstances in which the bulk of the human race are placed repress in a great measure the desire of knowledge, yet in favorable circumstances this desire will always manifest itself, even in the lowest state of human degradation. When knowledge is much cultivated, the desire of it, in many, advances to the rage of a passion. The philosopher in the pursuit of knowledge submits to every privation and labor, and the glory of a very trifling discovery will be esteemed by him a rich reward for his travelling to the ends of the earth. No missionary is so patient, so persevering, so fanatically zealous, as the missionary of science; he overcomes difficulties that might be supposed insurmountable. No devotee ever more patiently submitted to mortification for the glory of saintship than the man of science submits to self-denial for his crown of laurel. When he attains his height of elevation, he looks down from his pinnacle and beholds even kings as vulgar things. The whole diversified concerns of men are important in his eyes only as affording to him subjects for sublime speculation. He worships no god but knowledge; he raves about the charms of truth. While the savage looks for a heaven in which he will be inconceivably happy in pursuing his game through the clouds or through fair forests, the philosopher can think of no employment in heaven but that of discovering new relations of truth, solving dark problems and penetrating more deeply into the nature of things.

ALEXANDER CARSON, LL.D.

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

VOLUNTARY solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy and gently brings on, like a siren, a shoeing-horn or some sphinx, to this irrevocable gulf; a primary cause Piso calls it. Most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days and keep their chambers, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brookside, to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania* and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly im-

agine they represent or that they see acted or done. *Blanda quidem ab initio*, saith Lemnius, to conceive and meditate of such pleasant things sometimes, *present, past or to come*, as Rhasis speaks. So delightsome these joys are at first they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them or willingly interrupt. So pleasant their vain conceits are that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business; they cannot address themselves to them or almost any study or employment. These fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually, set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about an heath with a Puck in the night. They run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain or easily leave off winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden by some bad object, and they, being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, discontent, cares and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else; continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labor, no persuasions, they can avoid. They may not be rid of it; they cannot resist. ROBERT BURTON.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

RICHARD, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage *egal* with either of them; in body and prowess, far under them both—little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favored of visage, as such as in states called *warlye*, in other men otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious and from afore his birth ever froward. None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and some time overthrows, but never in default for his own person either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal. With large gifts he *get* him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to *pil* and spoil in other places, and get him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly *coumpinable* where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill, dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but after for ambition, and either for the surety and increase of his estate. Friend and foe was much what indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower. SIR THOMAS MORE.

MORAL TEACHINGS IN SIAM.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, SEPTEMBER 15, 1893, BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE CHANDRADIT CHODHARHARN OF SIAM.

NOW comes the question, What is good and what is evil? Every act, speech, or thought derived from falsehood, or that which is injurious to others, is evil. Every act, speech, or thought derived from truth, and that which is not injurious to others, is good. Buddhism teaches that lust prompts avarice, anger creates animosity, ignorance produces false ideas. These are called evils because they cause pain. On the other hand, contentment prompts charity, love creates kindness, knowledge produces progressive ideas. These are called good because they give pleasure. A good man is characterized by seven qualities: he should not be loaded with faults, he should be free from laziness, he should not boast of his knowledge, he should be truthful, benevolent, content, and he should aspire to all that is useful.

A husband should honor his wife, never insult her, never displease her, make her mistress of the house, and provide for her. On her part, a wife ought to be cheerful toward him when he works, entertain his friends and care for his dependants, never do anything he does not wish, take good care of the wealth he has accumulated, not be idle, but always be cheerful when at work herself.

Parents in old age expect their children to take care of them, to do all their work and business, to maintain the household, and after death to do honor to their remains by being charitable. Parents help their children by preventing them from doing sinful acts, by guiding them in the path of virtue, by educating them, by providing them with husbands and wives suitable to them, by leaving them legacies.

When poverty, accident, or misfortune befalls man, the Buddhist is taught to bear it with patience, and if these are brought on by himself, it is his duty to discover their causes and try, if possible, to remedy them. If the causes, however, are not to be found here in this life, he must account for them by the wrongs done in his former existence.

Temperance is enjoined upon all Buddhists for the reason that the habit of using intoxicating things tends to lower the mind to the level of that of an idiot, a madman, or an evil spirit.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London in 1596. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of A. M.; afterward he embraced Catholicism and became a schoolmaster. Leaving this employment, he settled in London as a dramatic writer, and between the years 1625 and 1666 published thirty-nine plays. In the civil wars he followed his patron, the earl of Newcastle, to the field, but on the decline of the royal cause returned to London, and there kept a school in Whitefriars, where he educated many eminent characters. What benefit the Restoration brought him as a Royalist we are not informed. Both he and his wife died on the same day, immediately after the great fire of London in A. D. 1666, by which they had been driven out of their house, and probably owed their deaths to that event.

S. O. BEETON.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage-wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall—
A royal tiger-lily
With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jewelled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
"When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again."

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan:
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN.

THE LAST SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

"WHAT sounds of music waken me
From out my slumbers sweet?
Oh, mother, look! who may it be
That comes so late to greet?"

"I hear not aught, nor aught I see;
Oh, slumber on so mild:
They bring thee now no serenade,
Thou poor dear sickly child."

"Oh no, they are not earthly strains
That give me such delight:
With music angels call me hence;
Oh, mother dear, good-night!

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

A NIGHT AT GIBRALTAR.

HOVE off, sir," said he.

"Let fall! give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water Port, as the principal and strongly-fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged Staff" (the name of the other landing-place) "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the mean while stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself at the Water Port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay beside which our boat was lying is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison or national vessels in the harbor, are permitted to approach, and, though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite mounted with guns which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant-vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market-boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches the activity and confusion increase. Crowds of people of all nations and every variety of costume and language jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap and flowing capote strides carelessly along; the Jew with his bent head, shaven crown and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine glides with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick, wary glances from underneath his downcast brows; the Moor wrapped close in his white bernoose stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene, while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French,

English and Americans, officers, merchants and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamor of tongues. High on the walls the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention from time to time as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard whose large frame and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero, slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face the dark sunburnt hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connection of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended, and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow and hastily retired to another part of the quay, but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed toward me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavoring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude, when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle sounded within the walls, and in an instant after repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden and darted off, while others took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion, mingled shouts, calls and curses resounded on every side, and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away, the last felucca shoved off and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew. As soon as the quay became entirely deserted the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued; then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock; the drawbridge by some unseen agency was rolled slowly back till it disappeared within the arched passage; the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges, and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water Port, I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders

I had received, to pull round to the Ragged Staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay, which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase erected about twenty feet from the wall and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay I sprang ashore, and, walking to a favorable position, endeavored to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape and rendering its features misty and indistinct; a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing, and my mind crowded with a succession of new images until its vigor was exhausted. I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep, flinty sides and dreadful precipices with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart, and even the watch-dog's bark from on board some vessel in the bay gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze, for it was associated with sounds of home and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones which had been piled on the end of the quay, and, seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full rein to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics, but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images, but one image it presented with the vividness of life and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in opening manhood I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affection, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the bitterest enmity against me; and from him my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water Port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations I know not how long a time slipped by, but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct and my eyes to feel heavy; and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to

sleep. My eyelids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two, and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency that I saw an object before me the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise. The moon had risen and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water Port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically-stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message, he turned away and walked toward the garrison. Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the commodore was visiting, that he could have no motive to mislead me, and that were I to neglect obeying the order through fear of its bearer because he was tall, had whiskers and wore a sombrero I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him! This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed toward the gate. The tall, dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock, but on reaching the foot of the spiral staircase I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path, which seemed to ascend toward the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but, pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned toward me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him, but without much effect. I became

fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us. The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course. But what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge scarce two feet wide had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which at every footstep fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice till the sound died away in the immense depths below. I could not conjecture whither the Spaniard was leading me, but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much farther in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold."

I glanced my eyes round, and, shuddering, withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws, and in front the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent that a stone dropped from the edge would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head and approaching close to me; "look! Know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again."

As he spoke he seized hold of me with a fiendish grasp and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and, stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then, darting toward me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of

the precipice. With a powerful exertion of strength which I was no longer able to resist he dashed my body over the dreadful edge and held me out at arm's length above the dread abyss. The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge; in my frenzied struggle I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate; he sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and, placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way, the loosened dirt fell from around it, the trunk snapped, cracked and separated, and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh which rang in my ears like the mocking of a demon as down, down, down, I fell through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till, striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath— I waked, and, lo! it was a dream.

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which during my sleep had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore, returning to the boat and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so, shoving off, he left me to my slumbers, but on reaching the ship gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her, and we returned together to the frigate laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

SULEIMA TO HER LOVER.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THOU reckonest seven heavens—I, but one,
And thou art it, beloved! Voice and hand,
And eye and mouth, are but the angel band
Who minister around that highest throne,
Thy godlike heart. And there I reign supreme,
And choose at will the angel who I deem
Will sing the sweetest words I love to hear—
That short, sweet song whose echo clear
Will last throughout eternity:
"I love thee!
How I love thee!"

Translation of LADY WILDE

CHIVALRY.

FROM "VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES."

THE best school of moral discipline which the Middle Ages afforded was the institution of chivalry. There is something, perhaps, to allow for the partiality of modern writers upon this interesting subject, yet our most sceptical criticism must assign a decisive influence to this great source of human improvement. The more deeply it is considered, the more we shall become sensible of its importance.

There are, if I may so say, three powerful spirits which have from time to time moved over the face of the waters and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies of mankind: these are the spirits of liberty, of religion and of honor. It was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three, and whatever high magnanimous energy the love of liberty or religious zeal has ever imparted was equalled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved.

It appears probable that the custom of receiving arms at the age of manhood with some solemnity was of immemorial antiquity among the nations that overthrew the Roman empire, for it is mentioned by Tacitus to have prevailed among their German ancestors, and his expressions might have been used with no great variation to describe the actual ceremonies of knighthood. There was even in that remote age a sort of public trial as to the fitness of the candidate which, though perhaps confined to his bodily strength and activity, might be the germ of that refined investigation which was thought necessary in the perfect stage of chivalry. Proofs, though rare and incidental, might be adduced to show that in the time of Charlemagne, and even earlier, the sons of monarchs, at least, did not assume manly arms without a regular investiture, and in the eleventh century it is evident that this was a general practice.

This ceremony, however, would perhaps of itself have done little toward forming that intrinsic principle which characterized the genuine chivalry, but in the reign of Charlemagne we find a military distinction that appears, in fact as well as in name, to have given birth to that institution. Certain feudal tenants, and I suppose also allodial proprietors, were bound to serve on horseback, equipped with the coat of mail. These were called "Caballarii," from which the word "chevaliers" is an obvious corruption. But he who fought on horseback and had been invested with peculiar arms in a solemn manner wanted nothing more to render him a knight. Chivalry, therefore, may, in a general sense, be referred to the age of Charlemagne. We may, however, go farther and observe that these distinctive advantages above ordinary combatants were

probably the sources of that remarkable valor and that keen thirst for glory which became the essential attributes of a knightly character, for confidence in our skill and strength is the usual foundation of courage: it is by feeling ourselves able to surmount common dangers that we become adventurous enough to encounter those of a more extraordinary nature, and to which more glory is attached. The reputation of superior personal prowess, so difficult to be attained in the course of modern warfare, and so liable to erroneous representations, was always within the reach of the stoutest knight, and was founded on claims which could be measured with much accuracy. Such is the subordination and mutual dependence in a modern army that every man must be content to divide his glory with his comrades, his general or his soldiers, but the soul of chivalry was individual honor, coveted in so entire and absolute a perfection that it must not be shared with an army or a nation. Most of the virtues it inspired were what we may call independent, as opposed to those which are founded upon social relations. The knights-errant of romance perform their best exploits from the love of renown or from a sort of abstract sense of justice rather than from any solicitude to promote the happiness of mankind. If these springs of action are less generally beneficial, they are, however, more connected with elevation of character than the systematical prudence of men accustomed to social life. This solitary and independent spirit of chivalry, dwelling, as it were, upon a rock, and disdaining injustice or falsehood from a consciousness of internal dignity, without any calculation of their consequences, is not unlike what we sometimes read of Arabian chiefs or the North American Indians. These nations, so widely remote from each other, seem to partake of that moral energy which among European nations far remote from both of them was excited by the spirit of chivalry. But the most beautiful picture that was ever portrayed of this character is the Achilles of Homer, the representative of chivalry in its most general form, with all its sincerity and unyielding rectitude, all its courtesies and munificence. Calmly indifferent to the cause in which he is engaged, and contemplating with a serious and unshaken look the premature death that awaits him, his heart only beats for glory and friendship. To this sublime character, bating that imaginary completion by which the creations of the poet, like those of the sculptor, transcend all single works of nature, there were probably many parallels in the ages of chivalry, especially before a set education and the refinements of society had altered a little the natural unadulterated warrior of a ruder period. One illustrious example from this earlier age is the Cid Ruy Diaz, whose history has fortunately been preserved much at length in several chronicles of ancient date and in one valuable poem; and though I will not say that the Spanish hero is altogether a counterpart of Achilles in gracefulness and urbanity, yet was he inferior to none that ever lived in frankness, honor and magnanimity.

In the first state of chivalry it was closely connected with the military service of fiefs. The Caballarii in the Capitularies, the Milites of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, were landholders who followed their lord or

sovereign into the field. A certain value of land was termed in England a knight's fee, or in Normandy *feudum loricæ, fief de haubert*, from the coat of mail which it entitled and required the tenant to wear; a military tenure was said to be by service in chivalry. To serve as knights, mounted and equipped, was the common duty of vassals: it implied no personal merit; it gave of itself a claim to no civil privileges. But this knight-service founded upon a feudal obligation is to be carefully distinguished from that superior chivalry in which all was independent and voluntary. The latter, in fact, could hardly flourish in its full perfection till the military service of feudal tenure began to decline—namely, in the thirteenth century. The origin of this personal chivalry I should incline to refer to the ancient usage of voluntary commendation. Men commended themselves—that is, did homage and professed attachment—to a prince or lord; generally, indeed, for protection or the hope of reward, but sometimes, probably, for the sake of distinguishing themselves in his quarrels. When they received pay, which must have been the usual case, they were literally his soldiers or stipendiary troops. Those who could afford to exert their valor without recompense were like the knights of whom we read in romance who served a foreign master through love or thirst of glory or gratitude. The extreme poverty of the lower nobility, arising from the subdivision of fiefs and the politic generosity of rich lords, made this connection as strong as that of territorial dependence. A younger brother leaving the paternal estate, in which he took a slender share, might look to wealth and dignity in the service of a powerful count. Knighthood, which he could not claim as his legal right, became the object of his chief ambition. It raised him in the scale of society, equalling him in dress, in arms and in title to the rich landholders. As it was due to his merit, it did much more than equal him to those who had no pretensions but from wealth, and the territorial knights became by degrees ashamed of assuming the title till they could challenge it by real desert.

This class of noble and gallant cavaliers, serving commonly for pay, but on the most honorable footing, became far more numerous through the crusades—a great epoch in the history of European society. In these wars, as all feudal service was out of the question, it was necessary for the richer barons to take into their pay as many knights as they could afford to maintain, speculating, so far as such motives operated, on an influence with the leaders of the expedition and on a share of plunder proportioned to the number of their followers. During the period of the crusades we find the institution of chivalry acquire its full vigor as an order of personal nobility, and its original connection with feudal tenure, if not altogether effaced, became in a great measure forgotten in the splendor and dignity of the new form which it wore.

The crusaders, however, changed in more than one respect the character of chivalry. Before that epoch it appears to have had nc particular reference to religion. Ingulfus, indeed, tells us that the Anglo-Saxons preceded the ceremony of investure by a confession of their sins and other pious rites, and they received the order at the hands of a priest instead of a knight. But this was derided by the Normans as effeminacy, and seems to have proceeded from the extreme devotion

of the English before the Conquest. We can hardly perceive, indeed, why the assumption of arms to be used in butchering mankind should be treated as a religious ceremony. The clergy, to do them justice, constantly opposed the private wars in which the courage of those ages wasted itself, and all bloodshed was subject in strictness to a canonical penance, but the purposes for which men bore arms in a crusade so sanctified their use that chivalry acquired the character as much of a religious as a military institution. For many centuries the recovery of the Holy Land was constantly at the heart of a brave and superstitious nobility, and every knight was supposed at his creation to pledge himself, as occasion should arise, to that cause. Meanwhile, the defence of God's law against infidels was his primary and standing duty. A knight, whenever present at mass, held the point of his sword before him while the gospel was read, to signify his readiness to support it. Writers of the Middle Ages compare the knightly to the priestly character in an elaborate parallel, and the investiture of the one was supposed analogous to the ordination of the other. The ceremonies upon this occasion were almost wholly religious. The candidate passed nights in prayer among priests in a church; he received the sacraments; he entered into a bath and was clad with a white robe, in allusion to the presumed purification of his life; his sword was solemnly blessed; everything, in short, was contrived to identify his new condition with the defence of religion, or at least of the Church.

To this strong tincture of religion which entered into the composition of chivalry from the twelfth century was added another ingredient equally distinguishing. A great respect for the female sex had always been a remarkable characteristic of the Northern nations. The German women were high-spirited and virtuous—qualities which might be causes or consequences of the veneration with which they were regarded. I am not sure that we could trace very minutely the condition of women for the period between the subversion of the Roman empire and the first crusade, but apparently man did not grossly abuse his superiority, and in point of civil rights, and even as to the inheritance of property, the two sexes were placed, perhaps, as nearly on a level as the nature of such warlike societies would admit. There seems, however, to have been more roughness in the social intercourse between the sexes than we find in later periods. The spirit of gallantry, which became so animating a principle of chivalry, must be ascribed to the progressive refinement of society during the twelfth and two succeeding centuries. In a rude state of manners, as among the lower people in all ages, woman has not full scope to display those fascinating graces by which Nature has designed to counterbalance the strength and energy of mankind. Even where those jealous customs that degrade alike the two sexes have not prevailed her lot is domestic seclusion, nor is she fit to share in the boisterous pastimes of drunken merriment to which the intercourse of an unpolished people is confined; but as a taste for the more elegant enjoyment of wealth arises—a taste which it is always her policy and her delight to nourish—she obtains an ascendency, at first in the lighter hour, and from thence in the serious occupations of life. She chases or brings into subjection the god of wine—a victory which might seem more

ignoble were it less difficult, and calls in the aid of divinities more propitious to her ambition. The love of becoming ornament is not perhaps to be regarded in the light of vanity: it is rather an instinct which woman has received from Nature to give effect to those charms that are her defence; and when Commerce began to minister more effectually to the wants of Luxury, the rich furs of the North, the gay silks of Asia, the wrought gold of domestic manufacture, illumined the halls of chivalry, and cast, as if by the spell of enchantment, that ineffable grace over beauty which the choice and arrangement of dress is calculated to bestow. Courtesy had always been the proper attribute of knighthood; protection of the weak, its legitimate duty; but these were heightened to a pitch of enthusiasm when woman became their object. There was little jealousy shown in the treatment of that sex—at least, in France, the fountain of chivalry; they were present at festivals, at tournaments, and sat promiscuously in the halls of their castle. The romance of Perceforest—and romances have always been deemed good witnesses as to manners—tells of a feast where eight hundred knights had each of them a lady eating off his plate; for to eat off the same plate was a usual mark of gallantry or friendship.

Next, therefore, or even equal, to devotion stood gallantry among the principles of knighthood, but all comparison between the two was saved by blending them together. The love of God and the ladies was enjoined as a single duty. He who was faithful and true to his mistress was held sure of salvation in the theology of castles, though not of cloisters. Froissart announces that he had undertaken a collection of amorous poetry with the help of God and of love, and Boccace returns thanks to each for their assistance in the *Decameron*. The laws sometimes united in this general homage to the fair. "We will," says James II. of Aragon, "that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be in company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested, unless he be guilty of murder." Louis II., duke of Bourbon, instituting the order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor above all the ladies, and not to permit any one to slander them, "because from them, after God, comes all the honor that men can acquire."

The gallantry of those ages, which was very often adulterous, had certainly no right to profane the name of religion, but its union with valor was at least more natural, and became so intimate that the same word has served to express both qualities. In the French and English wars especially the knights of each country brought to that serious conflict the spirit of romantic attachment which had been cherished in the hours of peace. They fought at Poitiers or Verneuil as they had fought at tournaments, bearing over their armor scarves and devices as the livery of their mistresses, and asserting the paramount beauty of her they served in vaunting challenges toward the enemy. Thus in the middle of a keen skirmish at Cherbourg the squadrons remained motionless while one knight challenged to a single combat the most amorous of the adversaries. Such a defiance was soon accepted, and the battle only recommenced when one of the champions had lost his life for his love. In the first campaign of Edward's war some young English knights wore a covering over one eye, vowing, for the sake of their ladies, never to see with both till they should have signalized their prowess in the field.

These extravagances of chivalry are so common that they form part of its general character, and prove how far a course of action which depends upon the impulses of sentiment may come to deviate from common sense.

It cannot be presumed that this enthusiastic veneration, this devotedness in life and death, were wasted upon ungrateful natures. The goddesses of that idolatry knew too well the value of their worshippers. There has seldom been such adamant about the female heart as can resist the highest renown for valor and courtesy, united with the steadiest fidelity. "He loved," says Froissart of Eustace d'Auberthicourt, "and afterward married, Lady Isabel, daughter of the count of Juliers. This lady, too, loved Lord Eustace for the great exploits in arms which she heard told of him, and she sent him horses and loving letters, which made the said Lord Eustace more bold than before, and he wrought such feats of chivalry that all in his company were gainers." It were to be wished that the sympathy of love and valor had always been as honorable. But the morals of chivalry, we cannot deny, were not pure. In the amusing fictions which seem to have been the only popular reading of the Middle Ages there reigns a licentious spirit, not of that slighter kind which is usual in such compositions, but indicating a general dissoluteness in the intercourse of the sexes. This has often been noticed of Boccaccio and the early Italian novelists, but it equally characterized the tales and romances of France, whether metrical or in prose, and all the poetry of the Troubadours. The violation of marriage-vows passes in them for an incontestable privilege of the brave and the fair, and an accomplished knight seems to have enjoyed as undoubted prerogatives by general consent of opinion as were claimed by the brilliant courtiers of Louis XV.

But neither that emulous valor which chivalry excited nor the religion and gallantry which were its animating principles, alloyed as the latter were by the corruption of those ages, could have rendered its institution materially conducive to the moral improvement of society. There were, however, excellences of a very high class which it equally encouraged. In the books professedly written to lay down the duties of knighthood they appear to spread over the whole compass of human obligations. But these, like other books of morality, strain their schemes of perfection far beyond the actual practice of mankind. A juster estimate of chivalrous manners is to be deduced from romances. Yet in these, as in all similar fictions, there must be a few ideal touches beyond the simple truth of character, and the picture can only be interesting when it ceases to present images of mediocrity or striking imperfection. But they referred their models of fictitious heroism to the existing standard of moral approbation—a rule which, if it generally falls short of what reason and religion prescribe, is always beyond the average tenor of human conduct. From these and from history itself we may infer the tendency of chivalry to elevate and purify the moral feelings.

Three virtues may particularly be noticed as essential, in the estimation of mankind, to the character of a knight—loyalty, courtesy and munificence. The first of these, in its original sense, may be defined "fidelity to engagements," whether actual promises or such tacit obligations as bound a vassal to

his lord and a subject to his prince. It was applied also, and in the utmost strictness, to the fidelity of a lover toward the lady he served. Breach of faith, and especially of an express promise, was held a disgrace that no valor could redeem. "False," "perjured," "disloyal," "recreant," were the epithets which he must be compelled to endure who had swerved from a plighted engagement even toward an enemy. This is one of the most striking changes produced by chivalry. Treachery, the usual vice of savage as well as corrupt nations, became infamous during the vigor of that discipline. As personal rather than national feelings actuated its heroes, they never felt that hatred—much less that fear—of their enemies which blinds men to the heinousness of ill-faith. In the wars of Edward III., originating in no real animosity, the spirit of honorable as well as courteous behavior toward the foe seems to have arrived at its highest point. Though avarice may have been the primary motive of ransoming prisoners instead of putting them to death, their permission to return home on the word of honor in order to procure the stipulated sum —an indulgence never refused—could only be founded on experienced confidence in the principles of chivalry.

A knight was unfit to remain a member of the order if he violated his faith; he was ill-acquainted with its duties if he proved wanting in courtesy. This word expressed the most highly-refined good-breeding, founded less upon a knowledge of ceremonious politeness, though this was not to be omitted, than on the spontaneous modesty, self-denial and respect for others which ought to spring from his heart. Besides the grace which this beautiful virtue threw over the habits of social life, it softened down the natural roughness of war and gradually introduced that indulgent treatment of prisoners which was almost unknown to antiquity. Instances of this kind are continual in the later period of the Middle Ages. An Italian writer blames the soldier who wounded Eccelin, the famous tyrant of Padua, after he was taken. "He deserved," says he, "no praise, but rather the greatest infamy for his baseness, since it is as vile an act to wound a prisoner, whether noble or otherwise, as to strike a dead body." Considering the crimes of Eccelin, this sentiment is a remarkable proof of generosity. The behavior of Edward III. to Eustace de Ribaumont after the capture of Calais, and that, still more exquisitely beautiful, of the Black Prince to his royal prisoner at Poitiers, are such eminent instances of chivalrous virtue that I omit to repeat them only because they are so well known. Those great princes, too, might be imagined to have soared far above the ordinary track of mankind. But, in truth, the knights who surrounded them and imitated their excellences were only inferior in opportunities of displaying the same virtue. After the battle of Poitiers, "the English and Gascon knights," says Froissart, "having entertained their prisoners, went home each of them with the knights or squires he had taken, whom he then questioned upon their honor what ransom they could pay without inconvenience, and easily gave them credit; and it was common for men to say that they would not straiten any knight or squire so that he should not live well and keep up his honor." Liberality, indeed, and disdain of money, might be reckoned, as I have said, among the essen-

tial virtues of chivalry. All the romances inculcate the duty of scattering their wealth with profusion, especially toward minstrels, pilgrims and the poorer members of their own order. The last, who were pretty numerous, had a constant right to succor from the opulent; the castle of every lord who respected the ties of knighthood was open with more than usual hospitality to the traveller whose armor announced his dignity, though it might also conceal his poverty.

Valor, loyalty, courtesy, munificence, formed collectively the character of an accomplished knight, so far as was displayed in the ordinary tenor of his life, reflecting these virtues as an unsullied mirror. Yet something more was required for the perfect idea of chivalry and enjoined by its principles—an active sense of justice, an ardent indignation against wrong, a determination of courage to its best end, the prevention or redress of injury. It grew up as a salutary antidote in the midst of poisons while scarce any law but that of the strongest obtained regard, and the rights of territorial property, which are only rights as they conduce to general good, became the means of general oppression. The real condition of society, it has sometimes been thought, might suggest stories of knight-errantry which were wrought up into the popular romances of the Middle Ages. A baron, abusing the advantage of an inaccessible castle in the fastnesses of the Black Forest or the Alps to pillage the neighborhood and confine travellers in his dungeon, though neither a giant nor a Saracen, was a monster not less formidable, and could perhaps as little be destroyed without the aid of disinterested bravery. Knight-errantry, indeed, as a profession, cannot rationally be conceived to have had any existence beyond the precincts of romance, yet there seems no improbability in supposing that a knight, journeying through uncivilized regions in his way to the Holy Land or to the court of a foreign sovereign, might find himself engaged in adventures not very dissimilar to those which are the theme of romance. We cannot, indeed, expect to find any historical evidence of such incidents.

The characteristic virtues of chivalry bear so much resemblance to those which Eastern writers of the same period extol that I am a little disposed to suspect Europe of having derived some improvement from imitation of Asia. Though the crusades began in abhorrence of infidels, this sentiment wore off in some degree before their cessation; and the regular intercourse of commerce, sometimes of alliance, between the Christians of Palestine and the Saracens must have removed part of the prejudice, while experience of their enemy's courage and generosity in war would with those gallant knights serve to lighten the remainder. The romancers expatiate with pleasure on the merits of Saladin, who actually received the honor of knighthood from Hugh of Tabaria, his prisoner. An ancient poem, entitled *The Order of Chivalry*, is founded upon this story, and contains a circumstantial account of the ceremonies, as well as duties, which the institution required. One or two other instances of a similar kind bear witness to the veneration in which the name of knight was held among the Eastern nations; and certainly the Mohammedan chieftains were for the most part abundantly qualified to fulfil the duties of European chivalry. Their manners had been polished and courteous, while

the Western kingdoms were comparatively barbarous.

The principles of chivalry were not, I think, naturally productive of many evils, for it is unjust to class those acts of oppression or disorder among the abuses of knighthood which were committed in spite of its regulations, and were only prevented by them from becoming more extensive. The license of times so imperfectly civilized could not be expected to yield to institutions which, like those of religion, fell prodigiously short in their practical result of the reformation which they were designed to work. Man's guilt and frailty have never admitted more than a partial corrective. But some bad consequences may be more fairly ascribed to the very nature of chivalry. I have already mentioned the dissoluteness which almost unavoidably resulted from the prevailing tone of gallantry, and yet we sometimes find in the writings of those times a spirit of pure but exaggerated sentiment, and the most fanciful refinements of passion are mingled by the same poets with the coarsest immorality. An undue thirst for military renown was another fault that chivalry must have nourished, and the love of war, sufficiently pernicious in any shape, was more founded, as I have observed, on personal feelings of honor, and less on public spirit, than in the citizens of free states. A third reproach may be made to the character of knighthood that it widened the separation between the different classes of society and confirmed that aristocratical spirit of high birth by which the large mass of mankind were kept in unjust degradation. Compare the generosity of Edward III. toward Eustace de Ribaumont at the siege of Calais with the harshness of his conduct toward the citizens. This may be illustrated by a story from Joinville, who was himself imbued with the full spirit of chivalry and felt like the best and bravest of his age. He is speaking of Henry, count of Champagne, who acquired, says he, very deservedly, the surname of "Liberal," and adduces the following proof of it: A poor knight implored of him on his knees one day as much money as would serve to marry his two daughters. One Arthault de Nogent, a rich burgess willing to rid the count of this importunity, but rather awkward, we must own, in the turn of his argument, said to the petitioner, "My lord has already given away so much that he has nothing left."—"Sir Villain," replied Henry, turning round to him, "you do not speak truth in saying that I have nothing left to give, when I have got yourself.—Here, Sir Knight; I give you this man and warrant your possession of him." Then, says Joinville, the poor knight was not at all confounded, but seized hold of the burgess fast by the collar and told him he should not go till he had ransomed himself, and in the end he was forced to pay a ransom of five hundred pounds. The simple-minded writer who brings this evidence of the count of Champagne's liberality is not at all struck with the facility of a virtue that is exercised at the cost of others.

There is perhaps enough in the nature of this institution and its congeniality to the habits of a warlike generation to account for the respect in which it was held throughout Europe. But several collateral circumstances served to invigorate its spirit. Besides the powerful efficacy with which the poetry and romance of the Middle Ages stimulated those

susceptible minds which were alive to no other literature, we may enumerate four distinct causes tending to the promotion of chivalry.

The first of these was the regular scheme of education according to which the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords, where they at once learned the whole discipline of their future profession and imbibed its emulous and enthusiastic spirit. This was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen these boys were called "pages" or "varlets;" at fourteen they bore the name of "esquire." They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity. They became accustomed to obedience and courteous demeanor, serving their lord or lady in offices which had not yet become derogatory to honorable birth, and striving to please visitors, and especially ladies, at the ball or banquet. Thus placed in the centre of all that could awaken their imaginations, the creed of chivalrous gallantry, superstition or honor must have made indelible impressions. Panting for the glory which neither their strength nor the established rules permitted them to anticipate, the young scions of chivalry attended their masters to the tournament, and even to the battle, and riveted with a sigh the armor they were forbidden to wear.

It was the constant policy of sovereigns to encourage this institution, which furnished them with faithful supports and counteracted the independent spirit of feudal tenure. Hence they displayed a lavish magnificence in festivals and tournaments, which may be reckoned a second means of keeping up the tone of chivalrous feeling. The kings of France and England held solemn or plenary courts at the great festivals, or at other times, where the name of knight was always a title to admittance, and the masque of chivalry, if I may use the expression, was acted in pageants and ceremonies fantastical enough in our apprehension, but well calculated for those heated understandings. Here the peacock and the pheasant—birds of high fame in romance—received the homage of all true knights. The most singular festival of this kind was that celebrated by Philip, duke of Burgundy, in 1453. In the midst of the banquet a pageant was introduced representing the calamitous state of religion in consequence of the recent capture of Constantinople. This was followed by the appearance of a pheasant, which was laid before the duke, and to which the knights present addressed their vows to undertake a crusade in the following very characteristic preamble: "I swear before God my Creator in the first place, and the glorious Virgin his mother, and next before the ladies and the pheasant." Tournaments were a still more powerful incentive to emulation. These may be considered to have arisen about the middle of the eleventh century; for though every martial people have found diversion in representing the image of war, yet the name of tournaments and the laws that regulated them cannot be traced any higher. Every scenic performance of modern times must be tame in comparison of these animating combats. At a tournament the space enclosed within the lists was surrounded by sovereign princes and their

noblest barons, by knights of established renown, and all that rank and beauty had most distinguished among the fair. Covered with steel and known only by their emblazoned shield or by the favors of their mistresses, a still prouder bearing, the combatants rushed forward to a strife without enmity, but not without danger. Though their weapons were pointless and sometimes only of wood, though they were bound by the laws of tournaments to strike only upon the strong armor of the trunk—or, as it was called, between the four limbs—those impetuous conflicts often terminated in wounds and death. The Church uttered her excommunications in vain against so wanton an exposure to peril, but it was more easy for her to excite than to restrain that martial enthusiasm. Victory in a tournament was little less glorious, and perhaps at the moment more exquisitely felt, than in the field, since no battle could assemble such witnesses of valor. "Honor to the sons of the brave!" resounded amidst the din of martial music from the lips of the minstrels as the conqueror advanced to receive the prize from his queen or his mistress, while the surrounding multitude acknowledged in his prowess of that day an augury of triumphs that might in more serious contests be blended with those of his country.

Both honorary and substantial privileges belonged to the condition of knighthood, and had, of course, a material tendency to preserve its credit. A knight was distinguished abroad by his crested helmet, his weighty armor, whether of mail or plate, bearing his heraldic coat, by his gilded spurs, his horse barded with iron or clothed in housing of gold; at home, by richer silks and more costly furs than were permitted to squires, and by the appropriated color of scarlet. He was addressed by titles of more respect. Many civil offices by rule or usage were confined to his order. But perhaps its chief privilege was to form one distinct class of nobility extending itself throughout great part of Europe, and almost independent, as to its rights and dignities, of any particular sovereign. Whoever had been legitimately dubbed a knight in one country became, as it were, a citizen of universal chivalry, and might assume most of its privileges in any other. Nor did he require the act of a sovereign to be thus distinguished. It was a fundamental principle that any knight might confer the order, responsible only in his own reputation if he used lightly so high a prerogative. But, as all the distinctions of rank might have been confounded if this right had been without limit, it was an equally fundamental rule that it could only be exercised in favor of gentlemen.

The privileges annexed to chivalry were of peculiar advantage to the vavassors, or inferior gentry, as they tended to counterbalance the influence which territorial wealth threw into the scale of their feudal suzerains. Knighthood brought these two classes nearly to a level, and it is owing, perhaps, in no small degree to this institution that the lower nobility saved themselves, notwithstanding their poverty, from being confounded with the common people.

Lastly, the customs of chivalry were maintained by their connection with military service. After armies which we may call comparatively regular had superseded in a great degree the feudal militia, princes were anxious to bid high for the service of knights.

the best-equipped and bravest warriors of the time, on whose prowess the fate of battles was for a long period justly supposed to depend. War brought into relief the generous virtues of chivalry and gave lustre to its distinctive privileges. The rank was sought with enthusiastic emulation through heroic achievements, to which, rather than to mere wealth and station, it was considered to belong. In the wars of France and England—by far the most splendid period of this institution—a promotion of knights followed every success, besides the innumerable cases where the same honor rewarded individual bravery. It may here be mentioned that an honorary distinction was made between knights-bannerets and bachelors. The former were the richest and best accompanied. No man could properly be a banneret unless he possessed a certain estate and could bring a certain number of lances into the field. His distinguishing mark was the square banner, carried by a squire at the point of his lance, while the knight-bachelor had only the coronet or pointed pendant. When a banneret was created, the general cut off this pendant to render the banner square. But this distinction, however it elevated the banneret, gave him no claim to military command except over his own dependents or men-at-arms. Chandos was still a knight-bachelor when he led part of the prince of Wales's army into Spain. He first raised his banner at the battle of Navarette, and the narration that Froissart gives of the ceremony will illustrate the manners of chivalry and the character of that admirable hero, the conqueror of Du Guesclin and pride of English chivalry, whose fame with posterity has been a little overshadowed by his master's laurels. What seems more extraordinary is that mere squires had frequently the command over knights. Proofs of this are almost continual in Froissart. But the vast estimation in which men held the dignity of knighthood led them sometimes to defer it for great part of their lives in hope of signalizing their investiture by some eminent exploit.

These appear to have been the chief means of nourishing the principles of chivalry among the nobility of Europe, but, notwithstanding all encouragement, it underwent the usual destiny of human institutions. St. Palaye, to whom we are indebted for so vivid a picture of ancient manners, ascribes the decline of chivalry in France to the profusion with which the order was lavished under Charles VI., to the establishment of the companies of ordonnance by Charles VII. and to the extension of knightly honors to lawyers and other men of civil occupation by Francis I. But the real principle of decay was something different from these three subordinate circumstances, unless so far as it may bear some relation to the second. It was the invention of gunpowder that eventually overthrew chivalry. From the time when the use of firearms became tolerably perfect the weapons of former warfare lost their efficacy, and physical force was reduced to a very subordinate place in the accomplishments of a soldier. The advantages of a disciplined infantry became more sensible, and the lancers, who continued till almost the end of the sixteenth century to charge in a long line, felt the punishment of their presumption and indiscipline. Even in the wars of Edward III. the disadvantageous tactics of chivalry must have been percep-

tible, but the military art had not been sufficiently studied to overcome the prejudices of men eager for individual distinction. Tournaments became less frequent, and after the fatal accident of Henry II. were entirely discontinued in France. Notwithstanding the convulsions of the religious wars, the sixteenth century was more tranquil than any that had preceded; and thus a large part of the nobility passed their lives in pacific habits, and if they assumed the honors of chivalry forgot their natural connection with military prowess. This is far more applicable to England, where, except from the reign of Edward III. to that of Henry VI., chivalry, as a military institution, seems not to have found a very congenial soil. To these circumstances, immediately affecting the military condition of nations, we must add the progress of reason and literature, which made ignorance discreditable even in a soldier and exposed the follies of romance to a ridicule which they were very ill-calculated to endure.

The spirit of chivalry left behind it a more valuable successor. The character of knight gradually subsided in that of gentleman, and the one distinguishes European society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as much as the other did in the preceding ages. A jealous sense of honor, less romantic, but equally elevated, a ceremonious gallantry and politeness, a strictness in devotional observances, a high pride of birth and feeling of independence upon any sovereign for the dignity it gave, a sympathy for martial honor, though more subdued by civil habits, are the lineaments which prove an indisputable descent. The cavaliers of Charles I. were genuine successors of Edward's knights, and the resemblance is much more striking if we ascend to the civil wars of the League. Time has effaced much also of this gentlemanly, as it did before of the chivalrous, character. From the latter part of the seventeenth century its vigor and purity have undergone a tacit decay, and yielded, perhaps in every country, to increasing commercial wealth, more diffused instruction, the spirit of general liberty in some and of servile obsequiousness in others, the modes of life in great cities and the levelling customs of social intercourse. HENRY HALLAM.

THE MONEY-LENDERS.

FROM "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

AMONG George Fielding's ricks the figure of an old man, slightly bowed, but full of vigor, stood before Meadows. He had a long gray beard with a slight division in the centre, hair abundant but almost white, and a dark swarthy complexion that did not belong to England; his thick eyebrows, also, were darker than his hair, and under them was an eye like a royal jewel; his voice had the Oriental richness and modulation. This old man was Isaac Levi, an Oriental Jew who had passed half his life under the sun's eye, and now, though the town of Farnborough had long been too accustomed to him to wonder at him, he dazzled any thoughtful stranger: so exotic and apart was he, so romantic a grain in a heap of vulgarity, he was as though a striped jasper had crept in among the paving-stones of their market-place, or a *Cactus grandiflora* shone amongst the nettles of a Berkshire meadow.

Isaac Levi, unlike most Jews, was familiar

with the Hebrew tongue, and this and the Eastern habits of his youth colored his language and his thoughts, especially in his moments of emotion, and, above all, when he forgot the money-lender for a moment and felt and thought as one of a great nation depressed but waiting for a great deliverance. He was a man of authority and learning in his tribe; I couldn't swear he was not a rabbi.

At sight of Isaac Levi, Meadows's brow lowered, and he called out rather rudely, without allowing the old gentleman to speak,

"If you are come to talk to me about that house you are in, you may keep your breath to cool your porridge."

Meadows had bought the house Isaac rented, and had instantly given him warning to leave.

Isaac, who had become strangely attached to the only place in which he had ever lived many years, had not doubted for a moment that Meadows merely meant to raise the rent to its full value; so he had come to treat with his new landlord.

"Mr. Meadows," said he, persuasively, "I have lived there twenty years; I pay a fair rent; but if you think any one would give you more, you shall lose nothing by me: I will pay a little more; and you know your rent is secure."

"I do," was the answer.

"Thank you, sir! Well, then—"

"Well, then, next Lady-day you turn out, bag and baggage."

"Nay, sir," said Isaac Levi; "hear me, for you are younger than I. Mr. Meadows, when this hair was brown, I travelled in the East; I sojourned in Madras and Benares, in Bagdad, Ispahan, Mecca and Bassora, and found no rest. When my hair began to turn gray, I traded in Petersburg and Rome and Paris, Vienna and Lisbon, and other Western cities, and found no rest. I came to this little town, where least of all I thought to pitch my tent for life, but here the God of my fathers gave me my wife and here he took her to himself again—"

"What the deuce is all this to me, man?"

"Much, sir, if you are what men say; for men speak well of you. Be patient, and hear me. Two children were born to me and died from me in the house you have bought, and there my Leah died also; and there at times in the silent hours I seem to hear their voices and their feet. In another house I shall never hear them; I shall be quite alone. Have pity on me, sir, an aged and a lonely man; tear me not from the shadows of my dead. Let me prevail with you."

"No!" was the stern answer.

"No?" cried Levi, a sudden light darting into his eye. "Then you must be an enemy of Isaac Levi?"

"Yes," was the grim reply to this rapid inference.

"Ah!" cried the old Jew, with a sudden defiance which he instantly suppressed. "And what have I done to gain your enmity, sir?" said he, in a tone crushed by main force into mere regret.

"You lend money."

"A little, sir, now and then—a very little."

"That is to say, when the security is bad, you have no money in hand; but when the security is good, nobody has ever found the bottom of Isaac Levi's purse."

"Our people," said Isaac, apologetically, "can trust one another; they are not like yours. We are brothers, and that is why money is always forthcoming when the deposit is sound."

"Well," said Meadows, "what you are, I am; what I do on the sly, you do on the sly old thirty per cent."

"The world is wide enough for us both, good sir."

"It is," was the prompt reply. "And it lies before you, Isaac. Go where you like, for the little town of Farnborough is not wide enough for me and any man that works my business for his own pocket."

"But this is not enmity, sir."

Meadows gave a coarsish laugh.

"You are hard to please," cried he. "I think you will find it is enmity."

"Nay, sir, this is but matter of profit and loss. Well, let me stay, and I promise you shall gain, and not lose. Our people are industrious and skilful in all bargains, but we keep faith and covenant. So be it. Let us be friends. I covenant with you, and I swear by the tables of the law you shall not lose one shilling per annum by me."

"I'll trust you as far as I can fling a bull by the tail. You gave me your history; take mine. I have always put my foot on whatever man or thing has stood in my way. I was poor, I am rich, and that is my policy."

"It is frail policy," said Isaac, firmly. "Some man will be sure to put his foot on you soon or late."

"What! do you threaten me?" roared Meadows.

"No, sir," said Isaac, gently but steadily; "I but tell you what these old eyes have seen in every nation and read in books that never lie. Goliath defied armies, yet he fell like a pigeon by a shepherd-boy's sling; Samson tore a lion in pieces with his hands, but a woman laid him low. No man can defy us all, sir. The strong man is sure to find one as strong and more skilful, the cunning man one as adroit and stronger, than himself. Be advised, then: do not trample upon one of my people. Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive. Let me have to bless you: an old man's blessing is gold. See these gray hairs; my sorrows have been as many as they. His share of the curse that is upon his tribe has fallen upon Isaac Levi." Then, stretching out his hands with a slight but touching gesture, he said, "I have been driven to and fro like a leaf these many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent till I rest for ever. Oh, let me die where those I loved have died, and there let me be buried."

Age, sorrow and eloquence pleaded in vain, for they were wasted on the rocks of rocks—a strong will and a vulgar soul. But indeed the whole thing was like epic poetry wrestling with the *Limerick Chronicle* or *Tuam Gazette*. I am almost ashamed to give the respectable Western brute's answer:

"What! you quote Scripture, eh? I thought you did not believe in that. Hear t'other side. Abraham and Lot couldn't live in the same place, because they both kept sheep; and we can't, because we fleece 'em. So Abraham gave Lot warning, as I give it you. And, as for dying on my premises, if you like to hang yourself before next Lady-day, I give you leave, but after Lady-day no more Jew-

ish dogs shall die in my house nor be buried for manure in my garden."

Black lightning poured from the old Jew's eyes, and his pent-up wrath burst out like lava from an angry mountain:

"Irreverent cur, do you rail on the afflicted of Heaven? The Founder of your creed would abhor you, for he, they say, was pitiful. I spit upon ye, and I curse ye. Be accursed!" and, flinging up his hands like St. Paul at Lystra, he rose to double his height and towered at his insulter with a sudden Eastern fury that for a moment shook even the iron Meadows. "Be accursed!" he yelled again. "Whatever is the secret wish of your black heart, Heaven look on my gray hairs, that you have insulted, and wither that wish. Ah ha!" he screamed; "you wince. All men have secret wishes: Heaven fight against yours. May all the good luck you have be wormwood for want of that—that—that—that! May you be near it, close to it, upon it, pant for it, and lose it! May it sport and smile and laugh and play with you till Gehenna burns your soul upon earth!"

The old man's fiery forked tongue darted so keen and true to some sore in his adversary's heart that he in turn lost his habitual self-command. White and black with passion, he wheeled round on Isaac with a fierce snarl, and, lifting his stick, discharged a furious blow at his head. Fortunately for Isaac, wood encountered leather instead of gray hairs.

Attracted by the raised voices and unseen in their frenzy by either of these antagonists, young George Fielding had drawn near them. He had, luckily, a stout pig-whip in his hand, and by an adroit turn of his muscular wrist he parried a blow that would have stopped the old Jew's eloquence perhaps for ever. As it was, the corn-factor's stick cut like a razor through the air and made a most musical whir within a foot of the Jew's ear; the basilisk look of venom and vengeance he instantly shot back amounted to a stab.

"Not if I know it," said George, and he stood, cool and erect, with a calm, manly air of defiance, between the two belligerents. While the stick and the whip still remained in contact Meadows glared at Isaac's champion with surprise and wrath, and a sort of half fear, half wonder, that this, of all men in the world, should be the one to cross weapons with and thwart him. "You are joking, Master Meadows," said George, coolly. "Why, the man is twice your age, and nothing in his hand but his fist.—Who are ye, old man, and what d'ye want? It's you for cursing, any way."

"He insults me," cried Meadows, "because I won't have him for a tenant against my will. Who is he? A villanous old Jew."

"Yes, young man," said the other, sadly; "I am Isaac Levi, a Jew. And what is your religion?" He turned upon Meadows. "It never came out of Judea in any name or shape. D'ye call yourself a heathen? Ye lie, ye cur! The heathen were not without starlight from heaven; they respected sorrow and gray hairs."

"You shall smart for this; I'll show you what my religion is," said Meadows, inadvertent with passion, and his fingers grasped his stick convulsively.

"Don't you be so aggravating, old man," said the good-natured George.—"And you, Mr. Meadows, should know how to make

light of an old man's tongue; why, it's like a woman's: it's all he has got to hit with. Leastwise, you mustn't lift hand to him on my premises, or you will have to settle with me first; and I don't think that would suit your book, or any man's for a mile or two round about Farnborough," said George, with his little Berkshire drawl.

"He!" shrieked Isaac. "He dare not! See! see!" and he pointed nearly into the man's eye. "He doesn't look you in the face. Any soul that has read men from east to west can see lion in your eye, young man, and cowardly wolf in his."

"Lady-day! Lady-day!" snorted Meadows, who was now shaking with suppressed rage.

"Ah!" cried Isaac, and he turned white and quivered in his turn.

"Lady-day!" said George, uneasily. "*Confound* Lady-day, and every day of the sort. There! don't you be so spiteful, old man. Why, if he isn't all of a tremble! Poor old man!" He went to his own door and called, "Sarah!" A stout servant-girl answered the summons. "Take the old man in and give him whatever is going, and his mug and pipe;" then he whispered her, "And don't go lumping the chine down under his nose, now."

"I thank you, young man," faltered Isaac. "I must not eat with you, but I will go in and rest my limbs and compose myself, for passion is unseemly at my years." Arrived at the door, he suddenly paused, and, looking upward, said, "Peace be under this roof, and comfort and love follow me into this dwelling."

"Thank ye kindly," said young Fielding, a little surprised and touched by this. "How old are you, daddy, if you please?" added he, respectfully.

"My son, I am threescore years and ten, a man of years and grief—grief for myself, grief still more for my nation and city. Men that are men pity us; men that are dogs have insulted us in all ages."

"Well," said the good-natured young man, soothingly, "don't you vex yourself any more about it. Now you go in, and forget all your trouble a while, please God, by my fireside, my poor old man."

Isaac turned; the water came to his eyes at this, after being insulted so. A little struggle took place in him, but nature conquered prejudice and certain rubbish he called religion. He held out his hand like the king of all Asia; George grasped it like an Englishman.

"Isaac Levi is your friend," and the expression of the man's whole face and body showed these words carried with them a meaning unknown in good society. He entered the house, and young Fielding stood watching him with natural curiosity.

Now, Isaac Levi knew nothing about the corn-factor's plans. When at one and the same moment he grasped George's hand and darted a long lingering glance of hatred on Meadows, he coupled two sentiments by pure chance, and Meadows knew this; but still it struck Meadows as singular and ominous. When, with the best of motives, one is on a wolf's errand, it is not nice to hear a hyena say to the shepherd's dog, "I am your friend," and see him contemporaneously shoot the eye of a rattlesnake at one's self.

The misgiving, however, was but momentary. Meadows respected his own motives

and felt his own power; an old Jew's wild fury could not shake his confidence.

* * * * * *

Isaac Levi said to himself, "He will not keep faith with me." But he did not know his man. Meadows had a conscience, though an oblique one. A promise from him was sacred in his own eyes. A man came to Grassmere and left a hundred pounds in a letter for George Fielding. Then he went on to Levi and gave him a parcel and a note. The parcel contained the title-deeds of the house; the note said, "Take the house and the furniture, and pay me what you consider they are worth. And, old man, I think you might take your curse off me, for I have never known a heart at rest since you laid it on me. And you see how our case is altered: you have a home now, and John Meadows has none."

Then the old man was softened, and he wrote a line in reply, and said, "Three just men shall value the house and furniture, and I will pay, etc., etc. Put now adversity to profit: repent and prosper. Isaac Levi wishes you no ill from this day, but rather good." Thus died, as mortal feeling is apt to die, an enmity its owners once thought immortal.

CHARLES READE.

THE GREAT MAN.

DO I not know a great man's power and might,
In spite of innocence, can smother right,
Color his villanies to get esteem,
And make the honest man the villain seem?
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true,
Yet I protest, if such a man I knew,
That might my country prejudice, or thee,
Were he the greatest or the proudest he
That breathes this day, if so it might be found
That any good to either might redound,
I, unappallèd, dare in such a case
Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
Though for my labor I were sure to drop
Into the mouth of ruin without hope.

GEORGE WITHER.

EARLY LOVE.

AH, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well?) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah! how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me, know.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

REPRESSION.

DID you ever, in a raw, chilly day, just before a snow-storm, sit at work in a room that was judiciously warmed by an exact thermometer? You do not freeze, but you shiver; your fingers do not become numb with cold, but you have all the while an uneasy craving for more positive warmth. You look at the empty grate, walk mechanically toward it, and, suddenly awaking, shiver to see that there is nothing there. You long for a shawl or cloak; you draw yourself within yourself; you consult the thermometer, and are vexed to find that there is nothing there to be complained of: it is standing most provokingly at the exact temperature that all the good books and good doctors pronounce to be the proper thing, the golden mean of health; and yet perversely you shiver and feel as if the face of an open fire would be to you as the smile of an angel. Such a lifelong chill, such an habitual shiver, is the lot of many natures which are not warm when all ordinary rules tell them they ought to be warm, whose life is cold and barren and meagre, which never see the blaze of an open fire. I will illustrate my meaning by a page out of my own experience.

I was twenty-one when I stood as groomsman for my youngest and favorite sister, Emily. I remember her now as she stood at the altar—a pale, sweet, flowery face in a half shimmer between smiles and tears looking out of vapory clouds of gauze and curls and all the vanishing mysteries of a bridal morning.

Everybody thought the marriage such a fortunate one, for her husband was handsome and manly, a man of worth, of principle good as gold and solid as adamant, and Emmy had always been such a flossy little kitten of a pet, so full of all sorts of impulses, so sensitive and nervous, we thought her kind, strong, composed, stately husband made just on purpose for her. "It was quite a providence," sighed all the elderly ladies, who sniffed tenderly and wiped their eyes, according to approved custom, during the marriage ceremony. I remember now the bustle of the day—the confused whirl of white gloves, kisses, bridemaids and bride-cakes, the losing of trunk-keys and breaking of lacings, the tears of mamma—God bless her!—and the jokes of irreverent Christopher, who could for the life of him see nothing so very dismal in the whole phantasmagoria, and only wished he were as well off himself.

And so Emmy was whirled away from us on the bridal-tour, when her letters came back to us almost every day, just like herself, merry, frisky little bits of scratches, as full of little nonsense-beads as a glass of champagne, and all ending with telling us how perfect he was, and how good, and how

well he took care of her, and how happy, etc., etc. Then came letters from her new home. His house was not yet built, but while it was building they were to live with his mother, who was "such a good woman," and his sisters, who were also "such nice women."

But somehow, after this, a change came over Emmy's letters. They grew shorter; they seemed measured in their words, and in place of sparkling nonsense and bubbling outbursts of glee came anxiously-worded praises of her situation and surroundings, evidently written for the sake of arguing herself into the belief that she was extremely happy. John, of course, was not as much with her now: he had his business to attend to, which took him away all day, and at night he was very tired. Still, he was very good and thoughtful of her, and how thankful she ought to be! And his mother was very good indeed, and did all for her that she could reasonably expect—of course she could not be like her own mamma; and Mary and Jane were very kind—"in their way," she wrote, but scratched it out, and wrote over it, "very kind indeed." They were the best people in the world—a great deal better than she was—and she should try to learn a great deal from them.

"Poor little Em!" I said to myself; "I am afraid these very nice people are slowly freezing and starving her;" and so, as I was going up into the mountains for a summer-tour, I thought I would accept some of John's many invitations, and stop a day or two with them on my way and see how matters stood. John had been known among us in college as a taciturn fellow, but good as gold. I had gained his friendship by a regular siege, carrying parallel after parallel, till, when I came into the fort at last, I found the treasures worth taking.

I had little difficulty in finding Squire Evans's house. It was *the* house of the village, a true, model New-England house—a square, roomy, old-fashioned mansion which stood on a hillside under a group of great, breezy old elms whose wide wind-swung arms arched over it like a leafy firmament. Under this bower the substantial white house, with all its window-blinds closed, with its neat white fences all tight and trim, stood in its faultless green turfy yard, a perfect Pharisee among houses. It looked like a house all finished, done, completed, labelled and set on a shelf for preservation, but, as is usual with this kind of edifice in our dear New England, it had not the slightest appearance of being lived in, not a door or window open, not a wink or blink of life: the only suspicion of human habitation was the thin, pale-blue smoke from the kitchen-chimney.

And now for the people in the house.

In making a New-England visit in winter, was it ever your fortune to be put to sleep in the glacial spare-chamber that had been kept from time immemorial as a refrigerator for guests—that room which no ray of daily sunshine and daily living ever warms, whose blinds are closed the whole year round, whose fireplace knows only the complimentary blaze which is kindled a few moments before bed-time in an atmosphere where you can see your breath? Do you remember the process of getting warm in a bed of most faultless material, with linen sheets and pillow-cases slippery and cold as ice? You did get warm

at last, but you warmed your bed by giving out all the heat of your own body.

Such are some families where you visit. They are of the very best quality, like your sheets, but so cold that it takes all the vitality you have to get them warmed up to the talking-point. You think, the first hour after your arrival, that they must have heard some report to your disadvantage, or that you misunderstood your letter of invitation, or that you came on the wrong day; but no: you find in due course that you were invited, you were expected, and they are doing for you the best they know how, and treating you as they suppose a guest ought to be treated. If you are a warm-hearted, jovial fellow and go on feeling your way discreetly, you gradually thaw quite a little place round yourself in the domestic circle, till by the time you are ready to leave you really begin to think it is agreeable to stay, and resolve that you will come again. They are nice people; they like you; at last you have got to feeling at home with them. Three months after, you go to see them again, when, lo! there you are back again just where you were at first. The little spot which you had thawed out is frozen over again, and again you spend all your visit in thawing it and getting your hosts limbered and in a state for comfortable converse.

The first evening that I spent in the wide, roomy front parlor with Judge Evans, his wife and daughters fully accounted for the change in Emmy's letters. Rooms, I verily believe, get saturated with the aroma of their spiritual atmosphere, and there are some so stately, so correct, that they would paralyze even the friskiest kitten or the most impudent Scotch terrier. At a glance you perceive, on entering, that nothing but correct deportment, an erect posture and strictly didactic conversation is possible there.

The family, in fact, were all eminently didactic, bent on improvement, laboriously useful. Not a good work or charitable enterprise could put forth its head in the neighborhood of which they were not the support and life. Judge Evans was the stay and staff of the village and township of ——; he bore up the pillars thereof. Mrs. Evans was known in the gates for all the properties and deeds of the virtuous woman as set forth by Solomon: the heart of her husband did safely trust in her. But when I saw them that evening sitting in erect propriety in their respective corners each side of the great, stately fireplace, with its tall, glistening brass andirons, its mantel adorned at either end with plated candlesticks, with the snuffer-tray in the middle, she so collectedly measuring her words, talking in all those well-worn grooves of correct conversation which are designed, as the phrase goes, to "entertain strangers," and the Misses Evans, in the best of grammar and rhetoric, and in most proper time and way possible, showing themselves for what they were, most high-principled, well-informed, intelligent women,—I set myself to speculate on the cause of the extraordinary sensation of stiffness and restraint which pervaded me, as if I had been dipped in some petrifying spring and was beginning to feel myself slightly crusting over on the exterior.

This kind of conversation is such as admits quite easily of one's carrying on another course of thought within; and so, as I found myself, like a machine, striking in now and

then in good time and tune, I looked at Judge Evans, sitting there so serene, self-poised and cold, and began to wonder if he had ever been a boy, a young man—if Mrs. Evans ever was a girl—if he was ever in love with her and what he did when he was. I thought of the lock of Emmy's hair which I had observed in John's writing-desk in days when he was falling in love with her, of sundry little movements in which at awkward moments I had detected my grave and serious gentleman when I had stumbled accidentally upon the pair in moonlight strolls or retired corners, and wondered whether the models of propriety before me had ever been convicted of any such human weaknesses. Now, to be sure, I could as soon imagine the stately tongs to walk up and kiss the shovel as conceive of any such bygone effusion in those dignified individuals. But how did they get acquainted? How came they ever to be married?

I looked at John, and thought I saw him gradually stiffening and subsiding into the very image of his father. As near as a young fellow of twenty-five can resemble an old one of sixty-two, he was growing to be exactly like him, with the same upright carriage, the same silence and reserve. Then I looked at Emmy: she, too, was changed—she, the wild little pet all of whose pretty individualities were dear to us, that little unpunctuated scrap of life's poetry full of little exceptions referable to no exact rule, only to be tolerated under the wide score of poetic license. Now, as she sat between the two Misses Evans, I thought I could detect a bored, anxious expression on her little mobile face—an involuntary watchfulness and self-consciousness, as if she were trying to be good on some quite new pattern. She seemed nervous about some of my jokes, and her eye went apprehensively to her mother-in-law, in the corner; she tried hard to laugh and make things go merrily for me; she seemed sometimes to look an apology for me to them, and then again for them to me. For myself, I felt that perverse inclination to shock people which sometimes comes over one in such situations. I had a great mind to draw Emmy on to my knee and commence a brotherly romp with her, to give John a thump on his very upright back, and to propose to one of the Misses Evans to strike up a waltz and get the parlor into a general whirl before the very face and eyes of propriety in the corner; but "the spirits" were too strong for me: I couldn't do it.

I remembered the innocent, saucy freedom with which Emmy used to treat her John in the days of their engagement—the little ways, half loving, half mischievous, in which she alternately petted and domineered over him; now she called him "Mr. Evans" with an anxious affectation of matronly gravity. Had they been lecturing her into these conjugal proprieties? Probably not. I felt sure, by what I now experienced in myself, that were I to live in that family one week all deviations from the one accepted pattern of propriety would fall off like many-colored sumach-leaves after the first hard frost. I began to feel myself slowly stiffening, my courage getting gently chilly. I tried to tell a story, but had to mangle it greatly, because I felt in the air around me that parts of it were too vernacular and emphatic; and then, as a man who is freezing makes desperate efforts to throw off the

spell and finds his brain beginning to turn, so I was beginning to be slightly insane, and was haunted with a desire to say some horribly improper or wicked thing which should start them all out of their chairs. Though never given to profane expressions, I perfectly hankered to let out a certain round, unvarnished, wicked word which I knew would create a tremendous commotion on the surface of this enchanted mill-pond. In fact, I was so afraid that I should make some such mad demonstration that I rose at an early hour and begged leave to retire.

Emmy sprang up with apparent relief, and offered to get my candle and marshal me to my room. When she had ushered me into the chilly hospitality of that stately apartment, she seemed suddenly disenchanted. She sat down the candle, ran to me, fell on my neck, nestled her little head under my coat, laughing and crying and calling me her dear old boy; she pulled my whiskers, pinched my ear, rummaged my pockets, danced round me in a sort of wild joy, stunning me with a volley of questions without stopping to hear the answer to one of them; in short, the wild little elf of old days seemed suddenly to come back to me as I sat down and drew her on to my knee.

"It does look so like home to see you, Chris! Dear, dear home! And the dear old folks! There never, never was such a home! Everybody there did just what they wanted to, didn't they, Chris? and we love each other, don't we?"

"Emmy," said I, suddenly and very improperly, "you aren't happy here."

"Not happy?" she said, with a half-frightened look. "What makes you say so? Oh, you are mistaken. I have everything to make me happy; I should be very unreasonable and wicked if I were not. I am very, very happy, I assure you. Of course, you know, everybody can't be like our folks at home. *That* I should not expect, you know—people's ways are different; but then, when you know people are so good, and all that, why, of course, you must be thankful, be happy. It's better for me to learn to control my feelings, you know, and not give way to impulses. They are all so good here they never give way to their feelings; they always do right. Oh, they are quite wonderful!"

"And agreeable?" said I.

"Oh, Chris, we mustn't think so much of that. They certainly aren't pleasant and easy as people at home are, but they are never cross, they never scold, they always are good. And we oughtn't to think so much of living to be happy: we ought to think more of doing right, doing our duty. Don't you think so?"

"All undeniable truth, Emmy; but, for all that, John seems stiff as a ramrod and their front parlor is like a tomb. You mustn't let them petrify him."

Her face clouded over a little:

"John is different here from what he was at our house. He has been brought up differently—oh, entirely differently—from what we were; and when he comes back into the old house, the old business and the old place between his father and mother and sisters, he goes back into the old ways. He loves me all the same, but he does not show it in the same ways, and I must learn, you know, to take it on trust. He is *very* busy—works hard all day, and all for me; and mother

says women are unreasonable that ask any other proof of love from their husbands than what they give by working for them all the time. She never lectures me, but I know she thought I was a silly little petted child, and she told me one day how she brought up John. She never petted him; she put him away alone to sleep from the time he was six months old; she never fed him out of his regular hours when he was a baby, no matter how much he cried; she never let him talk baby-talk or have any baby-talk talked to him, but was very careful to make him speak all his words plain from the very first; she never encouraged him to express his love by kisses or caresses, but taught him that the only proof of love was exact obedience. I remember John's telling me of his running to her once and hugging her round the neck when he had come in without wiping his shoes, and she took off his arms and said, 'My son, this isn't the best way to show love. I should be much better pleased to have you come in quietly and wipe your shoes than to come and kiss me when you forget to do what I say.'"

"Dreadful old jade!" said I, irreverently, being then only twenty-three.

"Now, Chris, I won't have anything to say to you if this is the way you are going to talk," said Emily, pouting, though a mischievous gleam darted into her eyes. "Really, however, I think she carried things too far, though she is so good. I only said it to excuse John and show how he was brought up."

"Poor fellow!" said I. "I know now why he is so hopelessly shut up and walled up. Never a warmer heart than he keeps stowed away there inside of the fortress, with the drawbridge down and moat all round."

"They are all warm-hearted inside," said Emily. "Would you think she didn't love him? Once when he was sick she watched with him seventeen nights without taking off her clothes; she scarcely would eat all the time: Jane told me so. She loves him better than she loves herself. It's perfectly dreadful sometimes to see how intense she is when anything concerns him; it's her principle that makes her so cold and quiet."

"And a devilish one it is," said I.

"Chris, you are really growing wicked!"

"I use the word seriously and in good faith," said I. "Who but the father of evil ever devised such plans for making goodness hateful and keeping the most heavenly part of our nature so under lock and key that for the greater part of our lives we get no use of it? Of what benefit is a mine of love burning where it warms nobody, does nothing but blister the soul within with its imprisoned heat? Love repressed grows morbid, acts in a thousand perverse ways. These three women, I'll venture to say, are living in the family here like three frozen islands, knowing as little of each other's inner life as if parted by eternal barriers of ice, and all because a cursed principle in the heart of the mother has made her bring them up in violence to Nature."

"Well," said Emmy, "sometimes I do pity Jane; she is nearest my age, and naturally, I think, she was something like me, or might have been. The other day I remember her coming in looking so flushed and ill that I couldn't help asking if she were unwell. The tears came into her eyes, but her mother looked up in her

cool, business-like way and said in her dry voice,

"'Jane, what's the matter?'

"'Oh, my head aches dreadfully and I have pains in all my limbs.'

"I wanted to jump and run to do something for her—you know at our house we feel that a sick person must be waited on—but her mother only said in the same dry way,

"'Well, Jane, you've probably got a cold; go into the kitchen and make yourself some good boneset tea, soak your feet in hot water and go to bed at once;' and Jane meekly departed.

"I wanted to spring and do these things for her; but it's curious: in this house I never dare offer to do anything; and mother looked at me, as she went out, with a significant nod:

"'That's always *my* way: if any of the children are sick, I never coddle them; it's best to teach them to make as light of it as possible.'"

"Dreadful!" said I.

"Yes, it is dreadful," said Emmy, drawing her breath, as if relieved that she might speak her mind; "it's dreadful to see these people, who I know love each other, living side by side and never saying a loving, tender word, never doing a little loving thing, sick ones crawling off alone like sick animals, persisting in being alone, bearing everything alone. But I won't let them; I will insist on forcing my way into their rooms. I would go and sit with Jane, and pet her and hold her hand and bathe her head, though I knew it made her horridly uncomfortable at first; but I thought she ought to learn to be petted in a Christian way when she was sick. I will kiss her too, sometimes, though she takes it just like a cat that isn't used to being stroked, and calls me a silly girl; but I know she is getting to like it. What is the use of people's loving each other in this horridly cold, stingy, silent way? If one of them were dangerously ill, now, or met with any serious accident, I know there would be no end to what the others would do for her; if one of them were to die, the others would be perfectly crushed; but it would all go inward—drop silently down into that dark, cold, frozen well. They couldn't speak to each other; they couldn't comfort each other; they have lost the power of expression: they absolutely *can't.*"

"Yes," said I, "they are like the fakirs who have held up an arm till it has become stiffened: they cannot now change its position; like the poor mutes who, being deaf, have become dumb through disuse of the organs of speech. Their education has been like those iron suits of armor into which little boys were put in the Middle Ages, solid, inflexible, put on in childhood, enlarged with every year's growth, till the warm human frame fitted the mould as if it had been melted and poured into it. A person educated in this way is hopelessly crippled—never will be what he might have been."

"Oh, don't say that, Chris. Think of John! Think how good he is!"

"I do think how good he is," with indignation, "and how few know it, too. I think that, with the tenderest, truest, gentlest heart, the utmost appreciation of human friendship, he has passed in the world for a cold, proud, selfish man. If your frank, impulsive, incisive nature had not unlocked

gates and opened doors, he would never have known the love of woman; and now he is but half disenchanted: he every day tends to go back to stone."

"But I sha'n't let him. Oh, indeed, I know the danger! I shall bring him out. I shall work on them all. I know they are beginning to love me a good deal—in the first place, because I belong to John, and everything belonging to him is perfect; and in the second place—"

"In the second place, because they expect to weave, day after day, the fine cobweb lines of their cold system of repression around you, which will harden and harden, and tighten and tighten, till you are as stiff and shrouded as any of them. You remind me of our poor little duck. Don't you remember him?"

"Yes, poor fellow! How he would stay out and swim round and round while the pond kept freezing and freezing, and his swimming-place grew smaller and smaller every day! But he was such a plucky little fellow that—"

"That at last we found him one morning frozen tight in, and he has limped ever since on his poor feet."

"Oh, but I won't freeze in," she said, laughing.

"Take care, Emmy! You are sensitive, approbative, delicately organized; your whole nature inclines you to give way and yield to the nature of those around you. One little lone duck such as you, however warm-blooded, light-hearted, cannot keep a whole pond from freezing. While you have any influence you must use it all to get John away from these surroundings where you can have him to yourself."

"Oh, you know we are building our house; we shall go to housekeeping soon."

"Where? Close by, under the very guns of this fortress, where all your housekeeping, all your little management, will be subject to daily inspection."

"But mamma never interferes, never advises, unless I ask advice."

"No, but she influences: she lives, she looks, she is there; and while she is there, and while your home is within a stone's throw, the old spell will be on your husband, on your children if you have any; you will feel it in the air; it will constrain, it will sway you, it will rule your house, it will bring up your children."

"Oh no! never! never! I never could; I never will. If God should give me a dear little child, I will not let it grow up in these hateful ways."

"Then, Emmy, there will be constant, still, undefined, but real, friction of your life-power from the silent grating of your wishes and feelings on the cold, positive millstone of their opinion; it will be a life-battle with a quiet, invisible, pervading spirit who will never show himself in fair fight, but who will be around you in the very air you breathe, at your pillow when you lie down and when you rise. There is so much in these friends of yours noble, wise, severely good—their aims are so high, their efficiency so great, their virtues so many—that they will act upon you with the force of a conscience, subduing, drawing, insensibly constraining you into their moulds. They have stronger wills, stronger natures, than yours, and between the two forces of your own nature and theirs you will be always oscillating, so that you will never show

what you can do, working either in your own way or yet in theirs. Your life will be a failure."

"Oh, Chris, why do you discourage me?"

"I am trying tonic treatment, Emily: I am showing you a real danger; I am rousing you to flee from it. John is making money fast; there is no reason why he should always remain buried in this town. Use your influence, as they do—daily, hourly, constantly—to predispose him to take you to another sphere. Do not always shrink and yield; do not conceal and assimilate and endeavor to persuade him and yourself that you are happy; do not put the very best face to him on it all; do not tolerate his relapses daily and hourly into his habitual cold, inexpressive manner; and don't lay aside your own little impulsive, outspoken ways. Respect your own nature, and assert it; woo him, argue with him; use all a woman's weapons to keep him from falling back into the old Castle Doubting where he lived till you let him out. Dispute your mother's hateful dogma that love is to be taken for granted without daily proof between lovers; cry down latent caloric in the market; insist that the mere fact of being a wife is not enough, that the words spoken once years ago are not enough, that love needs new leaves every summer of life as much as your elm trees, and new branches to grow broader and wider, and new flowers at the root to cover the ground."

"Oh, but I have heard that there is no surer way to lose love than to be exacting, and that it never comes for a woman's reproaches."

"All true as gospel, Emmy. I am not speaking of reproaches or of unreasonable self-assertion or of ill-temper; you could not use any of these forces if you would, you poor little chick! I am speaking now of the highest duty we owe our friends, the noblest, the most sacred—that of keeping their own nobleness, goodness, pure and incorrupt. Thoughtless, instinctive, unreasoning love and self-sacrifice such as many women long to bestow on husband and children soil and lower the very objects of their love. *You* may grow saintly by self-sacrifice, but do your husband and children grow saintly by accepting it without return? I have seen a verse which says,

> 'They who kneel at woman's shrine
> Breathe on it as they bow.'

Is not this true of all unreasoning love and self-devotion? If we let our friend become cold and selfish and exacting without a remonstrance, we are no true lover, no true friend. Any good man soon learns to discriminate between the remonstrance that comes from a woman's love to his soul, her concern for his honor, her anxiety for his moral development, and the pettish cry which comes from her own personal wants. It will be your own fault if, for lack of anything you can do, your husband relapses into these cold, undemonstrative habits which have robbed his life of so much beauty and enjoyment. These dead, barren ways of living are as unchristian as they are disagreeable, and you, as a good little Christian sworn to fight heroically under Christ's banner, must make headway against this sort of family antichrist, though it comes with a show of superior sanctity and self-sacrifice. Remember, dear, that the Master's family had its outward tokens of love as well as

its inward life. The beloved leaned on his bosom, and the traitor could not have had a sign for his treachery had there not been a daily kiss at meeting and parting with his children."

"I am glad you have said all this," said Emily, "because now I feel stronger for it. It does not now seem so selfish for me to want what it is better for John to give. Yes, I must seek what will be best for him."

And so the little one, put on the track of self-sacrifice, began to see her way clearer, as many little women of her sort do. Make them look on self-assertion as one form of martyrdom, and they will come into it.

But, for all my eloquence on this evening, the house was built in the selfsame spot as projected, and the family-life went on under the shadow of Judge Evans's elms much as if I had not spoken. Emmy became mother of two fine, lovely boys, and waxed dimmer and fainter, while with her physical decay came increasing need of the rule of the household of mamma and sisters, who took her up energetically on eagles' wings and kept her house and managed her children; for what can be done when a woman hovers half her time between life and death?

At last I spoke out to John that the climate and atmosphere were too severe for her who had become so dear to him—to them all; and then they consented that the change much talked of and urged, but always opposed by the parents, should be made.

John bought a pretty cottage in our neighborhood and brought his wife and boys, and the effect of change of moral atmosphere verified all my predictions. In a year we had our own blooming, joyous, impulsive little Emily once more, full of life, full of cheer, full of energy, looking to the ways of her household—the merry companion of her growing boys, the blithe empress over her husband, who took to her genial sway as in the old happy days of courtship. The nightmare was past, and John was joyous as any of us in his freedom. As Emmy said, he was turned right side out for life, and we all admired the pattern. And that is the end of my story. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD-WILL AND FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOTLE.

GOOD-WILL resembles friendship, and yet it is not friendship; for good-will is felt toward people we do not know and without being expressed, but friendship is not. Nor yet is it fondness; for good-will has no earnestness nor desire, but both of these attend upon fondness. And fondness is formed after acquaintance, but good-will may be sudden, as it is when felt for wrestlers; for they wish them well and partake in their wishes, but they would not assist them at all, for, as we have stated, they feel good-will suddenly, and their love is superficial.

It seems, then, to be the beginning of friendship, in the same manner as the pleasure which comes from sight is the beginning of love, for no one feels love unless he has first found pleasure in the form; but he that takes pleasure in the form is not necessarily in love, except he longs for the person when absent and desires his presence. In the same manner, then, it is impossible to be friends without

having felt good-will. But well-wishers are not necessarily friends; for they only wish good to those for whom they have good-will, but they would not assist them at all, nor take any trouble about them. Wherefore one might call it metaphorically inactive friendship, and say that when it has continued some time, and arrived at familiarity, it becomes friendship, but not that for the useful or the agreeable; for good-will does not arise from those motives. For he that has received a benefit returns good-will for what he has received, therein acting justly, but he that wishes any one to be prosperous, having some hope of plenty through his means, appears to be well disposed, not to the other person, but rather to himself, in the same manner as he is not a friend if he pays attention to him for sake of some profit. On the whole, good-will is formed on account of virtue or some goodness, when any one appears honorable or manly, or something of that kind, to any one, as we have stated it to be in the case of wrestlers.

Translation of R. PEARSON.

THE TWO COMFORTERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

ONE day the great philosopher Citofile said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so,

"Madame, the queen of England, daughter to Henry IV., was as wretched as you: she was banished from her kingdoms, was in the utmost danger of losing her life in a storm at sea, and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold."

"I am sorry for her," said the lady, and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citofile, "remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a most chaste and virtuous affection, an excellent musician who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face, and in the sequel her good friend and relation Queen Elizabeth caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years."

"That was very cruel," replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps," said the comforter, "you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled."

"I have a confused remembrance of her story," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you," added the other, "the adventure of a sovereign princess who within my memory was dethroned after supper, and who died in a desert island."

"I know her whole history," replied the lady.

"Well, then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess, whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have; her father surprised the lover, whose countenance was all on fire and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady, too, had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeased with the young man's countenance that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dis-

located her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince; you can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison; she always talked to me of her own misfortunes."

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady.

"Because," said the philosopher, "you ought not to think of them, and, since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think on Hecuba, think on Niobe."

"Ah!" said the lady; "had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavored to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it, found it very exact, and wept nevertheless. Three months after, they renewed their visits, and were surprised to find each other in such gay and sprightly humor. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription: "To him who comforts."

Translation of ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

OH, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!

JULIA PARDOE.

THE CROOKED STICK.

"And took the crooked stick at last?"
"Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one of either sex who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last."

All, doubtless, will remember the tale how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut and carry off the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made there if not made before, the power of retracing her steps without the stick being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry—and each would have felt honored by her preference; but the silly maid went on and on, and thought within herself that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and by the aspect of things changed, and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged, disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick and return with her hateful choice amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who,

according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech.

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days" by a strange infatuation compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject for the edification of young and old, but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life.

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retrousse.*"

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?"

"Mountainous!"

"Such expressive eyes?"

"Volcanoes!"

"Pshaw! Such grace?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee tell me, what do you require? A Venus? A Diana? A Juno? A—a—"

"Simply a woman, my dear fellow—not, indeed, one of those beings arrayed in drapery whom you see moving along our streets with Chinese feathers, smoke-dried skins and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules, nor yet one of your bescented, spider-waisted priminies who lisp and amble, assume a delicacy which they never felt and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire—and I may say" (Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may, I think, say—*deserve,*" gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favorite Henri Quatre. He insisted on seven perfections; I should feel blessed if the lady of my love were possessed of six."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you tell me what they are."

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness and fidelity."

Sir Harry Beauclerc drew forth his tablets and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his penknife.

"Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied His Lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles. Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and, as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but, as

you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu! *au revoir!*" and with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require the two young fashionables separated, one lounging listlessly toward the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last cavatina, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable, the other proceeding with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose to meet the respectable family-carriage graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the earl of Heaptown.

Five and twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablet the six indispensable qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried and an admired man seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is too true that some of the young creatures just come out on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel called "heart"—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers and sensible—Heaven bless the word! *sensible*—chaperons, that Lord Charles's once beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue, and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his once exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand— I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings." Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Eustache Ude in his best days, descanted upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine* to that served in aspic jelly, and gained immortal honor at a committee of taste by adding a most piquant and delightful ingredient to Mr. Dolby's *sauce a l'aurore.* Had he not been so perfectly well bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes —at all events, in ladies' society—and whatever spleen he had he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals), on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful, as ever, and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament, and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither ratted nor sneaked, and yet Whigs, Tories and Radicals treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her who when our sketch was commenced was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt, and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fireside circle presented at the celebration of Merry Christmas. The

younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set sat gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour, only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm.

When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping-cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to, and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honored. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair in a confidential manner toward his friend and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow, to be blessed with so lovely a family and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he was happy, and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, etc. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed, for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than "evening," when he exclaimed,

"Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas! Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigor of existence, and I have serious ideas of changing my condition: it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigor of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior—"

"Only a few months, my dear friend—my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year."

"Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth—it is, however, a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship—I am really a married man. There! I knew I should surprise you! I shall surprise everybody."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction. Your pardon one moment while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess? Perhaps you recollect: it was five and— But no matter. Well, the tablets upon which I wrote. This morning—only this very morning—I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were. And do you know—how very odd, was it not?—I put them in my waistcoat-pocket," continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, "intending to show them to my eldest son, for there's a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal— My dear lord, what is the matter? You look ill."

To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed: he fidgeted on his chair, the color heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence.

"Never mind the tablets, my good friend," said he at last; "men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life. I was

a mere boy then, you know, full of romance."

"Your pardon, My Lord; less of romance than most young men," replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory—"decidedly *less* of romance than most young men—and not such a boy, either. Here are the precious mementoes. First on the list stands 'noble birth.' Right, right, my dear lord; nothing like it. That, *entre nous*, is Lady Frances's weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will not have it that even a royal alliance could purify a citizen."

Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend.

"It is rather unfortunate," he observed, gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is that, knowing how devilish proud all my connections are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is! you remember Byron's beautiful lines:

"'I have a passion for the name of Mary'

—my Mary's father was only a merchant, a citizen, a very worthy, a most excellent man. Not exactly one of us, but a highty respectable person, I assure you. His name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet. "Will it, can it, be believed? The courted, the exquisite, Lord Charles Villiers, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' the star, the idol of ton and taste, married—positively married—to Molly Scroggins of Bunhillrow!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers here," persevered His Lordship, after a very long pause, "and I can answer for it that the native and untutored manners of my unsophistocated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course, of course! We shall be most happy to receive Her Ladyship," stammered forth the baronet, "and doubtless her beauty—" glancing at the tablets.

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated 'beauty.' She is all animation—

"'Happy nature, wild and simple'—

rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered: "What a subject for Almack's! The rosy—doubtless signifying red-faced—laughing—meaning romping—daughter of some city butterman thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!—At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both prudence and wit, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh yes! Prudence I dare say she will have: much cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and, as to wit, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications.—Gentleness and fidelity," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched

them—it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts polite persons will sometimes perform—from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire. "Heavens and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly—"

One angry word produced another, and much was said which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauclerc Hall without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.

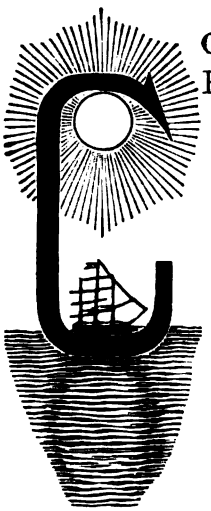
"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable *Post* in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast-table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be. A pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself! I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last.—By Jove, sir," to his son, "you shall marry before you are five and twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable, and the early-wed grow into each other's habits, feelings and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself or be made a fool of. You see, His Lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—fidelity—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a lion of for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors." ANNA MARIA FIELDING (Mrs. S. C. Hall).

IMITATION OF CATO'S SPEECH IN LUCAN.

CONSULT a holy man! inquire of him!
Wherefore? What should I inquire?
Must I be taught of him that guilt is woe?
That innocence alone is happiness?
That martyrdom itself shall leave the villain
The villain that it found him? Must I learn
That minutes stamped with crimes are past recall?
That joys are momentary and remorse
Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and spells
To make my sense believe against my sense?
Shall I think practices and penances
Will, if he say so, give the health of virtue
To gnawing self-reproach? I know they cannot,
Nor could one risen from the dead proclaim
This truth in deeper sounds to my conviction.
We want no preacher to distinguish vice
From virtue. At our birth the God revealed
All conscience needs to know. No codicil
To duty's rubric here and there was placed
In some saint's casual custody. Weak minds
Want their soul's fortune told by oracles
And holy jugglers. Me nor oracles
Nor prophets death alone can certify
Whether, when justice's full dues exacted,
Mercy shall grant one drop to slake my torment. HORACE WALPOLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.



CHRISTOPHER MARLOW was the son of a shoemaker, and was born at Canterbury, Kent, in 1562. He was educated at Bennet College, Cambridge, and took his master's degree in 1587. He had, however, previous to this commenced his career as a dramatist and written his tragedy of *Tamberlaine the Great*, which was successfully brought upon the stage and long continued a favorite. Though there is in the play much rant and fustian, still it has passages of great beauty and wild grandeur, and the versification justifies the compliment afterward paid by Ben Jonson in the words "Marlow's mighty line." His finely modulated and varied blank verse, observable even in this early play, is one of his most characteristic features. The success of *Tamberlaine* induced Marlow to commence the profession of an actor, but he was soon incapacitated for the stage by accidentally breaking his leg.

Marlow's second play, *The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years, during which period Faustus visits different countries, "calls up spirits from the vasty deep" and revels in luxury and splendor. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amid thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Such a plot afforded scope for deep passion and variety of adventure, and Marlow has constructed from it a powerful though irregular play. Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur and most thrilling agony are intermixed with low humor and preternatural machinery often ludicrous and grotesque. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty, ambition. A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his strange compact with Lucifer, but we do not fairly sympathize till all his disguises are stripped off and his meretricious splendor is succeeded by horror and despair. Then, when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring yet distrusting repentance, a scene of enchaining interest, fervid passion and overwhelming pathos carries captive the sternest heart and proclaims the full triumph of the tragic poet.

Before 1593, Marlow produced three other dramas, the *Jew of Malta*, the *Massacre of Paris*, and an historical play, *Edward the Second*. The last of these is a noble drama and contains a number of ably-drawn characters and splendid scenes. His life was as wild and irregular as were his writings. He was even accused of atheistical opinions,

but there is no trace of this in his plays. He came to an early and singularly unhappy end. He was attached to a lady who favored another lover, and, having found them in company together, in a frenzy of rage he attempted to stab the man with his dagger. His antagonist seized him by the wrist and turned the dagger so that it entered Marlow's own head in such a manner that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be resorted to, he shortly after died of his wounds. The last words of Greene's address to him a year or two before are somewhat ominous: "Refuse not, with me, till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited." Marlow's fatal conflict is supposed to have taken place at Deptford, as he was buried there on the 1st of June, 1593.

ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M.

JEAN INGELOW.

THIS lady, a daughter of William Ingelow, was born at Ipswich, England, in 1830, and is known as both a story-teller and a poet. She wrote a volume of stories (*Tales of Orris*) which was published in 1860. This was followed by *The Round of Days*, a poem, and later by *A Story of Doom* and a novel entitled *Off the Skelligs*. The work—or, rather, poetical conceit—by which she is best known is *The Song of Seven*, depicting the joys and sorrows which are encountered in our journey through life at periods of seven years' interval. Later, Miss Ingelow wrote a volume entitled *Studies for Stories*.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE subject of this sketch, dramatist, actor, and later a Christian preacher, was the son of James Knowles, who enjoyed in his day considerable reputation as a teacher of elocution and was the author of a dictionary of the English language. The son was born at Cork, in Ireland, in 1784. When he was eight years old, his parents moved to London, where he received a good education. Very naturally, he turned to the stage, and made his first appearance as an actor in Dublin. At no time did he excel in the histrionic art. He became, like his father, a teacher of elocution, especially in Belfast and Glasgow, and began to write plays, which his intimate knowledge of the stage enabled him to make very effective. First among these was *Caius Gracchus*, in 1815. It gave, though well received, no earnest of his great success in *Virginius*, which appeared in 1820. Of his thirteen plays, this was not only the best, but far surpassed all the others. Among these were *The Hunchback* in 1832 and *John of Procida* in 1840. He also wrote a novel entitled *George Lovell* (1845). In 1852, after many "compunctious visitings of conscience," he abandoned the stage and playwriting and became a Baptist preacher and a religious polemic. He answered the writings of Cardinal Wiseman in a paper called *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest*. He died in 1862, at Broadstairs. Some of his plays still appear upon the stage, although their literary merit is not great.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW LIMITED.

THE power of our Supreme Court is great and its sphere is vast, but there are limits to its power and its sphere. According to the words of the Constitution, "the judicial

power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties," but it by no means follows that the interpretation of the Constitution which may be incident to the trial of these "cases" is final. Of course, the judgment in the "case" actually pending is final, as the settlement of a controversy, for weal or woe to the litigating parties, but as a precedent it is not final even in the Supreme Court itself. When cited afterward, it will be regarded with respect as an interpretation of the Constitution, and, if nothing appears against it, of controlling authority; but at any day, in any litigation, at the trial of any "case," it will be within the unquestionable competency of the court to review its own decision, so far as it establishes any interpretation of the Constitution. But if the court itself be not constrained by its own precedents, how can the co-ordinate branches of the government, who are respectively under oath to support the Constitution, and who, like the court itself, may be called within their respective spheres incidentally to interpret the Constitution, be constrained by them? In both instances the power to interpret the Constitution is simply incident to other principal duties, as the trial of "cases," the making of laws or the administration of government, and it seems as plainly incident to a "case" of legislation or of administration as to one of the "cases" of litigation. And on this view I shall act with entire confidence under the oath which I have taken.

For myself, let me say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect, but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment. It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave, which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome, which in the name of the old religion adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death in all its most dreadful forms, and which afterward, in the name of the new religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun. It was a judicial tribunal which in France during the long reign of her monarchs lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief Reign of Terror it did not hesitate to stand forth the unpitying accessary of the unpitying guillotine. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry VIII., from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More, which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley and John Rogers, which after

would have been known as an easy writer in a comic vein of not a high tone, and would have left nothing to after-times. The reading public merely knew that there was such a struggling writer, when the first number of his *Vanity Fair* came out, in February, 1847; it was completed in seventeen numbers. Indifference gave way to interest; interest was succeeded by enthusiasm: it was an immense success. Becky Sharp and Amelia Osborn, Rawdon Crawley and the marquis of Steyne, were on every tongue. Thackeray was a famous man. Could he live up to his fame? Besides some Christmas books—which were, of course, received with favor—he came out in 1849 with *Pendennis*, which even increased his reputation. In 1851 he lectured in England and America on "The English Humorists," and was very successful. In 1852 appeared his greatest work—considered from the point of view of literary criticism—*Henry Esmond*, so thoroughly conceived in the spirit and expressed in the language of Queen Anne's time that the illusion is perfect; the reader joins the crowds and ranks and courts of which he reads, and assists in the historic *mise en scène*. *The Virginians*, the sequel to *Esmond*, does not approach it in excellence. In 1855 appeared his most popular novel, *The Newcomes*, read with avidity by average people who find *Henry Esmond* a little too historical, and enjoyed by all. In 1856 he delivered his lectures on "The Four Georges" in America, and afterward in England. Never did royal sin and royal bestiality receive so scathing a punishment; for him there is no royal immunity, and the house of Hanover, reft of crown and sceptre, stands at the touch of his magic wand fit names and figures for the *Newgate Calendar*. In 1857 he stood for Oxford, but was defeated by a slight vote.

In 1860 the *Cornhill Magazine* was started, with Thackeray as editor; it had an immense subscription-list, but it was soon manifest to himself that he was not the person for such an undertaking, and so before long he retired from the post, but continued to write for it. In that appeared his "Roundabout Papers" and "The Adventures of Philip in his Way through the World." In 1862 he took a long lease of a house at Kensington, near the palace, intending to repair it, but, instead, he pulled it down and rebuilt it. It was finished—spacious and beautiful: he might hope for great comfort under the protection of his household gods. He had started a new novel in serial numbers, which had already progressed to four numbers. On Wednesday morning, December 23, 1863, he said he did not feel well. His valet, Charles Sargent, tended him during the day, and left him at eleven at night. The next morning he was found dead in his bed, of an effusion on the brain. He was buried at Kensal Green on the 30th of December, leaving no one behind him to fill his place.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

ULRICH VON HÜTTEN had followed Œcolampadius to Basel. He was a man of extensive and generous projects. Charles V. was to have been the youthful hero destined to realize his golden age, but Hütten, when he saw his hopes on that head

come to nothing, had turned to Sickingen, and sought to obtain from chivalry what had been refused him by the empire. Sickingen, as the leading man among the feudal nobility, had acted a great part in Germany, but ere long the princes besieged him in his castle of Landstein, and those new arms, cannons and cannon-balls, brought tumbling down those ancient battlements that had been used to blows of a different kind. The taking of Landstein proved the final downfall of chivalry, the decisive victory of artillery over lances and bucklers, the triumph of modern times over the Middle Ages. Thus was the last effort of expiring chivalry to be in favor of the Reformation, the first effort of the new system of warfare to be against it. The mail-clad men who fell beneath the unlooked-for shot, and who lay dead or dying amid the ruins of Landstein, were superseded by a different kind of knights.

All Hütten's hopes fell with the fall of Landstein and of chivalry. Over the dead body of Sickingen he bade farewell to the glorious days which his imagination had fondly pictured to him, and, renouncing all trust in man, he now only looked for a little obscurity and repose. He repaired to the small island of Ufnau, on the Lake of Zurich. It was in that peaceful and obscure retreat, after a life of great agitation, that Ulrich von Hütten, one of the most remarkable geniuses of the sixteenth century, died unnoticed, about the end of August, 1523. With him chivalry may be said to have breathed its last. He left behind him neither money, books nor furniture, excepting only a pen.

JEAN HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

THE PARROT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE LOUIS LECLERC, COUNT DE BUFFON.

THE parrot, which is said to have been first introduced into Europe by Alexander the Great, is the best known among us of all foreign birds, as it unites the greatest beauty with the greatest docility. But its chief attraction is to be found in its ability to utter articulate sounds—a gift which it possesses in far greater perfection than any other bird. Its voice, also, is more like a man's than any other: the raven is too hoarse and the jay and magpie too shrill to resemble the truth, but the parrot's note is of the true pitch and capable of a variety of modulations. For this it is indebted to the form of its bill, tongue and head: "Its bill, round on the outside and hollow within, has in some degree the capacity of a mouth and allows the tongue to play freely, and the sound, striking against the circular border of the lower mandible, is there modified as on a row of teeth, while the concavity of the upper mandible reflects it like a palate; hence the animal does not utter a whistling sound, but a full articulation. The tongue, which modulates all sounds, is proportionably larger than in man, and would be more voluble were it not harder than flesh and invested with a strong horny membrane." In addition to the talent of speech, the parrot is endowed with a strong memory, and with more sagacity than is the lot of most other birds.

The ease with which this bird is taught to speak and the great number of words which it is capable of repeating are equally surprising. We are assured by a grave

writer that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and "that I may not be wanting in my instance," says a late writer, "I have seen a parrot belonging to a distiller who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances from an informer who lived opposite him very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' with a very clear, loud, articulate voice. The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighborhood with its persevering exhortations."

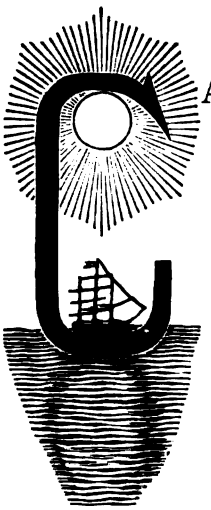
Willoughby tells a story of a parrot which is not so dull as those usually brought up when this bird's facility of talking happens to be the subject. A parrot belonging to King Henry VII., who then resided at Westminster, in his palace by the river Thames, had learned to talk many words from the passengers as they happened to take water. One day, sporting on its perch, the poor bird fell into the water, at the same time crying out as loud as he could, "A boat! Twenty pound for a boat!" A waterman who happened to be near, hearing the cry, made to the place where the parrot was floating, and, taking him up, restored him to the king. As it seems the bird was a favorite, the man insisted that he ought to have a reward rather equal to his service than his trouble, and, as the parrot had cried "Twenty pounds," he said the king was bound in honor to grant it. The king at last agreed to leave it to the parrot's own determination; which the bird hearing, cried out, "Give the knave a groat."

The sagacity which parrots show in a domestic state seems also natural to them in their native residence among the woods. They live together in flocks and mutually assist each other against other animals, either by their courage or their notes of warning. They generally breed in hollow trees, where they make a round hole, and do not line their nest within. If they find any part of a tree beginning to rot from the breaking off of a branch or any such accident, this they take care to scoop, and to make the hole sufficiently wide and convenient; but it sometimes happens that they are content with the hole which a woodpecker has wrought out with greater ease before them, and in this they prepare to hatch and bring up their young. The female lays two or three eggs about the size of those of a pigeon and marked with little specks. The natives are very assiduous in seeking their nests, and usually take them by cutting down the tree. By this means, indeed, the young parrots are liable to be killed; but if one of them survive, it is considered as a sufficient recompense. The old ones are shot with heavy arrows headed with cotton, which knock them down without killing them. The food commonly given to these birds consists of hempseed, nuts, fruits of every kind and bread soaked in wine; they would prefer meat, but that kind of aliment has been found to make them dull and heavy, and to cause their feathers to drop off after some time. It has been observed that they keep their food in a kind of pouch, from which they afterward throw it up in the same manner as ruminating animals.

Translation of JOHN WRIGHT.

THE PUNISHMENT.

FROM THE GREEK DRAMA OF EURIPIDES.



CADMUS. Unmeasurable grief!
This is a sight
Not to be borne—this murder by your hands
Committed. To the gods dost thou present
A goodly victim, to the festive board
Inviting Thebes and me. Thy miseries first
I wail, and then mine own. The royal Bacchus
With justice hath undone us, but severe
In vengeance, as from hence he draws his birth.

AGAVE. How wayward is old age, of aspect sour,
To all around morose! May my son be
Successful in the chase and imitate
His mother's manners 'midst the Theban youth
When ardent he pursues the savage beast!
But he alone dares fight against the god:
He must be warned of this by thee, my father,
And me, nor pride him in pernicious wisdom.
Where is he? To my presence who will call him,
That he may see me happy in my prize?

CAD. He was like you, and reverenced not the god,
Who therefore bound us all in the same chain
Of ruin—him and you to desolate
The house, and me, who, destitute of sons,
Behold this manly branch which sprung from thee
Murdered most vilely and most shamefully,
To whom all looked with reverence. Thou, my child,
My daughter's son, didst in my house bear rule
And awe the city; none to my hoar hairs
Dared offer violence, beholding thee:
Thy vengeance had chastised him; from my house,
Disgraced, an outcast, shall I now be driven—
The mighty Cadmus who the Theban race
Sowed in the ground and reaped the glorious harvest.
Dearest of men—for thou, though now no more,
Shalt yet be numbered 'mongst my best-loved sons—
No more thy hand shall stroke this beard, no more
Embrace thy mother's father, nor thy voice
Address me thus: "Who wrongs thy reverend age?
Who dares dishonor thee? Who wrings thy heart
With rude offence? Inform me, and this hand
Shall punish him that injures thee, my father."
But now I am afflicted; wretched, thou.
Thy mother sinks beneath her misery,
And her unhappy sisters. If there be
A man whose impious pride contemns the gods,

Let him behold his death and own their power.

CHORUS. Cadmus, we grieve for thee; thy daughter's son
Hath his reward—just, though it pains thy heart.

BACCHUS. Oh, father, for my state now changed thou seest,
Thou and thy loved Harmonia, who from Mars
Descended graced thy bed, though mortal thou,
Shall wear a dragon's savage form. With her—
For so the oracle of Jove declares—
Toils after toils revolving shalt thou bear,
Leading barbarians, and with forces vast
Level great towns and many to the ground;
But when the shrine of Phœbus their rude hands
Shall plunder, intercepting their return,
Misfortune shall await them: thee shall Mars
Deliver, and Harmonia, from the ruin,
And place you in the regions of the blest.
This, from no mortal father, but from Jove,
Descended, Bacchus tells thee. Had you known
What prudence is—but you would none of her—
You might have flourished in a prosperous state,
Blest with the alliance of the son of Jove.

CAD. We have offended; we entreat forgiveness.

BAC. Too late you learn: you would not when you ought.

CAD. We own it, yet thy vengeance is severe.

BAC. Though born a god, I was insulted by you.

CAD. Ill suits the gods frail man's relentless wrath.

BAC. Long since my father Jove thus graced his son.

AGA. Ah me! it is decreed—unhappy exile.

CAD. Alas, my daughter, in what dreadful ills
Are we all plunged, thy sisters, and thyself
Unhappy! I shall bear my wretched age
To sojourn with barbarians, fated yet
To lead a mixed barbaric host to Greece;
Harmonia, too, my wife, the child of Mars.
Changed to a dragon's savage form, myself
A dragon, to the altars, to the tombs,
Of Greece, a chief with many a ported spear
Shall I lead back, and never shall my toils
Know respite, never shall I pass the stream
Of Acheron below and there find rest.

AGA. Hence, reft of thee, my father, will I fly.

CAD. Why, my unhappy daughter, on my hand
Thus dost thou hang as if the silver swan
Should fly for refuge to the useless drone?

AGA. A wretched outcast, which way shall I fly?

CAD. I know not, child; small aid thy father gives.

AGA. Farewell, my royal mansion, and farewell,
Thou city of my fathers; I will leave thee,
Through grief in exile from my nuptial bed.

CAD. Go now, my child, to Aristæus go.

AGA. I am bereaved of thee, my father.

CAD. Thine.
My daughter, and thy sisters' woes I wail.

AGA. Severely—most severely—hath the god

Brought on thy house this dreadful punishment.
CAD. Dreadful through you my sufferings; every tongue
Shall sound my name with infamy in Thebes.
AGA. Farewell, my father.
CAD. My unhappy child,
Thou too farewell, if aught can now be well.
AGA. Lead, my attendants, lead me to my sisters,
That I may take them with me, of my flight
Mournful associates. Thither will I go,
Where no Cithæron is polluted, where
These eyes may never see Cithæron more,
And where no thyrsus wakes uneasy thought;
To other Bacchic dames I leave these rites.
CHO. With various hand the gods dispense our fates,
Now showering various blessings which our hopes
Dared not aspire to, now controlling ills
We deemed inevitable. Thus the god
To these hath given an end exceeding thought:
Such is the fortune of this awful day.

Translation of R. POTTER.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' "Auld King Coil,"
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame
Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name—they ca'd him Cæsar—
Was keepit for His Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, lettered braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar,
But, though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin'.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stawn't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke,
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black:
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swurl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither,
Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit,
Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion
An' worry'd ither in diversion,

* Cuchullin's dog, in Ossian's *Fingal.*

Until, wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they set them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain and a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare through the steeks
The yellow lettered Geordie keeks.

Fra morn to e'en it's naught but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet even the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic-like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, we blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant-man
His Honor has in a' the lan',
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh,
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic-like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee-duddie weans,
An' naught but his han' darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger;
But—how it comes I never kenned yet—
They're maistly wonderfu' contented,
An' buirdly chiels an' clever hizzies
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huffed and cuffed and disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor fo'k
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed on our laird's court-day—
An' mony a time my heart's been wae—
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear,
While they maun staun' wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.

I see how folk live that hae riches,
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think,
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustomed wi' the sight
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided
They're ay in less or mair provided;

An', though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives,
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy,
They lay aside their private cares
To mend the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's coming,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass returns
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life o' ev'ry station
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe an' sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' richt guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house:
My heart has been sae fain to see them
That I fear joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still, it's owre true that ye hae said:
Sic game is now owre aften played.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k
Are riven out, baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favor wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin
For Britain's guid his saul indentin.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it,
"For Britain's guid"! Guid faith, I doubt it!
Say rather gaun as premiers lead him,
An' saying "Aye" or "No's" they bid him;
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading,
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour an' tak' a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails,
Or by Madrid he takes the rout
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt,
Then bouses drumly German water
To mak' himsel' look fair and fetter.
"For Britain's guid"! For her destruction,
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten an' harassed
For gear to gang that gate at last?

Oh, would they stay aback frae courts
An' please themsels wi' kintra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant and the cotter;
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,

"They told me here, they told me there:
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother, he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But oh, my heart was fit to break:
Mother, he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back fast as fast could be
To come again to you,
And here, close by, this squire I met,
Who asked so mild what made me fret;
And when I told him true,

"'I will go with you, child,' he said:
'God sends me to this dying-bed.'
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that like a sermon-book
Preached, "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay,
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister;
My sister, let us pray."

And well withouten book or stole—
God's words were printed on his soul—
Into the dying ear
He breathed as 'twere an angel's strain
The things that unto life pertain
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate;
Of God's most blest decree
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant with the cry,
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain and toil—
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith and love—
Sure in God's own good time to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then— The orphan's sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld in heart-struck, mute surprise
Who reined their coursers back
Just as they found the long-astray
Who in the heat of chase that day
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood:
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band,
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT AND CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

IMAGINATION.

KNOWLEDGE'S next organ is imagination—
A glass wherein the object of our sense
Ought to respect true height or declination
For understanding's clear intelligence;
But this power also hath her variation,
Fixèd in some, in some with difference,
In all so shadowed with self-application
As makes her pictures still too foul or fair,
Not like the life in lineament or air.

This power, besides, always cannot receive
What sense reports, but what th' affections please
To admit; and as those princes that do leave
Their state in trust to men corrupt with ease,
False in their faith or, but to faction friend,
The truth of things can scarcely comprehend,
So must th' imagination from the sense
Be misinformed while our affections cast
False shapes and forms on their intelligence,
And to keep out true intromission thence
Abstract the imagination or distaste
With images preoccupately placed.

Hence our desires, fears, hopes, love, hate and sorrow
In fancy make us hear, feel, see impressions
Such as out of our sense they do not borrow,
And are the efficient cause, the true progression,
Of sleeping visions, idle phantasms waking,
Life, dreams and knowledge apparitions making.

FULKE GREVILLE (Lord Brooke).

ISABELLA MARKHAM,

WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT HER FAIR AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOW IN GOODLY ATTIRE AND TALKED TO DIVERS IN THE COURTYARD, 1564.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart, disclose!
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe? As freely own:
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith naught doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,

Yet not a heart to save my pain?
Oh, Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem:
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away:
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

THE VICTORY OF BRUNNENBURG.

THE gates were then thrown open,
And forth at once they rushed;
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
Back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
And there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums
As if the earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
Arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
How they were forming fast,
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
A countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
The battle soon must join.
"My men, stand here in order,
Ranged upon a line;
Let not a man move from his rank
Before I give the sign."
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
But he could not refrain:
He held the banner in his hand,
He gave his horse the rein:
"You see yon foremost squadron there,
The thickest of the foes?
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
For there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it
Show the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid called out,
"For Heaven's sake be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold,"
So eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on
Amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner,
And compassed him about.
Had not his armor been so true,
He had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
"For Heaven's sake succor him!"
Their shields before their breasts,
Forth at once they go,

Their lances in the rest
  Levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests
  Waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down
  Toward the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
  His shout was heard afar:
"I am Rui Díaz,
  The champion of Bivar—
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
  For sweet mercies' sake!"
There where Bermuez fought
  Amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights,
  It was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed,
  A man at every blow.
When they wheeled and turned,
  As many more lay slain:
You might see them raise their lances,
  And level them again.
There you might see the breastplates,
  How they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield
  Lie scattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white
  Marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild
  Whose riders had been slain.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

BEFORE his lord he came and mercy sought,
But to his fellows mercy would not show:
Although his debts were freely all forgiven,
From others he exacted his full dues
Unto the uttermost.
Oh, ever thus with man! We heav'n approach,
Pleading its Lord to cancel our great debt,
But from our suffering and our needy
Fellow-men we exact our utmost claim,
Hard and unfeelingly.

AMBROSE CURTIS.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright
  Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
  The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And oh," said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
  To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
  On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
  "Offensive to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
  Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
  Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
  And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore,
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased
When the bell at the castle tolled one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound;
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride, while she trembled: "I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies:
His vizor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed?

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine.

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!" he cried;
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that to punish thy falsehood and pride
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side—
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave."

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay,
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground;
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that by order sublime
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal-apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine."

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."—
"And is mine one?" said Abou.—"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended! Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:
So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

PASSIONS.

WE oft by lightning read in darkest nights,
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

JOHN CROWNE.

JOHN FREDERICK HERRING.

HERRING was the son of a native of New York, of Dutch descent, but was born in Surrey, England, in 1795. He was for some years a leading member of the Society of British Artists, at whose exhibitions, as likewise those of the British Institution, he principally appeared before the public. He was entirely self-taught. His desire to depict the English race-horse was kindled by the first sight he had of a race—the St. Leger at Doncaster—when he was nineteen years of age. He painted the winner of that important race for thirty-three years in succession, and thus obtained a wide connection in the sporting world. Yet, although he continued to paint the St. Leger winners and studies of other celebrated thoroughbreds, he did not feel quite competent to carry out what he had thus begun. He took to driving, and was nearly four years on the road, finishing his career as coachman on the old and celebrated coach the "York and London Highflyer." While thus engaged he was continually requested to relinquish that occupation and resume the pencil. At length Mr. Frank Hawksworth promised him if he would give up driving he would ensure him full employment for a twelvemonth in painting hunters and hounds; on the strength of this offer he at once abandoned the ribbons for the easel, and innumerable were his racing scenes and portraits of high-mettled racers. Her Majesty had eight horses painted by him; he was also sent for by august personages in France to paint their favorite horses. More interesting compositions, however, to the lover of art are his richly-colored studies from the farm-yard, with its motley population of horses, cows, pigs and poultry. Many of his choicest productions have been purchased for America, where he is held in as high esteem as Sir Edwin Landseer is in England. Amongst his last works are his "Returning from Epsom," "Derby Day," "The Scene near the Windmill Inn on Clapham Common," "Market-Day," "Horse Fair" on a heath near a town, also a "Horse Fair" in a country village, "The Road," anterior to rails, likewise four pictures of "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn" and "Winter." Two of his most celebrated hunting pictures are "The Long Drop" and "The Last Leap." He died in 1865, in his seventy-first year.

EDWARD WALFORD.

RODRICK.

BRAVE Rodrick was the hero of a wild—
No tribute paid, no man as master styled,
Nor favor sought, nor mercy from a lord;
His wild dominion held he by his sword.
The gallant leader of an outlawed band,
The rude defender of his native land,
By mountain-pass and steep cliff's rugged way
The tyrant's minions kept he still at bay.

But Rodrick once had home and wife and child,
A peaceful man, was loving, gentle, mild,
A neighbor kind, a friend without a peer.
Most happy passed his days from year to year
Till foemen came; a fierce, a foreign band
By ruthless war subdued his native land,
His home destroyed, destroyed his child, his wife,
Naught leaving but his courage and his life.

Deep buried in his inmost soul his woes,
With dauntless breast he met his country's foes,
And vengeance dealt on many a battle-day,
In many a struggle fierce and bloody fray.
His comrades true obeyed his every call—
A hero band, his will the law of all;
The rustic patriot loved to sound his fame,
The tyrant trembled when he heard his name.

His faithful comrades, one by one they fell,
By rocky pass, by mountain-stream and dell;
Yet unsubdued remain a valiant few,
Whose dauntless deeds attest what man may do.
Though history's page records not now their name
In living letters of undying fame,
Not Greece's heroes in her brightest days
More worthy were of never-ending praise.

"Here perish we," said Rodrick, "one by one,
And none may live to see our freedom won;
A daring deed for liberty and right,
Our country save or fall in manly fight."
Thus spoke the chieftain to that remnant band,
The last defenders of a conquered land.
"Let traitors leave us and let cowards fly;
We go," he cried, "to conquer or to die."

II.

The monarch grand, within his castle wall,
Held festival in his great banquet-hall,
And proudly smiled upon that bright array
Of chieftains brave and ladies fair and gay;
His sceptre holding with an iron hand,
He sternly stretched it o'er a conquered land,
All fearless now of chief in wilds afar
Who unsubdued maintained guerilla-war.

That festive hall, what signal now alarms?
"The rebel foe!" they cry; "to arms! to arms!"
With terror hear resounding Rodrick's name.
The walls are gained, the castle is on flame,
And now, amidst confusion and dismay,
The chieftains arm and mingle in the fray,
And the proud monarch trembling on his throne
In his great banquet-hall is left alone.

Brave Rodrick! This the hour to vengeance due,
To right thy wrongs and save thy people too—
That sacred hour thou long hast prayed to see,
Thy country's chain to break, proclaim her free.
What bravest yet may dare thou dar'st to do,
And fighting by thy side are comrades true;
For unto thee their trust and lives are given:
Thy country's only hope is thee and Heav'n.

Oh, fruitless now is valor, vain the strife:
These valiant rustics can but yield their life,
There fighting, not to conquer, but to die,
And from their country's foes they will not fly;
They bravely fall beneath the conqueror's blade.
A captive now their gallant chief is made:
No mercy unto him will foeman give,
For what were conquest worth if Rodrick live?

III.

Life's closing day! Brave chief, the die is cast:
The trumpet's call proclaims this hour thy last.
But who would live a captive and a slave?
Oh, better far the gibbet and the grave!
Thy gallant steed—the charger which thee bore
In bloody fray throughout this vengeful war—
Shall carry thee to where thy death shall show
A tyrant's hatred toward a noble foe.

The captive chief to see, the people throng
As onward unto death he rides along,
Low murmuring they, like waves upon the shore,
Forerunners of the billows' angry roar.
Upon the guards they dash, that living tide,
Like rushing torrents down the mountain-side;
With patriotic hate, with fury blind,
They scatter them like chaff before the wind.

Quake, guilty tyrant! Though upon a throne,
A nation's wrongs thy blood may yet atone,
For Rodrick speeds once more to open war;
And if he only reach those wilds afar,
That spirit brave may yet thy conqueror be—
In coming time may hail his people free.
Thy minions send in hot pursuit to fly:
That rebel chief will vanquish thee or die.

Fast through the city gates the riders go,
Pursuing, all, a solitary foe;
And as the walls they pass their ranks divide,
That warrior in to hem on either side.
Oh, brave is Rodrick, fleet and stanch his steed,
But naught avails it in this hour of need:
He may not reach that solitary wild,
His mountain-home, where cliffs on cliffs are piled.

That swift pursuit began with midday sun,
Nor was it ended when the day was done:
Ere they arrived on Elward's giddy height
The moon on its dark cliff shed forth her light.
No bridle checked that rider brave, with speed
Still pressing forward on his noble steed,
While on the craggy hillside just below
Half circling him advance his warrior-foe.

A gulf before thee, Rodrick, dread and deep:
Behind, surrounding thee, thy foemen sweep:
The lion strong is caged; they have thee there,
And with wild shouts of triumph rend the air.
But Rodrick, ever calm, no look behind,
Rides as unconscious of their fury blind,
Raises his charger for the dreadful leap,
And, bounding onward, passes o'er the steep

IV.

Though many years have passed by Elward's tide,
The rustic yet will speak of Rodrick's ride,
And strangers tell how, at a furious speed,
Again appears that chieftain on his steed;
And coming always in the moon's full light,
That gallant horse and rider drop each night
O'er Elward's cliff down to the depths below,
There disappearing; but how, none may know.

They tell that Rodrick never can know rest
While by the foe his people are oppressed—
How yet a coming chief with valiant band
Will drive oppressors from their native land,
And to the patriot dead will honor give:
On history's brightest page their names will live.
Then shall the nightly apparition cease,
And then shall gallant Rodrick rest in peace.

JOSEPH DICKSON.

FAME.

OF all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
Applauding most what least deserved applause;
The *motive*, the *result*, was naught to her:
The *deed* alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamation loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

ROBERT POLLOK.

AT LAST.

THE old, old story o'er again,
Made up of passion, parting, pain:
He fought and fell to live in fame,
But dying only breathed her name.

Some tears most sad and innocent,
Some rebel thoughts, but all unmeant,
Then, with a silent, shrouded heart,
She turned to life and played her part.

Another man, who vowed and loved,
Her patient, pitying spirit moved;
Sweet hopes the dread of life beguiled:
The lost love sighed, the new love smiled.

So she was wed, and children bore,
And then her widowed sables wore;
Her eyes grew dim, her tresses gray,
And dawned at length her dying-day.

Her children gather: some are gone,
Asleep beneath a lettered stone;
The living, cold with grief and fear,
Stoop down her whispering speech to hear.

No child she calls, no husband needs:
At Death's sharp touch the old wound bleeds.
"Call him!" she cried. Her first love's name
Leapt from her heart with life's last flame.

ROSE TERRY.

THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

AT last resolving to push my suit in the style of a soldier who is about to shift his quarters, I came to the point with my fair one, Doña Estefania de Caycedo (for that is the name of my charmer), and this was the answer she gave me:

"Señor Alferez Campuzano, I have inherited no fortune either from my parents or any other relation, and yet the furniture of my house is worth a good two thousand five hundred ducats, and would fetch that sum if put up to auction at any moment. With this property I look for a husband to whom I may devote myself in all obedience, whilst I apply myself with incredible solicitude to the task of delighting and serving him; for there is no master-cook who can boast of a more refined palate or can turn out more exquisite ragouts and made-dishes than I can when I choose to display my housewifery in that way. I can be the major-domo in the house, the tidy wench in the kitchen and the lady in the drawing-room; in fact, I know how to command and make myself obeyed. I squander nothing and accumulate a great deal; my coin goes all the farther for being spent under my own directions. My household linen, of which I have a large and excellent stock, did not come out of the drapers' shops or warehouses: these fingers and those of my maidservants stitched it all; and it would have been woven at home had that been possible. If I give myself these commendations, it is because I cannot incur your censure by uttering what it is absolutely necessary that you should know. In fine, I wish to say that I desire a husband to protect, command and honor me, and not a gallant to flatter and abuse me. If you like to accept the gift that is offered you, here I am, ready and willing to put myself wholly at your disposal."

My wits were not in my head at that moment, but in my heels. Delighted beyond imagination, and seeing before me such a quantity of property, which I already beheld by anticipation converted into ready money, without making any other reflections than those suggested by the longing that fettered my reason, I told her that I was fortunate and blest above all men, since Heaven had given me by a sort of miracle such a companion that I might make her the lady of my affections and my fortune—a fortune which was not so small but that with that chain which I wore round my neck, and other jewels which I had at home, and by disposing of some military finery, I could muster more than two thousand ducats, which, with her two thousand five hundred, would be enough for us to retire upon to a village of which I was a native, and where I had relations and some patrimony. Its yearly increase, helped by our money, would enable us to lead a cheerful and unembarrassed life. In fine, our

union was at once agreed on; the banns were published on three successive holidays (which happened to fall together), and on the fourth day the marriage was celebrated in the presence of two friends of mine and a youth who she said was her cousin, and to whom I introduced myself as a relation with words of great urbanity. Such, indeed, were all those which hitherto I had bestowed on my bride—with how crooked and treacherous an intention I would rather not say; for, though I am telling truths, they are not truths under confession which must not be kept back.

My servant removed my trunk from my lodgings to my wife's house. I put by my magnificent chain in my wife's presence, showed her three or four others—not so large, but of better workmanship—with three or four other trinkets of various kinds, laid before her my best dresses and my plumes, and gave her about four hundred reals, which I had, to defray the household expenses. For six days I tasted the bread of wedlock, enjoying myself like a beggarly bridegroom in the house of a rich father-in-law. I trod on rich carpets, lay in holland sheets, had silver candlesticks to light me, breakfasted in bed, rose at eleven o'clock, dined at twelve and at two took my siesta in the drawing-room. Doña Estefania and the servant-girl danced attendance upon me; my servant, whom I had always found lazy, was suddenly become nimble as a deer. If ever Doña Estefania quitted my side, it was to go to the kitchen and devote all her care to preparing fricassees to please my palate and quicken my appetite. My shirts, collars and handkerchiefs were a very Aranjuez of flowers, so drenched they were with fragrant waters. Those days flew fast, like the years which are under the jurisdiction of time; and, seeing myself so regaled and so well treated, I began to change for the better the evil intention with which I had begun this affair.

At the end of them, one morning, there was a loud knocking and calling at the street door. The servant-girl put her head out of the window, and immediately popped it in again, saying,

"There she is, sure enough. She is come sooner than she mentioned in her letter the other day, but she is welcome."

"Who's come, girl?" said I.

"Who?" she replied. "Why, My Lady Doña Clementa Bueso, and with her Señor Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez, with two other servants and Hortigosa, the dueña she took with her."

"Bless me! Run and open the door for them," Doña Estefania now exclaimed.—"And you, señor, as you love me, don't put yourself out or reply for me to anything you may hear said against me."

"Why, who is to say anything to offend you, especially when I am by? Tell me, who are these people whose arrival appears to have upset you?"

"I have no time to answer," said Doña Estefania; "only be assured that whatever takes place here will be all pretended and bears upon a certain design which you shall know by and by."

Before I could make any reply to this in walked Doña Clementa Bueso, dressed in lustrous green satin richly laced with gold, a hat with green, white and pink feathers, a gold hat-band, and a fine veil covering half her face. With her entered Don Lope Me-

lendez de Almendarez in a travelling-suit no less elegant than rich. The dueña, Hortigosa, was the first who opened her lips, exclaiming,

"Saints and angels, what is this? A man! Upon my faith, the Señora Doña Estefania has availed herself of My Lady's friendliness to some purpose!"

"That she has, Hortigosa," replied Doña Clementa; "but I blame myself for never being on my guard against friends who can only be such when it is for their own advantage."

To all this Doña Estefania replied,

"Pray do not be angry, My Lady Doña Clementa. I assure you there is a mystery in what you see; and when you are made acquainted with it, you will acquit me of all blame."

Doña Estefania, taking me by the hand, led me into another room. There she told me that this friend of hers wanted to play a trick on that Don Lope who was come with her, and to whom she expected to be married. The trick was to make him believe that the house and everything in it belonged to herself. Once married, it would matter little that the truth was discovered, so confident was the lady in the great love of Don Lope. The property would then be returned, and who could blame her, or any woman, for contriving to get an honorable husband, though it were by a little artifice? I replied that it was a very great stretch of friendship she thought of making, and that she ought to look well to it beforehand, for very probably she might be constrained to have recourse to justice to recover her effects. She gave me, however, so many reasons, and alleged so many obligations by which she was bound to serve Doña Clementa even in matters of more importance, that much against my will and with sore misgivings I complied with Doña Estefania's wishes, on the assurance that the affair would not last more than eight days, during which we were to lodge with another friend of hers. She went to take her leave of the Señora Doña Clementa Bueso and the Señor Lope Melendez Almendarez, ordered my servant to follow her with my luggage, and I too followed without taking leave of any one.

Doña Estefania stopped at a friend's house, and stayed talking with her a good while, leaving us in the street, till at last a girl came out and told me and my servant to come in. We went up stairs to a small room. There we remained six days, during which not an hour passed in which we did not quarrel; for I was always telling her what a stupid thing she had done in giving up her house and goods, though it were to her own mother.

One day, when Doña Estefania had gone out, as she said, to see how her business was going on, the woman of the house asked me what was the reason of my wrangling so much with my wife and what she had done for which I scolded her so much, saying it was an act of egregious folly rather than of perfect friendship. I told her the whole story—how I had married Doña Estefania, the dower she had brought me and the folly she had committed in leaving her house and goods to Doña Clementa, even though it was for the good purpose of catching such a capital husband as Don Lope. Thereupon the woman began to cross and bless herself at such a rate, and to cry out, "O Lord! Oh, the jade!" that she put me into a great state of

uneasiness. At last, "Señor Alferez," said she, "I don't know but I am going against my conscience in making known to you what I feel would lie heavy on it if I held my tongue. Here goes, however, in the name of God; happen what may, the truth for ever, and lies to the devil! The truth is that Doña Clementa Bueso is the real owner of the house and property which you have had palmed upon you for a dower; the lies are every word that Doña Estefania has told you, for she has neither house nor goods, nor any clothes besides those on her back. What gave her an opportunity for this trick was that Doña Clementa went to visit one of her relations in the city of Plasencia, and there to perform a novenary in the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, meanwhile leaving Doña Estefania to look after her house, for, in fact, they are great friends. And, after all, rightly considered, the poor señora is not to blame, since she has had the wit to get herself such a person as the Señor Alferez for a husband." Here she came to an end, leaving me almost desperate, and without doubt I should have become wholly so if my guardian angel had failed in the least to support me and whisper to my heart that I ought to consider I was a Christian, and that the greatest sin men can be guilty of is despair, since it is the sin of devils.

This consideration, or good inspiration, comforted me a little—not so much, however, but that I took my cloak and sword and went out in search of Doña Estefania, resolved to inflict upon her an exemplary chastisement. But chance ordained—whether for my good or not I cannot tell—that she was not to be found in any of the places where I expected to fall in with her. I went to the church of San Lorente, commended me to Our Lady, sat down on a bench, and in my affliction fell into so deep a sleep that I should not have awoke for a long time if others had not roused me.

I went with a heavy heart to Doña Clementa's, and found her as much at ease as a lady should be in her own house. Not daring to say a word to her, because Señor Don Lope was present, I returned to my landlady, who told me she had informed Doña Estefania that I was acquainted with her whole roguery; that she had asked how I had seemed to take the news; that she, the landlady, said I had taken it very badly, and had gone out to look for her, apparently with the worst intentions; whereupon Doña Estefania had gone away, taking with her all that was in my trunk, only leaving me one travelling-coat. I flew to my trunk and found it open like a coffin waiting for a dead body, and well might it have been my own if sense enough had been left me to comprehend the magnitude of my misfortune.

"Great it was indeed," observed the licentiate Peralta; "only to think that Doña Estefania carried off your fine chain and hatband! Well, it is a true saying, 'Misfortunes never come single.'"

"I do not so much mind that loss," replied the Alferez, "since I may apply to myself the old saw, 'My father-in-law thought to cheat me by putting off his squinting daughter upon me, and I myself am blind of an eye.'"

"I don't know in what respect you can say that," replied Peralta.

"Why, in this respect—that all that lot

of chains and gewgaws might be worth some ten or twelve crowns."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the licentiate; "for that which the Señor Alferez wore on his neck must have weighed more than two hundred ducats."

"So it would have done," replied the Alferez, "if the reality had corresponded with the appearance; but 'all is not gold that glitters,' and my fine things were only imitations, but so well made that nothing but the touchstone or the fire could have detected that they were not genuine."

"So, then, it seems to have been a drawn game between you and the Señora Doña Estefania?" said the licentiate.

"So much so that we may shuffle the cards and make a fresh deal. Only the mischief is, Señor Licentiate, that she may get rid of my mock-chains, but I cannot get rid of the cheat she put upon me; for, in spite of my teeth, she remains my wife."

"You may thank God, Señor Campuzano," said Peralta, "that your wife has taken to her heels, and that you are not obliged to go in search of her."

"Very true, but for all that, even without looking for her, I always find her—in imagination; and, wherever I am, my disgrace is always present before me."

"I know not what answer to make you except to remind you of these two verses of Petrarch:

> "'Che qui prende diletto di far frode,
> Non s'ha di lamentar s'altro l'inganna.'

That is to say, whoever makes it his practice and his pleasure to deceive others has no right to complain when he is himself deceived."

"But I don't complain," replied the Alferez; "only I pity myself, for the culprit who knows his fault does not the less feel the pain of his punishment. I am well aware that I sought to deceive and that I was deceived and caught in my own snare, but I cannot command my feelings so much as not to lament over myself. To come, however, to what more concerns my history—for I may give that name to the narrative of my adventures—I learned that Doña Estefania had been taken away by that cousin whom she brought to our wedding. I had no mind to go after her and bring back upon myself an evil I was rid of. I changed my lodgings within a few days. I have my sword; for the rest I trust in God."

Translation ANONYMOUS.

A TRIAL IN FRANCE IN THE YEAR 1651.

I WENT to the Châtelet, or prison, where a malefactor was to have the question, or torture, given to him, he refusing to confess the robbery with which he was charged, which was thus: They first bound his wrist with a strong rope or small cable, and one end of it to an iron ring made fast to the wall about four feet from the floor, and then his feet with another cable, fastened about five feet farther than his utmost length to another ring on the floor of the room. Thus suspended, and yet lying but aslant, they slid a horse of wood under the rope which bound his feet, which so exceedingly stiffened it as severed the fellow's joints in miserable sort, drawing him out at length in an extraordinary manner, he having only a pair of linen

drawers on his naked body. Then they questioned him of the robbery (the lieutenant being present, and a clerk that wrote); which not confessing, they put a higher horse under the rope, to increase the torture and extension. In this agony confessing nothing, the executioner with a horn (just such as they drench horses with) stuck the end of it into his mouth and poured the quantity of two buckets of water down his throat and over him, which so prodigiously swelled him as would have pitied and affrighted any one to see it; for all this he denied all that was charged to him. They then let him down and carried him before a warm fire to bring him to himself, being now to all appearance dead with pain. What became of him I know not, but the gentleman whom he robbed constantly averred him to be the man, and the fellow's suspicious pale looks before he knew he should be racked betrayed some guilt. The lieutenant was also of that opinion, and told us at first sight (for he was a lean, dry, black young man) he would conquer the torture; and so it seems they could not hang him, but did use in such cases, where the evidence is very presumptive, to send them to the galleys, which is as bad as death.

There was another malefactor to succeed, but the spectacle was so uncomfortable that I was not able to stay the sight of another.

JOHN EVELYN.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

THE first playhouse built in England was erected in Blackfriars in the year 1569 or 1570, about twenty years before Shakespeare commenced writing for the stage. Previously to this establishment of the "regular drama" there had been three different species of theatrical representations—miracles or mysteries, written by priests on religious subjects, and performed by them on holy days; moralities, which sprang from the mysteries and approached nearer to regular plays, their characters being composed of allegorical personifications of virtues and vices; and free translations from the classics, performed at the inns of court, the public seminaries and the universities.

In 1574 the queen licensed a company of actors called "The Earl of Leicester's Servants" to play throughout England "for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them." Theatres rapidly increased. In 1606 there were seven in London; in 1629, we believe, there were seventeen. They were opposed in an early stage of their career by the Puritans and the graver counsellors of the sovereign. In 1583, at the time that Sir Philip Sidney published his *Defence of Poesy*, he could find little in their performances to approve. Though forbidden after the year 1574 to be open on the Sabbath, the prohibition does not appear to have been effective during the reign of Elizabeth. Secretary Walsingham laments over the whole matter in this wise: "The daily abuse of stage-plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the gospel; for every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places in the city—some in the name of Her Majesty's men, some of the earl of Leicester's, some the earl of Ox-

ford's, the lord admiral's, and divers others; so that when the bell tolls to the lecture, the trumpet sounds to the stage. The playhouses are filled when the churches are naked. It is a woeful sight to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, when five hundred poor people starve in the streets."

As the taste for theatrical exhibitions increased, the task of providing the theatres with plays became a profession. Most of the precursors, contemporaries and successors of Shakespeare were young men of education who came down to the city from the universities to provide themselves with a living by whatever cunning there was in their brain and ten fingers. Some became actors as well as writers. The remuneration of the dramatist was small. Poverty and dissoluteness seem to have characterized the pioneers of the drama. As the theatre was popular as well as fashionable, the "groundlings" who paid their sixpences for admission had their tastes consulted. This accounts in some degree for the rant and vulgarity which strangely disfigure so many of the plays. The usual miseries and vices which characterize men of letters in an unlettered age, when authors are numerous and readers are few, distinguish the lives of many of the elder dramatists. Ben Jonson, in the *Poetaster*, makes Tucca exclaim, with a side-reference to the poets of his own day, that "they are a sort of poor starved rascals that are ever wrapt up in foul linen, and can boast of nothing but a lean visage peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblem of beggary." We suppose this was too true a picture of many whose minds deserved a better environment of flesh and raiment.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

SOUTH AFRICA.

HUNTING.

PASSING on to Letloche, about twenty miles beyond the Bamangwato, we found a fine supply of water. This is a point of so much interest in that country that the first question we ask of passers-by is, "Have you had water?" the first inquiry a native puts to a fellow-countryman is, "Where is the rain?" and, though they are by no means an untruthful nation, the answer generally is, "I don't know; there is none. We are killed with hunger and by the sun." If news is asked for, they commence with "There is no news; I heard some lies only," and then tell all they know.

This spot was Mr. Gordon Cumming's farthest station north. Our house at Kolobeng having been quite in the hunting-country, rhinoceros and buffaloes several times rushed past, and I was able to shoot the latter twice from our own door. We were favored by visits from this famous hunter during each of the five years of his warfare with wild animals. Many English gentlemen following the same pursuits paid their guides and assistants so punctually that in making arrangements for them we had to be careful that four did not go where two only were wanted: they knew so well that an Englishman would pay that they depended implicitly on his word of honor; and not only would they go and hunt for five or six months in the north, enduring all the hardships of that trying mode of life with little else but meat of game to subsist on, but they willingly went seven hundred or eight hundred miles to Graham's Town, receiving for wages only a musket worth fifteen shillings.

No one ever deceived them except one

man, and, as I believed that he was afflicted with a slight degree of the insanity of greediness, I upheld the honor of the English name by paying his debts. As the guides of Mr. Cumming were furnished through my influence and usually got some strict charges as to their behavior before parting, looking upon me in the light of a father, they always came to give me an account of their service, and told most of those hunting-adventures which have since been given to the world before we had the pleasure of hearing our friend relate them himself by our own fireside. I had thus a tolerably good opportunity of testing their accuracy, and I have no hesitation in saying that for those who love that sort of thing Mr. Cumming's book conveys a truthful idea of South African hunting. Some things in it require explanation, but the numbers of animals said to have been met with and killed are by no means improbable, considering the amount of large game then in the country. Two other gentlemen hunting in the same region destroyed in one season no fewer than seventy-eight rhinoceroses alone. Sportsmen, however, would not now find an equal number, for as guns are introduced among the tribes all these fine animals melt away like snow in spring. In the more remote districts where firearms have not yet been introduced, with the single exception of the rhinoceros, the game is to be found in numbers much greater than Mr. Cumming ever saw. The tsetse is, however, an insuperable barrier to hunting with horses there, and Europeans can do nothing on foot. The step of the elephant when charging the hunter, though apparently not quick, is so long that the pace equals the speed of a good horse at a canter. A young sportsman, no matter how great among pheasants, foxes and hounds, would do well to pause before resolving to brave fever for the excitement of risking such a terrific charge. The scream or trumpeting of this enormous brute when infuriated is more like what the shriek of a French steam-whistle would be to a man standing on the dangerous part of a railroad than any other earthly sound; a horse unused to it will sometimes stand shivering instead of taking his rider out of danger. It has happened often that the poor animal's legs do their duty so badly that he falls and exposes his rider to be trodden into a mummy, or, losing his presence of mind, the rider may allow the horse to dash under a tree and crack his cranium against a branch. As one charge from an elephant has made embryo Nimrods bid a final adieu to the chase, incipient Gordon Cummings might try their nerves by standing on railways till the engines were within a few yards of them. Hunting elephants on foot would be not less dangerous, unless the Ceylon mode of killing them by one shot could be followed; it has never been tried in Africa.

TRADING.

It was to be expected that they would be imposed upon in their first attempt at trading, but I believe that this could not be so easily repeated. It is, however, unfortunate that in dealing with the natives in the interior there is no attempt made at the establishment of fair prices. The trader shows a quantity of goods, the native asks for more, and more is given. The native, being ignorant of the value of the goods or of his ivory, tries what another demand will bring. After some haggling, an addition is

made, and that bargain is concluded to the satisfaction of both parties. Another trader comes, and perhaps offers more than the first; the customary demand for an addition is made, and he yields. The natives by this time are beginning to believe that the more they ask, the more they will get: they continue to urge, the trader bursts into a rage, and the trade is stopped, to be renewed next day by a higher offer. The natives naturally conclude that they were right the day before, and a most disagreeable commercial intercourse is established. A great amount of time is spent in concluding these bargains. In other parts it is quite common to see the natives going from one trader to another till they have finished the whole village, and some give presents of brandy to tempt their custom. Much of this unpleasant state of feeling between natives and Europeans results from the commencements made by those who were ignorant of the language, and from the want of education being given at the same time.

A THUNDER-STORM.

We passed through the patch of the tsetse which exists between Linyanti and Seshéke by night. The majority of the company went on by daylight, in order to prepare our beds. Sekeletu and I, with about forty young men, waited outside the tsetse till dark. We then went forward, and about ten o'clock it became so pitchy dark that both horses and men were completely blinded. The lightning spread over the sky, forming eight or ten branches at a time, in shape exactly like those of a tree. This, with great volumes of sheet-lightning, enabled us at times to see the whole country. The intervals between the flashes were so densely dark as to convey the idea of stone-blindness. The horses trembled, cried out and turned round as if searching for each other, and every new flash revealed the men taking different directions, laughing and stumbling against each other. The thunder was of that tremendously loud kind only to be heard in tropical countries, and which friends from India have assured me is louder in Africa than any they have ever heard elsewhere. Then came a pelting rain, which completed our confusion. After the intense heat of the day we soon felt miserably cold, and turned aside to a fire we saw in the distance. This had been made by some people on their march, for this path is seldom without numbers of strangers passing to and from the capital. My clothing having gone on, I lay down on the cold ground, expecting to spend a miserable night, but Sekeletu kindly covered me with his own blanket and lay uncovered himself. I was much affected by this little act of genuine kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilization, as certain races of animals do before others, it is a pity.

THE FALLS OF VICTORIA.

As this was the point from which we intended to strike off to the north-east, I resolved on the following day to visit the Falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioatunya, or, more anciently, Shongwe. Of these we had often heard since we came into the country; indeed, one of the questions asked by Sebituane was, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" They did not go near enough to examine them, but, viewing them with awe at a distance, said, in reference to the vapor and noise, "Mosi oa tunya." ("Smoke does

sound there"). It was previously called Shongwe, the meaning of which I could not ascertain. The word for a "pot" resembles this, and it may mean a seething caldron, but I am not certain of it. Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambesi in the centre of the country, and that this is the connecting-link between the known and unknown portions of that river, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo did, and gave the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country. No better proof of previous ignorance of this river could be desired than that an untravelled gentleman who had spent a great part of his life in the study of the geography of Africa, and knew everything written on the subject from the time of Ptolemy downward, actually asserted in the *Athenæum*, while I was coming up the Red Sea, that this magnificent river, the Leeambye, had "no connection with the Zambesi, but flowed under the Kalahari desert and became lost," and "that, as all the old maps asserted, the Zambesi took its rise in the very hills to which we have now come." This modest assertion smacks exactly as if a native of Timbuctu should declare that the "Thames" and the "Pool" were different rivers, he having seen neither the one nor the other. Leambye and Zambesi mean the very same thing—viz., "the River."

Sekeletu intended to accompany me, but, one canoe only having come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapor, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of color and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside groups of graceful palms which with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean "far from home," for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark color of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges three hundred or four hundred feet in height,

which are covered with forest, with red soil appearing among the trees.

When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island, but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But, though we had reached the island and were within a few yards of the spot a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least, I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills immediately beyond the tunnel, extending as far as Gravesend, the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills, the pathway being one hundred feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from eighty to one hundred feet apart, then fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf and forced there to change its direction and flow from the right to the left bank, and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills,—he may have some idea of what takes place at this the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which at the time we visited the spot had two bright rainbows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place). From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf, but as they flow down the steep wall there the column of vapor in its ascent licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on

the left of the island and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight except at the left corner, where a rent appears and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in color, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discolored by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow —a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel when burnt in oxygen gas give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock and but slowly breaking up into spray.

I have mentioned that we saw five columns of vapor ascending from this strange abyss. They are evidently formed by the compression suffered by the force of the water's own fall into an unyielding wedge-shaped space. Of the five columns, two on the right and one on the left of the island were the largest, and the streams which formed them seemed each to exceed in size the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres when that river is in flood. This was the period of low water in the Leeambye, but, as far as I could guess, there was a flow of five or six hundred yards of water, which at the edge of the fall seemed at least three feet deep. I write in the hope that others more capable of judging distances than myself will visit this scene, and I state simply the impressions made on my mind at the time. I thought, and do still think, the river above the falls to be one thousand yards broad, but I am a poor judge of distances on water, for I showed a naval friend what I supposed to be four hundred yards in the bay of Loanda, and, to my surprise, he pronounced it to be nine hundred. I tried to measure the Leeambye with a strong thread, the only line I had in my possession; but when the men had gone two or three hundred yards, they got into conversation and did not hear us shouting that the line had become entangled. By still going on they broke it, and, being carried away down the stream, it was lost on a snag. In vain I tried to bring to my recollection the way I had been taught to measure a river by taking an angle with the sextant. That I once knew it and that it was easy were all the lost ideas I could recall, and they only increased my vexation. However, I measured the river farther down by another plan, and then I discovered that the Portuguese had measured it at Tete and found it a little over

one thousand yards. At the falls it is as broad as at Tete, if not more so. Whoever may come after me will not, I trust, find reason to say I have indulged in exaggeration.

WORSHIP.

At three spots near these falls—one of them the island in the middle on which we were—three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe. Fear may have induced the selection. The river itself is to them mysterious. The words of the canoe-song are—

"The Leeambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes."

The play of colors of the double iris on the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of deity. Some of the Makololo who went with me near to Gonye looked upon the same sign with awe. When seen in the heavens it is named "motsé oa barimo"—"the pestle of the gods." Here they could approach the emblem and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below—a type of Him who sits supreme, alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things. But, not aware of his true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms. They did not imitate his benevolence, for they were a bloody imperious crew, and Sebituane performed a noble service, in the expulsion from their fastnesses of these cruel "lords of the isles." DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.

WHY OUR BREATH BLOWS BOTH HOT AND COLD.

THERE is almost no man but knows that breath blown strongly, and which comes from the mouth with violence—that is to say, the passage being strait—will cool the hand; and that the same breath blown gently—that is to say, through a greater aperture—will warm the same; the cause of which phenomenon may be this: the breath going out hath two motions—the one, of the whole and direct, by which the foremost parts of the hand are driven inward; the other, simple motion of the small particles of the same breath, which causeth heat. According, therefore, as either of these motions is predominant, so there is the sense sometimes of cold, sometimes of heat. Wherefore, when the breath is softly breathed out at a large passage, that simple motion which causeth heat prevaileth, and consequently heat is felt; and when, by compressing the lips, the breath is more strongly blown out, then is the direct motion prevalent, which makes us feel cold. For the direct motion of the breath or air is wind, and all wind cools or diminisheth former heat. THOMAS HOBBES.

ON HIS LADY-LOVE'S HOUSE.

TO view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone,
Whence joy and peace are influenced on me,
For 'tis the temple of my deity.
So to this house, that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

PHILIP AYRES.

EXISTENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RENÉ DESCARTES.

[David Hume—by the most accurate and logical reasoning, if his theory be granted—overturns the pillars of the universe. Taking it for granted, according to the theory of philosophers from the days of Plato and Aristotle, that the senses do not immediately perceive material objects, but only images of them in the mind or in the brain, he proved by incontestible reasoning that there is no world. People not acquainted with the history of intellectual extravagance may smile at this and think that it is incredible that such doctrine could make any impression on rational creatures, but this fanatical philosophy had its day and gave satisfaction to men of the most profound talent. The greatest effort that ever sound philosophy made was to recover to us the existence of the world from the powerful grasp of Mr. Hume, supported by the common theory of perception. Descartes overturned the philosophy of Aristotle with regard to the images that were supposed to come from the external object into the mind or brain. That he might lay a deep foundation for his philosophy, he began by doubting everything; even his own existence was not received by him as a first principle. His doubt on this point was at last happily removed by inferring his existence from his thoughts. "*I think*," says the philosopher, "therefore I exist." Thus by a great effort of philosophy this truly great genius proved what none but a lunatic [should have] ever thought of doubting. This was the only thing he admitted as a self-evident truth, and upon this as upon a rock he raised every part of his system.—A. C.]

PUTTING AWAY PREVIOUSLY-CONCEIVED IDEAS TO REACH JUST CONCLUSIONS.

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since I first became aware that I had accepted even from my youth many false opinions for true, and that consequently what I afterward based on such principles was highly doubtful; and from that time I was convinced of the necessity of undertaking once in my life to rid myself of all the opinions I had adopted, and of commencing anew the work of building from the foundation, if I desired to establish a firm and abiding superstructure in the sciences. But, as this enterprise appeared to me to be one of great magnitude, I waited until I had attained an age so mature as to leave me no hope that at any stage of life more advanced I should be better able to execute my design.

I will suppose, then, not that Deity, who is sovereignly good and the fountain of truth, but that some malignant demon who is at once exceedingly potent and deceitful, has employed all his artifice to deceive me; I will suppose that the sky, the air, the earth, colors, figures, sounds and all external things are nothing better than the illusions of dreams by means of which this being has laid snares for my credulity; I will consider myself as without hands, eyes, flesh, blood, or any of the senses, and as falsely believing that I am possessed of these; I will continue resolutely fixed in this belief; and if, indeed, by this means it be not in my power to arrive at the knowledge of truth, I shall at least do what is in my power—viz., [suspend my judgment] and guard with settled purpose against giving my assent to what is false and being imposed upon by this deceiver, whatever be his power and artifice.

I AM—I EXIST.

I had the persuasion that there was absolutely nothing in the world, that there was no sky and no earth, neither minds nor bodies; was I not, therefore, at the

same time, persuaded that I did not exist? Far from it; I assuredly existed, since I was persuaded. But there is I know not what being who is possessed at once of the highest power and the deepest cunning, who is constantly employing all his ingenuity in deceiving me. Doubtless, then, I exist, since I am deceived; and, let him deceive me as he may, he can never bring it about that I am nothing, so long as I shall be conscious that I am something. So that it must, in fine, be maintained, all things being maturely and carefully considered, that this proposition (*pronunciatum*) I am, I exist, is necessarily true each time it is expressed by me or conceived in my mind.

But I do not yet know with sufficient clearness what I am, though assured that I am; and hence in the next place I must take care lest perchance I inconsiderately substitute some other object in room of what is properly myself, and thus wander from truth even in that knowledge (cognition) which I hold to be of all others the most certain and evident. For this reason I will now consider anew what I formerly believed myself to be before I entered on the present train of thought, and of my previous opinion I will retrench all that can in the least be invalidated by the grounds of doubt I have adduced, in order that there may at length remain nothing but what is certain and indubitable. What, then, did I formerly think I was? Undoubtedly I judged that I was a man. But what is a man? Shall I say, A rational animal? Assuredly not; for it would be necessary forthwith to inquire into what is meant by "animal" and what by "rational," and thus from a single question I should insensibly glide into others, and these more difficult than the first. Nor do I now possess enough of leisure to warrant me in wasting my time amid subtleties of this sort. I prefer here to attend to the thoughts that sprung up of themselves in my mind, and were inspired by my own nature alone, when I applied myself to the consideration of what I was. In the first place, then, I thought that I possessed a countenance, hands, arms and all the fabric of members that appears in a corpse, and which I called by the name of "body." It further occurred to me that I was nourished, that I walked, perceived and thought, and all those actions I referred to the soul; but what the soul itself was I either did not stay to consider, or, if I did, I imagined that it was something extremely rare and subtile, like wind or flame or ether, spread through my grosser parts. As regarded the body, I did not even doubt of its nature, but thought I distinctly knew it; and if I had wished to describe it according to the notions I then entertained, I should have explained myself in this manner: By body I understand all that can be terminated by a certain figure; that can be comprised in a certain place, and so to fill a certain space as therefrom to exclude every other body; that can be perceived either by touch, sight, hearing, taste or smell; that can be moved in different ways —not, indeed, of itself, but by something foreign to it by which it is touched [and from which it receives the impression]; for the power of self-motion, as likewise that of perceiving and thinking, I held as by no means pertaining to the nature of body. On the contrary, I was somewhat astonished to find such faculties existing in some bodies.

But, [as to myself, what can I now say that I am], since I suppose there exists an

extremely powerful—and, if I may so speak, malignant—being whose whole endeavors are directed toward deceiving me? Can I affirm that I possess any one of all those attributes of which I have lately spoken as belonging to the nature of body? After attentively considering them in my own mind, I find none of them that can properly be said to belong to myself. To recount them were idle and tedious. Let us pass, then, to the attributes of the soul. The first mentioned were the powers of nutrition and walking; but if it be true that I have no body, it is true likewise that I am capable neither of walking nor of being nourished. Perception is another attribute of the soul, but perception too is impossible without the body; besides, I have frequently during sleep believed that I perceived objects which I afterward observed I did not in reality perceive. Thinking is another attribute of the soul, and here I discover what properly belongs to myself. This alone is inseparable from me. I am—I exist: this is certain; but how often? As often as I think; for perhaps it would even happen, if I should wholly cease to think, that I should at the same time altogether cease to be. I now admit nothing that is not necessarily true; I am therefore, precisely speaking, only a thinking thing—that is, a mind (*mens sive animus*), understanding or reason, terms whose signification was before unknown to me. I am, however, a real thing and really existent, but what thing? The answer was, A thinking thing. The question now arises, Am I aught besides? I will stimulate my imagination with a view to discover whether I am not still something more than a thinking being. Now, it is plain I am not the assemblage of members called the human body; I am not a thin and penetrating air diffused through all these members, or wind or flame or vapor or breath, or any of all the things I can imagine; for I supposed that all these were not, and without changing the supposition I find that I still feel assured of my existence.

But it is true, perhaps, that those very things which I suppose to be non-existent because they are unknown to me are not, in truth, different from myself, whom I know. This is a point I cannot determine, and do not now enter into any dispute regarding it. I can only judge of things that are known to me: I am conscious that I exist, and I who know that I exist inquire into what I am. It is, however, perfectly certain that the knowledge of my existence, thus precisely taken, is not dependent on things the existence of which is as yet unknown to me, and consequently it is not dependent on any of the things I can feign in imagination. Moreover, the phrase itself, "I frame an image (*effingo*)," reminds me of my error; for I should in truth frame one if I were to imagine myself to be anything, since to imagine is nothing more than to contemplate the figure or image of a corporal thing; but I already know that I exist, and that it is possible at the same time that all those images, and in general all that relates to the nature of body, are merely dreams [or chimeras]. From this I discover that it is not more reasonable to say, I will excite my imagination that I may know more distinctly what I am, than to express myself as follows: I am now awake and perceive something real, but because my perception is not sufficiently clear I will of express purpose go to sleep that my dreams may represent to me the object of my percep-

tion with more truth and clearness. And therefore I know that nothing of all that I can embrace in imagination belongs to the knowledge which I have of myself, and that there is need to recall with the utmost care the mind from this mode of thinking, that it may be able to know its own nature with perfect distinctness.

But what, then, am I? "A thinking thing," it has been said. But what is a thinking thing? It is a thing that doubts, understands, [conceives], affirms, denies, wills, refuses; that imagines, also, and perceives. Assuredly, it is not little if all these properties belong to my nature. But why should they not belong to it? Am I not that very being who now doubts of almost everything, who for all that understands and conceives certain things, who affirms one alone as true and denies the others, who desires to know more of them and does not wish to be deceived, who imagines many things sometimes even despite his will, and is likewise percipient of many as if through the medium of the senses? Is there nothing of all this as true as that I am, even although I should be always dreaming, and although he who gave me being employed all his ingenuity to deceive me? Is there, also, any one of these attributes that can be properly distinguished from my thought, or that can be said to be separate from myself? For it is of itself so evident that it is I who doubt, I who understand and I who desire that it is here unnecessary to add anything by way of rendering it more clear. And I am as certainly the same being who imagines; for although it may be (as I before supposed) that nothing I imagine is true, still the power of imagination does not cease really to exist in me and to form part of my thought. In fine, I am the same being who perceives—that is, who apprehends—certain objects as by the organs of sense, since, in truth, I see light, hear a noise and feel heat. But it will be said that these presentations are false and that I am dreaming. Let it be so. At all events, it is certain that I seem to see light, hear a noise and feel heat; this cannot be false, and this is what in me is properly called perceiving (*sentire*), which is nothing else than thinking. From this I begin to know what I am with somewhat greater clearness and distinctness than heretofore.

Revised translation of PROFESSOR MACDOUGALL.

THE GIBBONS.

OF the gibbons, half a dozen species are found scattered over the Asiatic islands, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and through Malacca, Siam, Arracan and an uncertain extent of Hindostan, on the mainland of Asia. The largest attain a few inches above three feet in height, from the crown to the heel, so that they are shorter than the other man-like apes; while the slenderness of their bodies renders their mass far smaller in proportion even to this diminished height.

Dr. Salomon Müller, an accomplished Dutch naturalist, who lived for many years in the Eastern Archipelago, states that the gibbons are true mountaineers, loving the slopes and edges of the hills, though they rarely ascend beyond the limit of the fig trees. All day long they haunt the tops of the tall trees; and though, toward evening, they descend in small troops to the open ground, no sooner do they spy a man than

they dart up the hillsides and disappear in the darker valleys.

All observers testify to the prodigious volume of voice possessed by these animals. M. Duvaucel affirms that the cry of the siamang may be heard for miles, making the woods ring again. So Mr. Martin describes the cry of the agile gibbon as "overpowering and deafening" in a room, and, "from its strength, well calculated for resounding through the vast forests." Mr. Waterhouse, an accomplished musician as well as zoologist, says, "The gibbon's voice is certainly much more powerful than that of any singer I ever heard." And yet it is to be recollected that this animal is not half the height of, and far less bulky in proportion than, a man.

Mr. Martin has given so excellent and graphic an account of the movements of a *Hylobates agilis* living in the Zoological Gardens that I will quote it in full:

"It is almost impossible to convey in words an idea of the quickness and graceful address of her movements; they may indeed be termed aërial, as she seems merely to touch in her progress the branches among which she exhibits her evolutions. In these feats her hands and arms are the sole organs of locomotion; her body hanging as if suspended by a rope, sustained by one hand (the right, for example), she launches herself by an energetic movement to a distant branch, which she catches with the left hand. But her hold is less than momentary; the impulse for the next launch is acquired; the branch then aimed at is attained by the right hand again, and quitted instantaneously, and so on in alternate succession. In this manner spaces of twelve and eighteen feet are cleared with the greatest ease and uninterruptedly for hours together without the slightest appearance of fatigue being manifested, and it is evident that if more space could be allowed distances very greatly exceeding eighteen feet would be as easily cleared; so that Duvaucel's assertion that he has seen these animals launch themselves from one branch to another, forty feet asunder, startling as it is, may well be credited. Sometimes, on seizing a branch in her progress, she will throw herself by the power of one arm only completely round it, making a revolution with such rapidity as almost to deceive the eye, and continue her progress with undiminished velocity. It is singular to observe how suddenly this gibbon can stop when the impetus given by the rapidity and distance of her swinging leaps would seem to require a gradual abatement of her movements. In the very midst of her flight a branch is seized, the body raised, and she is seen, as if by magic, quietly seated on it, grasping it with her feet. As suddenly she again throws herself into action.

"A live bird was let loose in her apartment; she marked its flight, made a long swing to a distant branch, caught the bird with one hand in her passage, and attained the branch with her other hand, her aim, both at the bird and at the branch, being as successful as if one object only had engaged her attention. It may be added that she instantly bit off the head of the bird, picked its feathers, and then threw it down without attempting to eat it.

"On another occasion this animal swung herself from a perch, across a passage at least twelve feet wide, against a window, which it was thought would be immediate-

ly broken. But not so: to the surprise of all, she caught the narrow framework between the panes with her hand, in an instant attained the proper impetus, and sprang back again to the cage she had left—a feat requiring not only great strength, but the nicest precision."

The gibbons appear to be naturally very gentle, but there is very good evidence that they will bite severely when irritated, a female *Hylobates agilis* having so severely lacerated one man with her long canines that he died, while she had injured others so much that, by way of precaution, these formidable teeth had been filed down; but if threatened, she would still turn on her keeper. The gibbons eat insects, but appear generally to avoid animal food. A siamang, however, was seen by Mr. Bennett to seize and devour greedily a live lizard. They commonly drink by dipping their fingers in the liquid and then licking them. It is asserted that they sleep in a sitting posture.

Duvaucel affirms that he has seen the females carry their young to the waterside and there wash their faces, in spite of resistance and cries. They are gentle and affectionate in captivity, full of tricks and pettishness, like spoiled children, and yet not devoid of a certain conscience, as an anecdote told by Mr. Bennett will show. It would appear that his gibbon had a peculiar inclination for disarranging things in the cabin. Among these articles, a piece of soap would especially attract his notice, and for the removal of this he had been once or twice scolded. "One morning," says Mr. Bennett, "I was writing, the ape being present in the cabin, when, casting my eyes toward him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him without his perceiving that I did so, and he occasionally would cast a furtive glance toward the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he, seeing me busily occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from whence he had taken it. There was certainly something more than instinct in that action: he evidently betrayed a consciousness of having done wrong both by his first and last actions." THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

THE COURTS AT ATHENS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

THERE were ten courts of justice in Athens. These ten courts were all painted with colors from which names were given them, and on each of them was engraven one of the first ten letters of the Greek alphabet, from which they are likewise called Alpha, Beta, etc. Such, therefore, of the Athenians as were at leisure to hear and determine causes delivered in their names, together with the names of their father and borough, inscribed upon a tablet, to the Thesmothetæ, who returned it to them with another tablet, whereon was inscribed the letter of one of the courts, as the lots had directed. These tablets they carried to the crier of the several courts signified by the letters, who thereupon gave to every man a tablet inscribed with his own name and the name of the court which fell to his lot, and a staff or

sceptre. Having received these, they were all admitted to sit in the court. If any person sat among the judges who had not received one of the aforesaid letters, he was fined. These judges, having heard the causes they were appointed to take cognizance of, went immediately and delivered back the sceptre to the Prytanes, from whom they received the reward due to them. This was termed the judicial fee. Sometimes it was an *obol* for every cause they decided, sometimes three *obols*, being sometimes raised higher than at others by the instance of men who endeavored by that means to become popular. No man was permitted to sit as judge in two courts upon the same day, that looking like the effect of covetousness; and if any of the judges were convicted of bribery, he was fined. The judges in all the courts were obliged to take a solemn oath by the paternal Apollo, Ceres and Jupiter the king that they would give sentence uprightly and according to law, if the law had determined the point debated, or where the law was silent according to the best of their judgments.

Of all the judicial courts that handled civil affairs, Heliæa was far the greatest and most frequented, being so called, *απο τυ ἁλιζεσθαι*, from the people's thronging together, or rather *απο τυ ἡλιυ*, because it was an open place and exposed to the sun. The judges that sat in this court were at least fifty, but the more usual number was two or five hundred. When causes of great consequence were to be tried, it was customary to call in the judges of other courts. Sometimes a thousand were called in, and these two courts are said to have been joined; sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand, and then three or four courts met together; whence it appears that the judges were sometimes five hundred in other courts.

JOHN POTTER, D. D.
(Archbishop of Canterbury).

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.

WITH this noble hot-blooded Gessler I celebrated the battle of Leipzig, then packed up my bundle and started in a huge carriage drawn by four horses, on which the trunks and baggage which the minister had left behind were loaded, along the road which leads to Schweidnitz and Goldberg, and thence going to the east through Lusatia to the Elbe. Journeying on toward Leipzig, I crossed the Elbe at Meissen. It was not possible to go by Dresden; for the French Marshal St. Cyr with thirty-five thousand men lay there, and the Russians, under Bennigsen, were besieging it. Here, in a little village not far from Mühlberg, I heard that Körner and his family were staying in a little inn, having escaped out of Dresden before the siege. I saw the good people, and we rejoiced together; and their first question to me was about their Theodor, whether I had not any news for them of the Lützowers. I was obliged to say, "No." They were in great anxiety, having heard rumors of fighting in Mecklenburg, and of their son being wounded. They gave me letters to their friends in Leipzig, and begged me to let them know immediately if I heard anything about their son. Alas! I had to write to them only too soon the sad message: "Your son has fallen by a ball, and lies buried in Mecklenburg, under the shadow of a German oak."

Coming near Leipzig, I saw with my own

eyes, by the roads torn up and trampled down, by the villages lying in ashes, with their gardens fenceless and laid waste, and by a hundred other tokens of nameless horror and misery, what a battle means, particularly a battle in which half a million of fighting-men and more than a thousand heavy guns had been struggling three days for victory or death.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, 1813.

"Whence comest thou in thy garments red,
Soiling the hue of the green grass plain?"—
"I come from the field where brave men bled,
Red from the gore of the knightly slain,
Repelling the crash of the fierce assailing;
Mothers and brides may be sorely wailing,
For I am red."

"Speak, comrade, speak, and tell me true:
How call ye the land of the fateful fight?"—
"At Leipzig the murd'rous fierce review
Dimmed with full teardrops many a sight;
The balls, like winter snowflakes flying,
Stifled the breath of thousands dying,
By Leipzig town."

"Name me the hosts that in battle-array
Let fly their diverse banners wide."—
"All lands to join in the dread affray
Against the hated French took side;
The gallant Swede and the valiant Prussian,
The Austrian famed in fight and the Russian,—
All, all went forth."

"And who in the strife won the hard-fought day,
And who took the prize with iron hand?"—
"God scattered the foreigner like the sea-spray,
God drove off the foreigner like the light sand;
Many thousands cover the green sward lying,
The rest like hares to the four winds flying,
With Napoleon, too."

"God bless thee, comrade, thank thee well!
A tale is this the full heart to cheer,
Sounds like a cymbal of heavenly swell,
A story of strife and a story of fear.
Leave the widows and brides to their wail of sorrow:
We'll sing a glad song for full many a morrow
Of the Leipzig fight.

"Leipzig, good town of the fair linden's shade,
A day of proud glory shall long be thine:
So long as the years roll their ceaseless grade,
So long as the sun shall go on to shine,
So long as the streams to the ocean are seeking,
So long shall thy sons be the fond praise speaking
Of the Leipzig fight."

Translation of JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M. A.

THE NEW YEAR.

YET more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution:
Why should we, then, suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough:
This cannot but make better proof,
Or, at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too.
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good;
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall,
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support
Than those do of the other sort.
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders e'en disasters sweet;
And, though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack:
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

CHARLES COTTON.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her face grew strangely white
As she spoke in husky whispers: "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening just at sunset it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever—tried to do it just and right:
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
One low murmur, scarcely spoken: "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her
hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the
pathway down to hell.
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging: 'tis
the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes
flash with sudden light
As she springs and grasps it firmly: "Cur-
few shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung—far out; the city seemed a
tiny speck below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as
the bell swung to and fro,
And the half-deaf sexton ringing—years he
had not heard the bell—
And he thought the twilight curfew rang
young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and
brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating:
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and
the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for
hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what
she this night had done
Should be told in long years after: as the
rays of setting sun
Light the skies with mellow beauty aged sires
with heads of white
Tell their children why the curfew did not
ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie
saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows
with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her
hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a
look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity: lit his
eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell;
"curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the moun-
tains with gold;
The meadows all spangled with dewdrops
behold;
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the
new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes
our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no
pleasure can vie
While jocund we follow the hounds in full
cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his
sport,
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a
court;
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree:
The priest hunts a living; the lawyer, a fee;

The doctor, a patient; the courtier, a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts fame;
The poet, a dinner; the patriot, a name;
And the practised coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs still her lover pursues.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands to roam,
And when tired abroad find contentment at home.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

MY NATIVE VALE.

MY native vale, my native vale, in visions and in dreams
I see your towers and trees and hear the music of your streams;
I feel the fragrance of the thorn where lovers love to meet;
I walk upon thy hills and see thee slumbering at their feet;
In every knoll I see a friend, in every tree a brother,
And clasp thy breast as I would clasp the bosom of my mother.

There stands the tottering tower I climbed and won the falcon's brood;
There flows the stream I've trysted through when it was wild in flood;
There is the fairy glen, the pools I mused in youth among,
The very nook where first I poured forth unconsidered song,
And stood with gladness in my heart and bright hope on my brow:
Ah! I had other visions then than I have visions now.

I went into my native vale. Alas! what did I see?
At every door strange faces where glad looks once welcomed me;
The sunshine faded on the hills, the music left the brooks;
The song of its unnumbered larks was as the voice of rooks;
The plough had been in all my haunts, the axe had touched the grove,
And death had followed: there was naught remained for me to love.

My native vale, farewell, farewell! My father, on thy hearth
The light extinguished, and thy roof no longer rings with mirth;
There sits a stranger on thy chair, and they are dead and gone
Who charmed my early life: all—all sleep 'neath the churchyard stone;
There's naught moves save yon red round moon, naught lives but that pure river
That lived when I was young: all—all are gone, and gone for ever.

Keir with thy pasture-mountains green,
Drumlanrig with thy towers,
Carse with thy lily banks and braes, and Blackwood with thy bowers,

And, fair Dalswinton, with thy walks of
scented thorn and holly,
Where some had toiled the day and shared
the night 'tween sense and folly,
Farewell, farewell! Your flowers will glad
the bird and feed the bee,
And charm ten thousand hearts, although no
more they'll gladden me.

I stood within my native vales, fast by the
river brink,
And saw the long and yellow corn 'neath
shining sickles sink;
I heard the fair-haired maidens wake songs
of thy latter day,
And joyed to see the bandsmen smile, albeit
their locks were gray;
I thought on mine own musings, when men
shook their tresses hoary,
And said, "Alas!" and named my name,
"thou art no heir of glory."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken, then, a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art,
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath,
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

LOVE.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREEK OF ALCÆUS.

ALCÆUS was a native of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos. He was born between 611 and 620 B. C. His family was influential and powerful, and he himself early joined Pittacus and others to relieve his native city from the tyranny of Melanchrus, whom they deposed and slew. Alcæus was the inventor of the metre which bears his name, and his muse embraced every variety of subject; but, unfortunately, only a few fragments of his poetry remain. He was a friend of Sappho, the Greek poetess.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mounds,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities fair with spires and turrets crown'd.
No! Men—high-minded men
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

POVERTY.

The worst of ills, and hardest to endure—
Past hope, past cure—
Is Penury, who with her sister-mate,
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old:
"Wealth makes the man." On him that's poor
Proud Worth looks down, and Honor shuts the door.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

Glitters with brass my mansion wide;
The roof is deck'd on every side,
In martial pride,
With helmets rang'd in order bright,
And plumes of horsehair nodding white,
A gallant sight—
Fit ornament for warrior's brow;
And round the walls, in goodly row,
Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass, like burnish'd gold,
And corslets there in many a fold
Of linen roll'd;
And shields that in the battle-fray
The routed losers of the day
Have cast away.
Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich-embroidered belts between
Of dazzling sheen;
And gaudy surcoats piled around,
The spoils of chiefs in war renowned,
May there be found.
These, and all else that here you see
Are fruits of glorious victory
Achieved by me.

THE STORM.

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we, betwixt them o'er the deep,
In shatter'd tempest-beaten bark,
With laboring ropes, are onward driven,
The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheavèd deck; in tatters riven
Our sails, whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.

Translation of ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M.

THE IRON SHROUD.

From the Italian.

JUST on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla stood the castle of the prince of Tolfi; it commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the Middle Ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce and unpitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio, the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio—fell beneath this subtile and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive. It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof and floor and sides were of iron, solidly wrought and spaciously constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these and the tall folding-doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink or chasm or projection broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead littered with straw stood in one corner, and beside it a vessel with water and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrank with dismay as he entered this abode and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue! How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And as their faint echoes died along the winding passages a fearful presage grew within him that nevermore the face or voice or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time, and he looked his last upon the bright sky and upon the smiling earth and upon a beautiful world he loved and whose minion he had been. Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in. And by what means? By secret poison or by murderous assault? No, for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine, perhaps—a thousand deaths in one. It was terrible to think of it, but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness or stagnate into idiocy. He could not hope to

escape unless he had the power with his bare hands of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison; he could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death under any form of refined cruelty was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtile vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice either the slow death of famine or the still slower one of solitary incarceration till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness as he paced up and down revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle or from any neighboring church or convent struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man, but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of straw upon which he lay as though he would ask himself what it meant. But Memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while Reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting like a truth the bright visions that had vanished and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed—the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy, but the other was positive. His pitcher of water and the dish which contained his food had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them overnight, he could not; for the pitcher now in his dungeon was of neither the same form nor color

as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited, therefore, during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible but that in doing so he must admit a greater difficulty—an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being. The other circumstance which had attracted his notice was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them, for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken than that a portion of the solid iron which formed the walls could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily, though not without a faint hope that by keeping watch at night he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared or preparing for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe nor prayers nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched; morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded. He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal. Nor was this all. Casting his looks toward the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE. Here was no deception, and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so he knew; why it was so he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors; a single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened. A wisp of straw which he had carelessly thrown against them the pre-

ceding day as he paced to and fro remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed, and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely; they appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron, or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them and the floor and the roof and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing—absolutely nothing—to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night, and as it approached he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him: instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, by the time that afterward elapsed before the morning came in, about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute, but it was so extremely gentle that he almost doubted whether it was real or only imaginary. He listened; not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him, and, dashing toward the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water-ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible, and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time, but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking with faint divisions of light the darkness that still pervaded every other part long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, toward them. There were FOUR! He could see only four, but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible, and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain that by some mechanical contrivance an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! for had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall, but to both sight and touch it appeared one

even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again toward them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked—that is, occupying at irregular distances the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding-door, too, still seemed to stand beneath in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt what on the preceding day he fancied might be the effect of visual deception: the dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered, and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose, some devilish torture of mind or body, some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place. Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air.

"Yes," he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon and shuddering as he spoke—"yes, it must be so! I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God, support me! It must be so! Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend, these walls will hem me round and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God, look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend! oh, devil! is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony; tears burst from him and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face; he sobbed aloud; he tore his hair; he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to Heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he rose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food; not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips; sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger, weary with watching and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food, he drank with avidity of the water, and, reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts. He slept, but his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted as long as he could their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him; ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination. He shouted

and screamed as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him; he breathed hard and thick as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up, stare wildly about him, stretch forth his hands to be sure he yet had space enough to live, and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features as he cast his eyes upward and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three! there were no more; and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived that walls and roof and windows should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so, and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there with anticipation merely of a fate from which in the very crisis of his agony he was to be reprieved. Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility if his heart would have let him, but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments, to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish; alone he was to wait a slow-coming torture whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for. Methinks, too, I could meet even that, all-horrible and revolting as it is, if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts, or myself patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh for a deep sleep to fall upon me, that so in death's likeness I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise; his mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance, and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He re-

solved to watch during the ensuing night for the signs he had before observed, and, should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him and within reach of his voice at the instant when his food was supplied—some one perhaps susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came, and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes, he was certain of it—the floor moved under him. He sprang up and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion called aloud. He paused. The motion ceased; he felt no stream of air. All was hushed; no voice answered to his. He burst into tears, and as he sunk to the ground in renewed anguish exclaimed,

"O my God, my God! you alone have power to save me now or strengthen me for the trial you permit."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows! and two days and all would be over. Fresh food, fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near that in six paces he tried the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard, quick breathing and a hurried walk, he strode backward and forward in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words were inscribed here—a human language traced by a human hand. He rushes toward them, but his blood freezes as he reads:

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill, lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his un-

hallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine, which in a few hours must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror; his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls. Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clutches his throat in his convulsive grip, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims,

"Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace, and I should be less than man not to do as much."

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link that united him for the moment with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed long and earnestly it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them; with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked he knew not, but at the extremity of a long vista cut through the solid rocks the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive-groves, shady walks, and in the farthest distance delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape and in the rippling of the calm green sea that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed and panted and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him, till, exhausted and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall. When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished; he was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy, but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes, he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature; once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids at the sun's radiance and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive trees or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh that he were a mariner exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest, or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-strick-

en and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered! Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time in spite of himself, but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him during the whole night like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying, at intervals sleeping heavily, and when not sleeping silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud in disordered speech of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called, the dim obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE solitary window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it, for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer: it stood before him the visible semblance of a funeral-couch or bier. When he beheld this, he started from the ground, and in raising himself suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said as he crouched his body and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet a pressure was produced upon concealed springs which when made to play set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten in the closing scene of this horrible drama all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently, and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick and he breathed with difficulty, or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow, for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi, and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio. He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close

and stunning that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head even as he sat cowering beneath it, and he felt that a further contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently. He was bent nearly double; his hands rested upon either wall and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk the bell beat loud and frequent, crash succeeded crash, and on and on and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more. He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides, and the flattened bier was his iron shroud.

Translation of WILLIAM MULFORD.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

FROM "LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

WELLINGTON stood upon a gentle eminence watching with intense anxiety for the coming of Blucher. He knew that he could hold out but a short time longer. As he saw his lines melting away he repeatedly looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze upon the distant hills, and as he wiped the perspiration which mental anguish extorted from his brow he exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that Blucher or night would come!"

Just at this critical moment, when the emperor was giving an order for a simultaneous attack by his whole force, two long dark columns of thirty thousand each, the united force of Blucher and Bulow, came pouring over the hills, down upon the torn and bleeding flank of Napoleon's exhausted troops. Thus an army of sixty thousand fresh soldiers, nearly equal to Napoleon's whole force at the commencement of the conflict, with exultant hurrahs and bugle-peals and thundering artillery, came rushing upon the plain. It was an awful moment. It was a thunderbolt of Fate.

"It is almost certain," says General Jomini, who had deserted to the allies and was at this time aid-de-camp to the emperor Alexander, "that Napoleon would have remained master of the field of battle but for the arrival of sixty-five thousand Prussians on his rear."

The emperor's wasted bands were now in the extreme of exhaustion. For eight hours every physical energy had been tasked to its utmost endurance by such a conflict as the world had seldom seen before. Twenty thousand of his soldiers were either bleeding upon the ground or motionless in death. He had now less than fifty thousand men to oppose to one hundred and fifty thousand. Wellington during the day had brought up some additional forces from

his rear, and could now oppose the emperor with numbers three to one.

The intelligent French soldiers instantly perceived the desperate state of their affairs, but, undismayed, they stood firm, waiting only for the command of their emperor. The allied army saw at a glance its advantage, and a shout of exultation burst simultaneously from their lips. The emperor, with that wonderful coolness which never forsook him, promptly recalled the order for a general charge, and by a very rapid and skilful series of manœuvres as by magic so changed the front of his army as to face the Prussians advancing upon his right and the lines of Wellington before him.

Everything depended now upon one desperate charge by the imperial guard before the Prussians, trampling down their feeble and exhausted opponents, could blend their squadrons with the battalions of Wellington. The emperor placed himself at the head of this devoted and invincible band and advanced in front of the British lines, apparently intending himself to lead the charge, but the officers of his staff entreated him to remember that the safety of France depended solely upon him. Yielding to their solicitations, he resigned the command to Ney.

The scene now presented was one of the most sublime which war has ever furnished. The imperial guard had never yet moved but in the path of victory. As these renowned battalions, in two immense columns, descended the one eminence and ascended the other to oppose their bosoms to point-blank discharges from batteries double-shotted or loaded to the muzzle with grape, there was a moment's lull in the storm of battle. Both armies gazed with awe upon the scene. The destinies of Napoleon, of France, of Europe, were suspended upon the issues of a moment. The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiriting tones. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly, they strode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. There was a flash as of intensest lightning gleaming along the British lines. A peal as of crashing thunder burst upon the plain. A tempest of bullets, shot, shells, and all the horrible missiles of war, fell like hailstones upon the living mass, and whole battalions melted away and were trampled in the bloody mire by the still advancing host. Defiant of death, the intrepid guard, closing up its decimated ranks, pressed on and pierced the British line. Every cannon, every musket, which could be brought to bear was directed to this unfaltering and terrible foe. Ney in the course of a few moments had five horses shot beneath him; then, with drawn sabre, he marched on foot at the head of his men. Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band till, enveloped in clouds of smoke, it was lost to sight.

At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field with infantry, cavalry and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his guard it had disappeared; almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal pale-

ness overspread the cheek of the emperor. The French army also saw that the guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blucher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders. The banners of despotic Prussia and of constitutional England blended in triumph and intertwined their folds over that gory field where the liberties of Europe were stricken to the dust. Blucher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met, with congratulations, in the bloody arena. Each claimed the honor of the victory. Together they had achieved it. Wellington's troops were so exhausted as to be unable to follow the discomfited army. "Leave the pursuit to me," said Blucher. "I will send every man and every horse after the enemy." He fulfilled his promise with a merciless energy characteristic of this debauched and fierce dragoon. No quarter was shown. The unarmed were cut down, and even the prisoners were sabred.

The English soldiers, as usual, were generous and merciful in the hour of victory. They dispersed over the field and carried refreshments and assistance not only to their own wounded countrymen, but also to their bleeding and dying foes.

Napoleon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it forward into the densest throngs of the enemy. He was resolved to perish with his guard. Cambronne, its brave commander, seized the reins of the emperor's horse, and said to him in beseeching tones, "Sire, death shuns you. You will but be made a prisoner." Napoleon shook his head and for a moment resisted, but then his better judgment told him that thus to throw away his life would be but an act of suicide. With tears filling his eyes and grief overspreading his features, he bowed to these heroes ready to offer themselves up in a bloody sacrifice. Faithful even to death, with a melancholy cry they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" These were their last words, their dying farewell. Silent and sorrowful, the emperor put spurs to his horse and disappeared from the fatal field. It was the commencement of his journey to St. Helena.

This one square, of two battalions, alone covered the flight of the army as a gallant rear-guard. The Prussians and the English pressed it on three sides, pouring into its bosom the most destructive discharges. Squadrons of cavalry plunged upon them, and still they remained unbroken. The flying artillery was brought up, and pitilessly pierced the heroic band with a storm of cannon-balls. This invincible square, the last fragment of the Old Guard, nerved by that soul which its imperial creator had breathed into it, calmly closing up as death thinned its ranks, slowly and defiantly retired, arresting the flood of pursuit. General Cambronne was now bleeding from six wounds; but a few scores of men, torn and bleeding, remained around him. The English and Prussians, admiring such heroism and weary of the butchery, suspended for a moment their fire and sent a flag of truce demanding a capitulation. General Cambronne returned the immortal reply, "The guard dies; it never surrenders!" A few more volleys of bullets from the infantry, a few more discharges of grape-shot from the artillery, mowed them all down.

Thus perished, on the fatal field of Waterloo, the Old Guard of Napoleon. It was the creation of the genius of the emperor; he had inspired it with his own lofty spirit, and the fall of the emperor it devotedly refused to survive.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A TRIAL BY COMBAT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SIR JOHN FROISSART'S "CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN AND ADJOINING COUNTRIES."

ABOUT this period there was much conversation in France respecting a duel which was to be fought for life or death at Paris. It had been thus ordered by the Parliament of Paris, where the cause, which had lasted a year, had been tried, between a squire called James le Gris and John de Carogne, both of them of the household of Peter, Count d'Alençon, and esteemed by him, but more particularly James le Gris, whom he loved above all others and placed his whole confidence in him. As this duel made so great a noise, many from distant parts, on hearing of it, came to Paris to be spectators. I will relate the cause as I was then informed.

It chanced that Sir John de Carogne took it into his head he should gain glory if he undertook a voyage to the Holy Land, having long had an inclination to go thither. He took leave of his lord, the count d'Alençon, and of his wife, who was then a young and handsome lady, and left her in his castle, called Argenteil, on the borders of Perche, and began his journey toward the seaside. The lady remained with her household in this castle, living in the most decent manner. Now, it happened (this is the matter of quarrel), that the devil by divers and perverse temptations entered the body of James le Gris and induced him to commit a crime for which he afterward paid. He cast his thoughts on the lady of Sir John de Carogne, whom he knew to be residing with her attendants at the castle of Argenteil.

The lord de Carogne returned from his voyage, and was joyfully received by his lady and household, who feasted him well. At last, when the household were in bed, she flung herself on her knees at his bedside and bitterly bewailed the insult she had suffered. The knight would not believe it could have happened, but at length she urged it so strongly he did believe her, and said,

"Certainly, lady, if the matter has passed as you say, I forgive you, but the squire shall die; and I shall consult your and my relations on the subject. Should you have told me a falsehood, nevermore shall you live with me."

The lady again and again assured him that what she had said was the pure truth.

On the morrow the knight sent special messengers with letters to his friends and nearest relations of his wife, desiring them to come instantly to Argenteil; so that in a few days they were all at his castle. When they were assembled, he led them into an apartment and told them the reasons of his sending for them, and made his lady relate most minutely everything that had passed during his absence. When they had recovered their astonishment, he asked their advice how to act; they said he should wait on his lord, the count d'Alençon, and tell him the fact. This he did; but the count, who much loved James le Gris, disbelieved

it, and appointed a day for the parties to come before him, and desired the lady might attend to give her evidence against the man whom she thus accused. She attended as desired, accompanied by a great number of her relations, and the examinations and pleadings were carried on before the count to a great length. James le Gris boldly denied the charge, declared it was false, and wondered much how he could have incurred such mortal hatred from the lady. The count told the lady he would support his squire, and that she must have dreamed it. He commanded that henceforward all should be buried in oblivion, and, under pain of incurring his displeasure, nothing farther done in the business. The knight, being a man of courage, and believing what his wife had told him, would not submit to this, but went to Paris and appealed to the Parliament. The Parliament summoned James le Gris, who replied and gave pledges to obey whatever judgment the Parliament should give. The cause lasted upward of a year, and they could not any way compromise it, for the knight was positive, from his wife's information, of the fact, and declared that, since it was now so public, he would pursue it until death. The count d'Alençon for this conceived a great hatred against the knight, and would have had him put to death had he not placed himself under the safeguard of the Parliament. It was long pleaded, and the Parliament at last, because they could not produce other evidence than herself against James le Gris, judged it should be decided in the tilt-yard by a duel for life or death. The knight, the squire and the lady were instantly put under arrest until the day of this mortal combat, which, by order of Parliament, was fixed for the ensuing Monday, in the year 1387, at which time the king of France and his barons were at Sluys, intending to invade England.

The king, on hearing of this duel, declared he would be present at it. The dukes of Berry, Burgundy, Bourbon and the constable of France, being also desirous of seeing it, agreed it was proper he should be there. The king, in consequence, sent orders to Paris to prolong the day of the duel, for that he would be present. This order was punctually obeyed, and the king and his lords departed for France. The king kept the feast of the Calends at Arras, and the duke of Burgundy at Lille. In the mean time, the men-at-arms made for their different homes, as had been ordered by the marshals, but the principal chiefs went to Paris to witness the combat. When the king of France was returned to Paris, lists were made for the champions in the place of St. Catherine, behind the temple, and the lords had erected on one side scaffolds, the better to see the fight. The crowd of people was wonderful. The two champions entered the lists armed at all points, and each was seated in a chair opposite the other; the count de St. Pol directed Sir John de Carogne, and the retainers of the count d'Alençon James le Gris.

On the knight entering the field he went to his lady, who was covered with black and seated on a chair, and said,

"Lady, from your accusation, and in your quarrel, am I thus adventuring my life to combat James le Gris: you know whether my cause be loyal and true."

"My lord," she replied, "it is so; and you may fight securely, for your cause is good."

The lady remained seated, making fervent prayers to God and the Virgin, entreating humbly that through her grace and intercession she might gain the victory according to her right. Her affliction was great, for her life depended on the event; and should her husband lose the victory, she would have been burnt and he would have been hanged. I am ignorant—for I never had any conversation with her or the knight—whether she had not frequently repented of having pushed matters so far as to place herself and husband in such peril; but it was now too late, and she must abide the event.

The two champions were then advanced and placed opposite to each other, when they mounted their horses and made a handsome appearance, for they were both expert men at arms. They ran their first course without hurt to either. After the tilting they dismounted and made ready to continue the fight. They behaved with courage, but Sir John de Carogne was at the first onset wounded in the thigh, which alarmed all his friends. Notwithstanding this, he fought so desperately that he struck down his adversary, and, thrusting his sword through the body, caused instant death, when he demanded of the spectators if he had done his duty; they replied that he had. The body of James le Gris was delivered to the hangman, who dragged it to Montfaucon, and there hanged it.

Sir John de Carogne approached the king and fell on his knees; the king made him rise, and ordered one thousand francs to be paid him that very day; he also retained him of his household, with a pension of two hundred livres a year, which he received as long as he lived. Sir John, after thanking the king and his lords, went to his lady and kissed her; they went together to make their offering in the church of Nôtre Dame, and then returned to their home.

Translation of THOMAS JONES.

CONSCIENCE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE first function of the conscience is to warn, and herein is much of its mystery, for it seems to be ourselves, yet not ourselves; inseparable from us, yet no part of us; speaking to us with gentle and divine approval or with terrible and imperious authority, yet with no inherent power to determine our actions. Wholly beyond our mastery, it stands toward moral evil in the same relation that pain holds toward disease. When anything is wrong with our bodies, when any function is disturbed, when any mischief is latent, pain comes, whether we will or no, to warn us beneficently of our danger. Nor is it otherwise with the soul. All evil springs from evil thoughts: "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts"—evil thoughts, and then all the long black catalogue of sins you know. And since an evil thought is to the soul a disordered function, an undeveloped disease, a latent leprosy, when it is lurking there the pang of an alarmed conscience gives us timely warning. Vain is it to plead that this is but a thought. "Guard well," it says, "thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven." It was a recognized principle of Roman law that *cogitationis pœnam nemo patitur*, but this is not the principle of that sole

legislation which had an origin immediately divine. In every other code that the world has ever seen or known you will find no prohibition of evil thoughts, but you will find that prohibition alike in the first and in the last of those ten commandments which are the code of Him who alone searcheth and knoweth the heart of man. Yea, in the code of Heaven a bad thought indulged is a bad deed committed. Oh, if we listen to this warning from the first, if we thus *obstamus principiis*, how strong, how noble, how impregnable to the assaults of evil, may the soul become! For there are but two ways by which men grievously fall: the one is by some sudden access of temptation; the other, by the subtle corrosion of some besetting sin. But into the latter, if we be true to that voice within us, we cannot fall, because innocence is nature's wisdom, and conscience faithfully cherished makes it more terrible, more difficult, to yield than to resist; and if, on the other hand, evil, unable thus to surprise us by the noiseless and sinuous gliding of the serpent, bounds suddenly upon us with a wild beast's roar and leap, even then it will not master us, because then our habits and our impulses, being pure and true, shield themselves instantly under the strong breastplate of righteousness, and the reiterated choice of what was good has prepared the whole instinct of our nature, the whole bias of our character, for resistance to the sudden sin. Whatever be the shape that the vile allurement takes, the spirit within us thrills its glad response to the noble utterance of the stainless Hebrew boy: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Yes, this is the state at which we all should aim:

> "This is the happy warrior—this is he
> Whom every man-at-arms should wish to be."

For when we have attained this state or are attaining to it, then we are happy; then, the eye being single, the whole body is full of light. We reverence ourselves; films fall away from our eyes; we know that righteousness tendeth to life; we cherish in our consciences the eternal protest against everything that can degrade and ruin us, the eternal witness that everything sweetest and noblest is within our reach. It is one of the very finest and deepest sayings of the great sage of China that "heaven means principle." With him—with all good men who have ever lived—this was the solid result and outcome of experience. Other sources of happiness are but as transient gleams of sunlight, but this is life eternal; other blessings fade as the flowers fade, but this is an everlasting foundation.

FREDERIC W. FARRAR
(Archdeacon Farrar).

DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER.

THE fire from Vesuvius flamed forth from several parts of the mountain with great violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to calm the apprehensions of his friend, assured him that it was only the conflagration of the villages which the country-people had abandoned. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being corpulent and breathing hard, the attendants in the ante-chamber

actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, it would have been impossible for him, if he had continued there any longer, to have made his way out. It was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and joined Pomponianus and the rest of the company, who had not been sufficiently unconcerned to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or flee to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though levigated indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened them with instant destruction. In this distress they resolved upon the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two—a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones which fell around them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the blackest night, which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought it expedient to go down farther upon the shore, in order to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, laid himself down upon a sail-cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong smell of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

ALL HOUSES WILL BE OPEN TO YOU.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

WHEN twilight began to fall, Lenz dressed and went down into the valley. "All houses will be open to you," Pröbler had said. All houses? That was saying a great deal—in fact, so much that it meant nothing. To feel at home in entering a house, its inhabitants must go on calmly with their various pursuits; you must form so entirely a part of the family that neither look nor gesture asks, "Why do you come here? What do you want? What is the matter?" If you are not quite at home, then the house is not really open to you at any moment; and as Lenz's thoughts travel from house to house in the village for a couple of miles round he knows he will be joyfully welcomed by all, but he is nowhere really at home. And yet he has one friend with whom he is thoroughly at home—just as much so as in his own room. The painter Pilgrim wished to go home with him yesterday, after the funeral, but, as his uncle Petrowitsch joined him, Pilgrim remained behind, for Petrowitsch had a hearty contempt for Pilgrim because he was a poor devil, and Pilgrim had an equally hearty contempt for Petrowitsch because he was a rich devil.

Translation of LADY WALLACE.

TRUE NOBILITY NOT IN BIRTH, BUT VIRTUE.

From the French of Nicholas Boileau.

HEN the pure offspring of a splendid line
Where godlike heroes in bright order shine
Burns, like Dangeau, to emulate their fame,
Nobility is something more than name.
But who can stoop to hear a coxcomb trace
The faded glories of a pompous race,
On foreign merit build his empty pride—
Degenerate fool to ancient worth allied?
Though chronicles of earliest France record
Some generous triumph of his grandsire's sword,
Though elder kings adorned the haughty shield
And shared their lilies rescued in the field,
On him what lustre can such deeds bestow
In whom no embers of that virtue glow—
Whose boast is parchment which the worms have spared,
In whom his household's honor is impaired,
Whose dastard soul, effeminate and base,
Belies the record of his lofty race?
Yet when I hear him, impotently great,
Urge the high title of his tinselled state,
I ask if angels bow to his decree
Or God created him of dust like me.
But, though the menace of his scowling eye
Stamps him proud lord of all beneath the sky,
I mean to-day, by privilege of my pen,
To put a question to this first of men.

Say, then, great demigod, creation's boast,
Which of all animals we value most?
We prize the courser whose impetuous blood
Courts the steep mountain and the dashing flood,
Who drinks the gale, elate, with quivering ear,
And, all-impatient in the proud career,
Welcomes the doubling shout and scorns to yield,
And, stung with glory, spans the listed field;
But when the line of proud Bayardo's race
Ends in a jade, we sell her with disgrace,
Nor does her haughty pedigree avail
To save her from the wagon or the mail.
Shall we, then, weakly still revere in thee
The type of grandeur we no longer see?
Vain are your mockeries to deceive mankind:
Virtue alone denotes the noble mind.
If your descent is from heroic sires,
Show in your life a remnant of their fires,
Their love of honor, zeal in virtue's cause,
Hatred of wrong and reverence for the laws.
Can you to glory sacrifice repose
And sleep in harness on the biting snows?
If such unerring characters be thine,
To ancient monarchs trace your mighty line;

Count thousand ancestors or travel back
Through Time's old round and early worlds ransack:
Say from what warrior past you choose to come
Who blazed in Ilion, Macedon or Rome.
Let no dull herald question your pretence:
Thence do you issue or should issue thence.
But did your blood with unpolluted tide
From Theban Hercules through heroes glide,
While your unworthy deeds proclaim you base
And on your ancestry reflect disgrace
The dazzling light of each resplendent name
In deeper shadow shall contrast your shame.
Vainly you shelter your inglorious head
Beneath the awful wing your fathers spread;
Vainly you hope to share in their renown
And claim a kindred which our hearts disown:
In you we spurn an ignominious slave,
A traitor, coward, villain, liar, knave;
A shallow fool with doting fury drunk,
A rotten branch of an immortal trunk.

Cursed be the hour when first the pride of birth
Defiled the simple morals of the earth!
While man was happy and the world in youth
Each gloried in his innocence and truth,
And heroes, spurning titles not their own,
Derived their honors from themselves alone;
Temperance gave plenty, justice banished fear,
And merit crowned the king or robbed the peer.
But changing seasons sunk old Merit's head,
And Vice, usurping, triumphed in his stead;
Then Pride, attended by his barren train,
Seized Honor's sceptre and began his reign;
Barons and counts now urge their crowded claims
And plead the potent virtue of their names;
Now fertile Fancy, swift to humor fools,
Invented blazonry and all its rules.

His fortune spent, Grandeur soon finds the way
To borrow, and the secret not to pay;
On shivering creditors he locks his door,
Browbeats the officer and borrows more.
To jail at last in execution led,
With all the storm of law upon his head,
Pride condescends his privilege to wave
And humbly courts alliance with the knave,
Trades his high titles for a well-stocked purse,
And, selling all his race without remorse,
From Fortune's malice saves a sinking name,
Abandons honor and retrieves his fame.

On dignity in rags the world looks cold,
And rank cannot survive the loss of gold;
All fly the poor and shun their loathed embrace,
And pride of birth enhances their disgrace:
'Tis wealth alone by which we measure worth.
What though a livery had betrayed your birth?
Though none could tell one name your fathers bore,
The college would supply you with a score.

Translation of C. AND R. BALDWIN.

RISE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, B. C. 509.

OVERTHROW OF MONARCHY.

LUCIUS TARQUIN—justly surnamed "the Proud"—after having usurped the sovereign power by the murder of his father-in-law, Servius, retained possession of the throne by the same odious means to which he owed his elevation. His whole reign presented a series of cruelties and acts of injustice. Hence neither his victories and conquests over the enemies of Rome nor the splendid edifices which he undertook or finished in the city could wipe away the stain of his usurpation or obliterate the remembrance of his crimes. His power was upheld by numerous bands of soldiers and satellites, but his subjects were his enemies, and readily availed themselves of the first opportunity to overthrow his oppressive domination.

During the siege of Ardea, a rich city of the Rutuli, Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, offered violence to Lucretia, the virtuous wife of his cousin Collatinus. This lady, in the deepest affliction, called in her husband, her father and their intimate friends, Valerius and Brutus, and, having entreated them to punish her oppressor, stabbed herself with a dagger and fell dead in their presence. Brutus, raising the bloody weapon, swore on the spot that he would pursue the tyrant and his family with fire and sword until royalty should be abolished in Rome. His three friends took the same oath. Their indignation was soon communicated to the other citizens; the people and the army joined in their views, and a decree was passed, with unanimous consent, to banish from among them not only the Tarquins, but even the title and the name of king. This decree was immediately enforced, and its execution put an end to the regal power in Rome after it had lasted, under seven successive kings, for the space of two hundred and forty-four years (B. C. 753–509).

THE REPUBLIC.

The Roman people now directed their attention to the adoption of a new form of government. After several debates it was unanimously agreed that two supreme magistrates, under the name of "consuls," should be annually chosen from the patrician order by the suffrages of the citizens for the administration of the commonwealth. These magistrates were to be invested with full power to convene public meetings, to preside over the Senate, to levy troops and select their officers, to administer the revenues of the state and impart justice to private persons, etc. Hence their authority might in some respect be deemed equal to that of kings, but, besides its being divided between two, it was not to extend, in virtue of each election, beyond the term of one year; and the modest appellation of "consuls" constantly reminded them that they were not the sovereigns, but the counsellors and guardians, of the republic.

The first Romans whom the choice of the people raised to this dignity were Brutus and Collatinus. The latter did not possess it long. Although the most deeply injured in the tragical affair of Lucretia, he became somewhat odious to the citizens merely by evincing less energy than his colleague against the exiled family of the Tarquins; and for this reason he was earnestly exhorted, and at last prevailed upon, to resign his office, which was immediately conferred on Valerius.

In the mean time, Tarquin, the dispossessed monarch of Rome, was devising every measure to recover his throne. He had retired among the Etrurians, from whom he was descended on the maternal side; they agreed, at his earnest request, to send an embassy to Rome for the purpose of recovering his movable property. But the ambassadors were also directed to make every exertion to prepare the way for his return. They fulfilled both commissions with great zeal and every appearance of success: the Senate granted their first request, and, as to their second and much more important object, many young men of the first nobility in Rome did not hesitate to adopt their views concerning the re-establishment of royalty in the person of Tarquin.

BRUTUS CONDEMNS HIS SONS.

The momentous plan was already arranged and measures adopted for its accomplishment when the whole conspiracy was detected by a slave called Vindicius, who had overheard the conversation of the accomplices. They were immediately arrested, and their letters to the tyrant, having fallen into the hands of the consuls, removed every doubt as to the reality of the plot. It was a distressing sight for Brutus to find his two sons among the conspirators—the more so as his office of first consul obliged him to act as their judge. That stern Roman, not shrinking from the duty, without hesitation sacrificed parental affection to the liberty of his country, and the two unhappy young men, with their accomplices, suffered capital punishment.

DEATH OF BRUTUS.

So terrible an execution raised to the highest pitch the animosity of the two parties. When Tarquin shortly after attacked Rome at the head of an army, the battle was obstinately disputed and the loss nearly equal on both sides. The Romans, it is true, remained masters of the field, but they had to deplore the loss of Brutus, who fell during the conflict by the hand of Aruns, one of the sons of Tarquin, after having inflicted a mortal wound on Aruns himself. He was honored by the people with magnificent obsequies, and the Roman ladies with unanimous consent wore mourning for him during a whole year, in order to show their gratitude for the zealous avenger of chastity.

Not long after, the Romans suffered another great loss by the death of Valerius, the friend and colleague of Brutus. This great man, notwithstanding the numerous proofs he had given of patriotism and devotedness to the commonwealth, was once suspected of aspiring to royalty, chiefly because he inhabited a house of difficult access and built upon a hill, as if he had intended to make it a citadel. He was no sooner apprised of this unjust suspicion than he caused the house to be entirely demolished. He moreover passed many laws highly favorable to public liberty —among others, one which permitted every

citizen condemned to any severe punishment to appeal from the sentence of the magistrate to the judgment of the people. For this reason Valerius was surnamed "Publicola," and is still known in history under that popular title. But what did him still greater honor was his perfect disinterestedness: although he passed through the highest offices of the state, and had for a long time the management of the public revenues, he never sought to enrich himself, nor even to increase his little fortune. He died so poor that he did not leave enough to meet the funeral expenses. They were, of course, amply defrayed by the government, and the same honors were paid to him that had been paid to the memory of Brutus.

The authors and chief defenders of Roman liberty were gradually disappearing, but the spirit which animated them still lived, and others endowed with the same indomitable energy of soul arose in their stead to support and strengthen the fabric so successfully begun. A fresh attack directed against them by their former sovereign required once more the display of their courage. The army of the assailants was headed at this time by Porsenna, king of the Etrurians, a prince justly renowned for his conduct and valor, and an ally of the Tarquins.

DEFENCE OF THE BRIDGE BY HORATIUS.*

In the first battle, fought near the Tiber, the Roman generals were wounded and their troops put to flight after a sharp and bloody conflict. The conquerors would have entered the city together with the fugitives had it not been for the wonderful intrepidity of a Roman called Horatius Cocles. This brave warrior placed himself at the entrance of the bridge over which the pursuers had to pass, and defended it, in spite of all their efforts, till the bridge was entirely broken down behind him by his fellow-soldiers. He then leaped with his arms into the Tiber and swam safely to his friends, "having," says Livy, "achieved an exploit which posterity will find it more easy to admire than to believe."

A second engagement proved more favorable to the Romans, and cost Porsenna no less than five thousand of his soldiers; this made him take the determination to change the siege into a blockade and endeavor to reduce the city by famine. Starvation began to rage fearfully among the inhabitants, whose number, being about three hundred thousand, soon exhausted their provisions. In this distress the Romans were again rescued from further danger by the daring and desperate act of one of their citizens, a conspicuous youth named Mucius, and afterward surnamed "Scævola." That young man entered the Etrurian camp unperceived, and, penetrating into the very tent of Porsenna, killed the secretary, whom he mistook for the king. Porsenna generously spared his life, but, alarmed at the danger to which he had been exposed and struck at the obstinate courage of the Romans, he entered into a treaty with them. On the single condition that a certain extent of territory formerly belonging to the Etrurians should be restored he put an end to the siege, and left the royal exiles to their own resources.

The aged Tarquin did not yet think his case entirely hopeless. Notwithstanding the failure of so many exertions, he still preserved sufficient influence over the Latin tribes to make them unite with him in a league against

* See Macaulay's poem "Horatius," Vol. III., p. 494.

the Romans. The armies took the field and met near Lake Regillus, whence the decisive action which followed took its name. Never was a battle fought with greater animosity. The chief leaders of both parties animated their troops still more by example than by words and were found in the hottest part of the conflict; hence, nearly all of them were killed or wounded. Among others, a brother and two sons of the illustrious Publicola on the one side, and on the other a son-in-law and the two remaining sons of Tarquin, lost their lives whilst performing prodigies of valor. At last the Romans by desperate efforts caused victory to declare in their favor. About twenty-seven thousand men had been engaged on their side, and forty-three thousand on that of the Latins—nearly seventy thousand in all; of the latter, only ten thousand escaped. Their terrified countrymen immediately sent ambassadors to sue for peace. It was granted on moderate terms, and the Romans established more firmly than ever their noble political maxim, to conquer the proud and spare the vanquished.

This important victory most effectually secured the commonwealth of Rome. Tarquin, being now left both without a family and without resources, retired to Cumæ, in Campania, where he died shortly after in grief and misery, at the advanced age of ninety years.

PETER FREDET, D. D.

LINCOLN'S LOVE OF THE MUSES.

FROM "SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE."*

PRESENTLY the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, of whom it is well known Mr. Lincoln was very fond. He once remarked, "It matters not to me whether Shakespeare be well or ill acted; with him the thought suffices." Edwin Booth was playing an engagement at this time at Grover's theatre. He had been announced for the coming evening in his famous part of Hamlet. The President had never witnessed his representation of this character, and he proposed being present. The mention of this play, which I afterward learned had at all times a peculiar charm for Mr. Lincoln's mind, waked up a train of thought I was not prepared for. Said he—and his words have often returned to me with a sad interest since his own assassination—"There is one passage of the play of *Hamlet* which is very apt to be slurred over by the actor, or omitted altogether, which seems to me the choicest part of the play. It is the soliloquy of the king, after the murder. It always struck me as one of the finest touches of nature in the world." Then, throwing himself into the very spirit of the scene, he took up the words.

SOLILOQUY OF CLAUDIUS AFTER THE MURDER OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

"Oh, my offence is rank, It smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence,
And what's in prayer but this twofold force—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed

* Published by Hurd & Houghton.

Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law, but 'tis not so *above*.
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
Oh, wretched state! Oh, bosom black as death!
Oh, limèd soul that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! And, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well."

He repeated this entire passage from memory, with a feeling and appreciation unsurpassed by anything I ever witnessed upon the stage. Remaining in thought for a few moments, he continued:

"The opening of the play of *King Richard the Third* seems to me often entirely misapprehended. It is quite common for an actor to come upon the stage, and in a sophomoric style to begin with a flourish:

"'Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.'

Now," said he, "this is all wrong. Richard, you remember, had been, and was then, plotting the destruction of his brothers, to make room for himself. Outwardly the most loyal to the newly-crowned king, secretly he could scarcely contain his impatience at the obstacles still in the way of his own elevation. He appears upon the stage, just after the crowning of Edward, burning with repressed hate and jealousy. The prologue is the utterance of the most intense bitterness and satire."

Then, unconsciously assuming the character, Mr. Lincoln repeated, also from memory, Richard's soliloquy, rendering it with a degree of force and power that made it seem like a new creation to me. Though familiar with the passage from boyhood, I can truly say that never till that moment had I fully appreciated its spirit. I could not refrain from laying down my palette and brushes and applauding heartily upon his conclusion, saying, at the same time, half in earnest, that I was not sure but that he had made a mistake in the choice of a profession—considerably, as may be imagined, to his amusement. Mr. Sinclair has since repeatedly said to me that he never heard these choice passages of Shakespeare rendered with more effect by the most famous of modern actors.

Mr. Lincoln's memory was very remarkable. With the multitude of visitors whom he saw daily, I was often amazed at the readiness with which he recalled faces and events, and even names.

The evening of March 25, 1864, was an intensely interesting one to me. It was passed with the President alone in his study, marked by no interruptions. Busy with pen and papers when I entered, he presently threw them aside and commenced talking again about Shakespeare. Little Tad coming in, he sent him to the library for a copy of the plays, from which he read aloud several of his favorite passages. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and, leaning back in his chair, said,

"There is a poem that has been a great favorite with me for years, to which my attention was first called when a young man by

a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper, and carried in my pocket, till by frequent reading I had it by heart. I would give a great deal," he added, "to know who wrote it, but I never could ascertain." Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated the poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" *

Surprised and delighted, I told him that I should greatly prize a copy of the lines. He replied that he had recently written them out for Mrs. Stanton, but promised that when a favorable opportunity occurred he would give them to me. Varying the subject, he continued:

".There are some quaint, queer verses—written, I think, by Oliver Wendell Holmes—entitled, 'The Last Leaf,' one of which is to me inexpressibly touching." He then repeated these also from memory. The verse he referred to occurs in about the middle of the poem, and is this:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

As he finished this verse he said in his emphatic way, "For pure pathos, in my judgment, there is nothing finer than those six lines in the English language."

A day or two afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio, at the Treasury Department, of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him. While he was sitting it occurred to me to improve the opportunity to secure the promised poem. Upon mentioning the subject the sculptor surprised me by saying that he had at his home, in Philadelphia, a printed copy of the verses, taken from a newspaper some years previous. The President inquired if they were published in any connection with his name. Mr. Swayne said that they purported to have been *written* "by Abraham Lincoln."

"I have heard of that before, and that is why I asked," returned the President. "But there is no truth in it. The poem was first shown to me by a young man named Jason Duncan, many years ago."

The sculptor was using for a studio the office of the solicitor of the Treasury Department, an irregular room packed nearly full of law-books. Seating myself, I believe, upon a pile of these at Mr. Lincoln's feet, he kindly repeated the lines, which I wrote down one by one as they fell from his lips.

F. B. CARPENTER.

* By William Knox. For poem, see Vol. III., p. 30.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

LOVE in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.

Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

APHRA BEHN.

THE RESCUE.

FROM "ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS."

EVERYTHING looked promising, and we were only waiting for intelligence that our advance-party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin our transit of the bay. Except a few sledge-lashings and some trifling accoutrements to finish, all was ready.

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when toward midnight we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak. Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others, but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently travelled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue, to be effective, or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost, While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the Little Willie with a buffalo-cover, a small tent and a package of pemmican, and as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at — 46°, 78° below the freezing-point.

A well-known peculiar tower of ice called by the men the "Pinnacly Berg" served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward, and it was not until we had travelled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep

as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves, and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture, but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge and disperse in search of footmarks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person, and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to —49.3°, and the wind was setting in sharply from the north-west. It was out of the question to halt: it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water, and at these temperatures any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue: it burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable, then, that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath, and in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks we were led to footsteps, and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me: "They had expected me; they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls, the thermometer 75° below the freezing-point, and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons; more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep, and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party and food for a journey of fifty hours; everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up so as to form a sort of sack lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom, but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge, the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-robes in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them, and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort, but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers. The thermometer was at 55.6° below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold. It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round, and after repeating a short prayer we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks, some of them extending in long lines fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces, too, were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture, or a sprain even, would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load: the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tents, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading-belt of the sledge-lines, and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies. I was, of course, familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the mid-

winter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me begging permission to sleep: "They were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently, Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold, but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whiskey) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could; then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles, for we were in a strange sort of stupor and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear who walked leisurely before us and tore up, as he went, a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey had a better eye than myself, and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it, the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-robes and pemmican into the snow. We missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however—and perhaps all we recollect—is that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape I

found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was, most providentially, windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of "squeezed ice." A great chain of bergs stretching from north-west to south-east, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes, and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than anything else I can compare it to. It required desperate efforts to work our way over it—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow; our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily, the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to — 4° in the shade; otherwise, we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell, half sleeping, on the snow; I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes, and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy—an invaluable resource in emergency—had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M.—we believe, without a halt.

I say *we believe*, and here, perhaps, is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches—and some orders, too—of mine which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported

none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot without unpleasant consequences, and two died in spite of all our efforts.

This rescue-party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at minus 41.2°. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER was born at Carthage, and was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator, who, perceiving him to have an excellent understanding and a great deal of wit, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in a very early part of his life.

Our poet was beloved and much esteemed by noblemen of the first rank in the Roman commonwealth, and lived in a state of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus and C. Lælius. He wrote six comedies. When he offered his first play, which was *The Andrian*, to the ædiles, he was ordered to read it to Acilius, one of the ædiles, the year of the exhibition of that play. When he arrived at that poet's house, he found him at table; and it is said that our author, being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening of his play seated on a very low stool near the couch of Acilius, but scarce had he repeated a few lines than Acilius invited him to sit down to supper with him; after which, Terence proceeded with his play, and finished it to the no small admiration of Acilius. His six plays were equally admired by the Romans.

To wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or, perhaps, to make himself a master of the customs and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the six comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more. Volcatius speaks of his death in the following manner:

> "But Terence, having given the town six plays,
> Voyaged for Asia; but when once embarked,
> Was ne'er seen afterward. He died at sea."

He is said to have been of middle stature, genteel and of a swarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterward married to a Roman knight; and at the time of his death he was possessed of an house, together with a garden containing six acres of land, on the Appian Way, close by the Villa Martis.

C. Cæsar speaks of Terence thus:

> "And thou, O thou, among the first be placed—
> Ay, and deservedly, thou half Menander,
> Lover of purest dialogue. And oh
> That humor had gone hand in hand with ease
> In all thy writings! That thy Muse might stand
> In equal honor with the Grecian stage,
> Nor thou be robbed of more than half thy fame!
> This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
> There's wanting in thee, Terence!"

GEORGE COLMAN.

THE BROTHERS.

FROM THE PLAYS OF PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER.

ACTED at the funeral games of L. Æmilius Paulus, given by Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus. Principal actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus and Minutius Prothimus. The music composed for Tyrian flutes by Placcus, freedman to Claudius. Taken from the Greek of Menander. First acted, L. Ancius and M. Cornelius, consuls. Year of Rome, 593; before Christ, 160.

SELECTIONS.

SCENE, ATHENS.

Enter MICIO.

Ho, Storax! Æschinus did not return
Last night from supper—no, nor any one
Of all the slaves who went to see for him.
And what a world of fears possess me now!
How anxious that my son is not returned,
Lest he take cold or fall or break a limb!
Gods! that a man should suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not my son, but my brother's,
Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I from youth upward even to this day
Have led a quiet and serene town-life,
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married;
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has passed his days entirely in the country
With thrift and labor, married, had two sons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up, kept, loved him as my own,
Made him my joy and all my soul holds dear,
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be controlled by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself,
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have used my son
Not to conceal from me; for whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one
And practise impositions on a father
Will do the same with less remorse to others,
And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions nor this conduct please him.
'Tis hard in him, unjust and out of reason,
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
He who performs his duty, driven to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observed, so long he's wary,
But if he hopes for secrecy returns
To his own ways again. But he whom kindness
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this, then, is the duty of a father,
To make a son embrace a life of virtue
Rather from choice than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Enter GETA *hastily.*

GETA. We are now
So absolutely lost that all the world

Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune that has fallen
On me, my mistress and her daughter, all
Would not avail. Ah me! so many troubles
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them—
Poverty, oppression, solitude
And infamy. Oh what an age is this!
Oh wicked, oh vile, race! oh impious man!
Sos. (*to* CANTHARA). Ah! why should Geta seem thus terrified
And agitated?
GETA (*to himself*). Wretch, whom neither honor,
Nor oaths nor pity control or move!
Sos. I don't well understand him.
CAN. Prithee, then,
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata.
GETA (*to himself*). Alas!
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With such fierce anger. Oh that I had all
That villain-family before me now
That I might vent my indignation on them
While yet it boils within me! There is nothing
I'd not endure to be revenged on them.
First I'd tread out the stinking snuff his father,
Who gave the monster being. And then, Syrus,
. . . how I'd tear him! First
I'd seize him round the waist and lift him high,
Then dash his head against the ground and strew
The pavement with his brains. For Æschinus,
I'd tear his eyes out and then tumble him
Headforemost down some precipice. The rest
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample under foot.
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
This heavy news as soon as possible?
(*Going.*)
Sos. Let's call him back. Ho, Geta!
CAN. Whosoe'er
You are, excuse me.
Sos. I am Sostrata.
GETA. Where, where is Sostrata? (*Turns about.*) I sought you, madam—
Impatiently I sought you—and am glad
To have encountered you thus readily.
Sos. What is the matter? Why d'ye tremble thus?
GETA. Alas!
Sos. Take breath. But why thus moved, good Geta?
GETA. We're quite—
Sos. Quite what?
GETA. Undone. We're ruined, madam.
Sos. Explain, for Heaven's sake!
GETA. Ev'n now—
Sos. What now?
GETA. Æschinus—
Sos. What of Æschinus?
GETA. Has quite
Estranged himself from all our family.
Sos. How's that? Confusion! Why?
GETA. He loves another.
Sos. Wretch that I am!
GETA. Nor that clandestinely,
But snatched her in the face of all the world.
Sos. Are you sure of this?
GETA. Sure? With these very eyes I saw it, madam.
Sos. Alas, alas! What, then, can we believe,
To whom give credit? What? Our Æschinus,
Our very life, our sole support and hope,
Who swore he could not live one day without her?

Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

HISTORY AND POETRY.

From the Greek of Lucian.

HISTORY will not admit the least degree of falsehood. Poetry has its particular rules and precepts; history is governed by others directly opposite. With regard to the former the license is immoderate, and there is scarce any law but what the poet prescribes to himself. When he is full of the deity, and possessed, as it were, by the Muses, if he has a mind to put winged horses to his chariot and drive some through the waters and others over the tops of unbending corn, there is no offence taken; neither if his Jupiter hangs the earth and sea at the end of a chain are we afraid that it should break and destroy us all. If he wants to extol Agamemnon, who shall forbid his bestowing on him the head and eyes of Jupiter, the breast of his brother Neptune and the belt of Mars? The son of Atreus and Ærope must be a composition of all the gods; nor are Jupiter, Mars and Neptune sufficient, perhaps, of themselves to give us an idea of his perfection. But if history admits any adulation of this kind, it becomes a sort of prosaic poetry without its numbers or magnificence, a heap of monstrous stories only more conspicuous by their incredibility. He is unpardonable, therefore, who cannot distinguish one from the other, but lays on history the paint of poetry, its flattery, fable and hyperbole; it is just as ridiculous as it would be to clothe one of our robust wrestlers, who is as hard as an oak, in fine purple or some such meretricious garb, and put paint on his cheeks. How would such ornaments debase and degrade him! I do not mean by this that in history we are not to praise sometimes, but it must be done at proper seasons and in a proper degree, that it may not offend the readers of future ages; for future ages must be considered in this affair. In history nothing fabulous can be agreeable, and flattery is disgusting to all readers except the very dregs of the people; good judges look with the eyes of Argus on every part, reject everything that is false and adulterated, and will admit nothing but what is true, clear and well expressed.

Translation of Thomas Francklin.

BEWARE, YE DEBTORS.

BEWARE, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Her fell claws to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies. She secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings,
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make. John Philips.

THE BRIDAL.

I.

H, the bells! the morning-bells!
Sinking, swelling, soft and clear,
Glad pæan, hark! it tells
Joy is here.
Through light ambrosial dream of earliest morn
The melody came wafted from afar,
Sweet as the harps of angels earthward borne
On some descending star.

I rose; I leaned through woodbines o'er the lawn:
'Twas early day—right early—and the dawn
Waxed like the springtide of a waveless sea
Beyond the dark hills and the umber lea,
And with the breath of the upcoming day
Ten thousand spirits of the blissful May
From cowslip slopes, green banks and heathy fells
Did come and go like those sweet morning-bells.

Oh, welcome, golden dawn! and, summer clime,
Wild bird and dewy flower and tuneful chime,
Make drunk my sense, and let me dream that I
Am just new-born in some lost isle of joy,
And that the happy gods are hither winging
With blossom, incense and the sound of singing.
Oh, welcome, festal hours! I will away,
I too will haste me: 'tis a marriage-day.

There on the hillside is that home of thine
Curtained in jasmine-wreaths and curly vine,
And thou too wakest, Rosa, and the light
Bathes in thy blue eyes searching for delight;
Thy welcome 'tis, thy jubilee a-ringing,
Yet from the fount of joy a tear is springing,
For oh, the selfsame love that lights thine eye
Shows thee the beauty of the days gone by.

II.

The marriage-bells are ringing,
The merry winds go by,
The summer birds are singing
In the sky.
The bridal-bells! Ah! merrily—hark!—they ring,
Rising and falling like a lover's heart;
Over the hills their silver sounds they fling,
And valleys far apart.

And he too wakes; the glory of the prime
Shines on his brow and in his heart sublime;
Through charmèd light he sees the illumined spring,
With his own joy he hears the skylark sing,

And the young airs that ripple the treetops
Have got their wings from his enchanted hopes;
The dazzling dews that on the roses lie,
The sunlit streams, are kindled at his eye.

With heedless heart he looks across the land,
And far as he can see on either hand
Greenwood and garden, and the wealth that fills
The teeming vales and robes the summer hills,
Are his; but from his tower he only sees
One mossy roof half hid among the trees:
There is the priceless treasure that outweighs
All hopes and memories, all delights and praise.

And if his heart is plumed with sudden pride—
"Mine is the noble race that lived or died
For honor, mine the name unstained of ill
Blown from the lips of Fame with echoes still;
Mine are the sires whom bards have sung, who held
First place in council, first in battlefield;
Yet all is naught," he sighed, "till thou art mine:
Kings might give crowns for that one heart of thine."

III.

The bridal-bells are pealing;
We will rejoice to-day:
The blissful sounds are stealing
Hearts away.

The jocund bells are pealing fast and sweet;
Softly they come and go like lovers' sighs;
In one glad thought the young and old are met,
The simple and the wise.

They reach the woodman in the morning air,
They reach the baron in his carven chair,
The dark-eyed damsel bending o'er the spring,
The scholar in dim cloister murmuring;
The dusty pilgrim stays across the stile;
The smith upon his anvil leans a while;
Boys whistle, beggars bustle, shepherds sing:
The marriage-bells ring merrily; hark! they ring.

The sun is kissing off from wood-nymphs' eyes
Their evening tears, and dewy breathings rise
From wildflower urns; o'er waving fields of wheat
Swift shadows stream away, and wood-notes fleet
From frolic finches tremble here and there
'Mid the loud carols and the breezy air;
I hear blithe tongues and tread of rustic feet:
The joyous bells are pealing fast and sweet.

Of life and love and luck the countryfolk
Discourse by river-side and hedgerow oak;
Of fairy gifts and wondrous fortune after
They tell with faith, with antique songs and laughter.

If one shrewd tongue should jar and seek to shame
The bride's new honors with her humble name,
"Thou in her place wouldst merit thine own jest,"
They cry, "but she is better than their best."

IV.

The happy bells are chiming;
Here comes the peerless bride;
A mighty host is climbing
The hillside.
Through briary bypath and o'er sunny down
They haste unto the bridal, for to-day
The lord of half the country and the town
Shall lead his bride away.

Who is the bride? A simple village maid—
Beauty and Truth, a violet in the shade;
But she shall show proud Sin and painted Scorn
That Truth and Beauty are to honor born;
He teach proud hearts to feel, proud eyes to see,
How strong is Nature, winged Love how free:
Long be their days, their fortunes glad and sure!
His blood is noble, and her heart is pure.

Look on her: in that aspect ye may spy
Her mirrored soul where all sweet pictures lie;
Spring, summer, with their changes o'er it flit,
And morn and eve, twin-sisters, look from it;
While memories of green woods and tuneful streams,
Lone songs and autumn sighs and April gleams,
In shadows of soft melancholy flow
Up from her heart across her crowned brow.

The little maidens gaze into her face
And store sweet records for the after-days,
And iron men feel tender moments twine
Their hearts of oak like tendrils of the vine,
And the faint lightning of an infant mirth
Plays round pale lips—the last they feel on earth—
Of aged women leaning on their staves,
Like early roses dropped in open graves.

V.

Hark! the loud-voiced bells
Stream on the world around
With the full wind as it swells,
Seas of sound.
It is a voice that calls to onward years,
"Turn back; and when delight is fled away,
Look through the evening mists of mortal tears
On this immortal day."

That memory, like the deep light in the west,
Shall bathe your hearts before ye sink to rest
Not only with the glow of good things gone,
But with the faith that when your days be done
Another morn shall rise, but not to set,
And ye shall meet once more as once ye met,

Your beauty wrought to glory by the Giver,
The joy within ye perfected for ever.
Oh what rare thoughts are his! oh what delight
To gaze upon her, hold her in his sight,
To quaff her smiles as thirsty bees that sup,
Nuzzled within a noonday lily's cup,
The last sweets, lest a drop be there in vain!
And in that rapture all remembered pain
Exhales, and for a moment he can see
A lightning-flash of what the soul shall be.

But she—dear heart!—her thoughts are fled once more
To far-off morns and summer nights of yore,
Mayings and nuttings and the old folks' tale,
Hayfield and harvest and the dance i' the dale,
Home-words she loved, quaint hopes whereon she fed,
The songs she sung, the faithful words she read,
Till she has need to look up to his eyes
For all their warmth to sun her timeless sighs.

VI.

Softly the sweet bells fail;
I hear a linnet sing
Among the blossoms pale
Of the spring.
Alone he sings upon a white-thorn spray
And fills the gusty wind; I see between
The odorous branches of the bending May
The bridal pass the green.

"What is more full of hope than infants' dreams,"
He sang, "more blest than a green valley seems
'Mid herbless rocks, more pure than mountain-streams,
Chaster than light, warmer than imaged beams,
More full of promise than the vernal heaven,
More peaceful than a starry summer's even,
More sweet than moss-rose odors after rain
With violets mixed, or a two-voicèd strain?

"What is more welcome than the dawn of day
To lone men lost in darkness and dismay,
To aged eyes than is the hue of wine,
To weary wanderers than the sound and shine
Of sudden waters in a desert place,
To a sad brother than a sister's face?"
Oh, love, first love, so full of hope and truth
A guileless maiden and a gentle youth.

Through arches of wreathed rose they take their way,
He the fresh morning, she the better May,
'Twixt jocund hearts and voices jubilant,
And unseen gods that guard on either hand,
And blissful tears, and tender smiles that fall
On her dear head, great summer over all,
While Envy, of the triumph half afraid,
Slinks like a dazzled serpent to the shade.

VII.

Softly the loud peal dies,
In passing winds it drowns,
But breathes like perfect joys
Tender tones;
But clearer comes the wildbird's eager call,
While the robed pomp is streaming out of sight,

But a full sunburst showers the festival,
And crowns farewell with light.

"Farewell! and while the summers wax and wane,
In children's children may ye live again;
Oh, may your beauty from its ashes rise,
Your strength be theirs, your virtues light their eyes!
Your charity—green vine that clasps the stem
Of withered sorrow—bloom and spread in them;
And while soft mosses clothe the forest tree
May might wed mercy; pride, humility.

"Farewell! and like the echoes of these chimes
May your pure concord stir the aftertimes,
Your story be a signal-lamp to guide
The generations from the waste of pride;
Like the sunbeam that flows before your path,
Your faith right onward scatter clouds of wrath;
And live—oh, live—in songs that shall be sung,
The first true hearts that made the old world young."

Farewell! and other tongues took up the sound,
As though the long-lost Golden Age were found.
That shout of joy went up among the hills
And reached a holy hermit bowed with ills,
And he breathed up a solitary prayer
From his pale lips into the sunny air:
"Oh, that on those young hearts this day might rest,
Father, thy blessing!" and they shall be blest.

VIII.

The winds have hushed their wings,
The merry bells are still;
No more the linnet sings
On the hill;
But tender maidens linger with soft eyes
Under the dim gleam of a throbbing star,
Then close their lattices with low sweet sighs
Light as the dewless air.

With glittering locks like summer he descends
'Mid courteous aspects, flatterers, peers and friends;
Brothers and uncles on his footsteps wait,
Aunts, sisters, cousins, that must bow to Fate;
She takes their forcèd welcome and their wiles
For her own truth, and lifts her head and smiles.
They shall not change that truth by any art:
Oh, may her love change them before they part!

The minstrels wait them at the palace-gate;
She hears the flood and sees the flash of state;
For all the mirth, the tumult and the song,
Her fond thoughts follow the departing throng.

She turns away; her eyes are dim with tears;
Her mother's blessing lingers in her ears:
"Bless thee, my child!" The music is unheard;
Her heart grows strong on that remembered word.

Again in dreams I heard the marriage-bells
Waving from far sweet welcomes and farewells,
And alleluias from the deep I heard,
And songs of star-browed seraphim insphered,
That ebbed unto that sea without a shore,
Leaving vast awe and silence to adore;
But still methinks I hear the dying strain:
"The crooked straight, and the rough places plain!" FREDERICK TENNYSON.

DEATH AND WAR.

AND by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight:
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand—a dreadful sight to see—
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook:
That most of all my fears affrayèd me;
His body dight with naught but bones, pardy,
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew and the vein.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left—that kings and kingdoms rued—
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razèd towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms that whilom flowered
In honor, glory and rule above the rest
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppressed;
His face forehewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe with gashes deep and wide. THOMAS SACKVILLE
(Earl of Dorset).

FAIR WYOMING.

ON Susquehanna's side, Fair Wyoming,
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all

That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land, may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

Delightful Wyoming, beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forest brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
And aye those sunny mountains halfway down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes,
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree!
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song or hum of men,
While, hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in Transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook,
And, happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin,* what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs† rolling from the mountain-bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan‡ roar?

Alas poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf

* Scotland.
† The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.
‡ The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be
To plant the tree of life, to plant fair Freedom's tree.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife that seldom might befall,
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, O Nature, is there naught to prize
Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk: she was his only child.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek.
What though these shades had seen her birth? Her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far Western worlds, and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire
When fate had reft his mutual heart; but she
Was gone, and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MY SPIRIT.

MY spirit, be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth,
And by the incantation of this verse
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind;
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

SELECTIONS FROM "SHIRLEY."

CAROLINE'S REFLECTIONS ON BECOMING AN OLD MAID.

HE said to herself:

"I have to live, perhaps, till seventy years. As far as I know, I have good health; half a century of existence may lie before me. How am I to occupy it? What am I to do to fill the interval of time which spreads between me and the grave?"

She reflected.

"I shall not be married, it appears," she continued. "I suppose, as Robert does not care for me, I shall never have a husband to love, nor little children to take care of. Till lately I had reckoned securely on the duties and affections of wife and mother to occupy my existence. I considered, somehow, as a matter of course, that I was growing up to the ordinary destiny, and never troubled myself to seek any other, but now I perceive plainly I may have been mistaken. Probably I shall be an old maid. I shall live to see Robert married to some one else—some rich lady. I shall never marry. What was I created for, I wonder? Where is my place in the world?"

"Ah! I see," she pursued, presently; that is the question which most old maids are puzzled to solve: other people solve it for them by saying, 'Your place is to do good to others, to be helpful whenever help is wanted.' That is right in some measure, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but I perceive that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise: they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this enough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hollowness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is. Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humility makes tyranny; weak concession creates selfishness. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all if each knew his allotment and held to it as tenaciously as the martyr to his creed. Queer thoughts these that surge in my mind; are they right thoughts? I am not certain. Well, life is short, at the best: seventy years, they say, pass like a vapor, like a dream when one awaketh; and every path trod by human feet terminates in one bourne—the grave, the little chink in the surface of this great globe, the furrow where the mighty husbandman with the scythe deposits the seed he has shaken from the ripe stem; and there it falls, decays, and thence it springs again when the world has rolled round a few times more."

NEVER DIE OF LOVE.

A week or two passed; Caroline's bodily and mental health neither grew worse nor better. She was now precisely in that state when, if her constitution had contained the seeds of consumption, decline or slow fever, those diseases would have been rapidly developed, and would soon have carried her quietly from the world. People never die of love or grief alone, though some die of inherent maladies which the tortures of those passions prematurely force into destructive action. The sound by nature undergo these tortures, and are racked, shaken, shattered; their beauty and bloom perish, but life remains untouched. They are brought to a certain point of dilapidation; they are reduced to pallor, debility and emaciation. People think, as they see them gliding languidly about, that they will soon withdraw to sick-beds, perish there, and cease from among the healthy and happy. This does not happen: they live on; and, though they cannot regain youth and gayety, they may regain strength and serenity. The blossom which the March wind nips, but fails to sweep away, may survive to hang, a withered apple, on the tree late into autumn; having braved the last frosts of spring, it may also brave the first of winter. We can get nothing in this world worth keeping—not so much as a principle or a conviction—except out of purifying flame or through strengthening peril. We err, we fall, we are humbled; then we walk more carefully. We greedily eat and drink poison out of the gilded cup of vice or from the beggar's wallet of avarice; we are sickened, degraded; everything good in us rebels against us; our souls rise bitterly indignant against our bodies; there is a period of civil war; if the soul has strength, it conquers and rules thereafter.

ROBERT AND CAROLINE.

Caroline was not unhappy that evening—far otherwise; but as she gazed she sighed, and as she sighed a hand circled her and rested quietly on her waist. Caroline thought she knew who had drawn near: she received the touch unstartled:

"I am looking at Venus, mamma. See! she is beautiful. How white her lustre is, compared with the deep red of the bonfires!"

The answer was a closer caress, and Caroline turned, and looked, not into Mrs. Pryor's matron-face, but up at a dark manly visage. She dropped her watering-pot and stepped down from the pedestal.

"I have been sitting with 'mamma' an hour," said the intruder; "I have had a long conversation with her. Where, mean time, have you been? Caroline, I have sought you to ask an audience. Why are those bells ringing?"

"For the repeal of your terrible law—the orders you hate so much. You are pleased, are you not?"

"Yesterday evening at this time I was packing some books for a sea-voyage: they were the only possessions, except some clothes, seeds, roots and tools, which I felt free to take with me to Canada. I was going to leave you."

"To leave me? To leave *me?*" Her little fingers fastened on his arm; she spoke and looked affrighted.

"Not now—not now. Examine my face—yes, look at me well: is the despair of parting legible thereon?"

She looked into an illuminated countenance whose characters were all beaming, though the page itself was dusk; this face, potent in the majesty of its traits, shed down on her hope, fondness, delight.

"Will the repeal do you good—much good, immediate good?" she inquired.

"The repeal of the orders in council saves me. Now I shall not turn bankrupt; now I shall not give up business; now I shall not leave England; now I shall be no longer poor; now I can pay my debts; now all the cloth I have in my warehouses will be taken off my hands, and commissions given me for much more. This day lays for my fortunes a broad, firm foundation on which, for the first time in my life, I can securely build."

Caroline devoured his words; she held his hand in hers; she drew a long breath:

"You are saved? Your heavy difficulties are lifted?"

"They are lifted. I breathe; I can act."

"At last! Oh, Providence is kind. Thank him, Robert."

"I do thank Providence."

"And I also, for your sake." She looked up devoutly.

"Now I can take more workmen, give better wages, lay wiser and more liberal plans, do some good, be less selfish. Now, Caroline, I can have a house—a home—which I can truly call mine, and now—" He paused, for his deep voice was choked. "And now," he resumed—"now I can think of marriage, now I can seek a wife."

This was no moment for her to speak: she did not speak.

"Will Caroline, who meekly hopes to be forgiven as she forgives—will she pardon all I have made her suffer, all that long pain I have wickedly caused her, all that sickness of body and mind she owed to me? Will she forget what she knows of my poor ambition, my sordid schemes? Will she let me expiate these things? Will she suffer me to prove that, as I once deserted cruelly, trifled wantonly, injured basely, I can now love faithfully, cherish fondly, treasure tenderly?"

His hand was in Caroline's still; a gentle pressure answered him.

"Is Caroline mine?"

"Caroline is yours."

"I will prize her. The sense of her value is here, in my heart; the necessity for her society is blended with my life; not more jealous shall I be of the blood whose flow moves my pulses than of her happiness and well-being."

"I love you too, Robert, and will take faithful care of you."

"Will you take faithful care of me? Faithful care! As if that rose should promise to shelter from tempest this hard gray stone! But she will care for me in her way; these hands will be the gentle ministrants of every comfort I can taste. I know the being I seek to entwine with my own will bring me a solace, a charity, a purity, to which of myself I am a stranger."

SHIRLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH HER UNCLE AFTER HER REJECTION OF SIR PHILIP.

Mr. Sympson had been out to while away an anxious hour in the society of his friends at De Walden Hall. He returned a little sooner than was expected; his family and Miss Keeldar were assembled in the oak-

parlor. Addressing the latter, he requested her to step with him into another room: he wished to have with her a "strictly private interview." She rose, asking no questions and professing no surprise.

"Very well, sir," she said, in the tone of a determined person who is informed that the dentist is come to extract that large double tooth of his from which he has suffered such a purgatory this month past. She left her sewing and her thimble in the window-seat, and followed her uncle where he led.

Shut into the drawing-room, the pair took seats, each in an arm-chair placed opposite, a few yards between them.

"I have been to De Walden Hall," said Mr. Sympson.

He paused. Miss Keeldar's eyes were on the pretty white-and-green carpet. That information required no response; she gave none.

"I have learned," he went on, slowly—"I have learned a circumstance which surprises me."

Resting her cheek on her forefinger, she waited to be told what circumstance.

"It seems that Nunnely Priory is shut up, that the family are gone back to their place in ——shire. It seems that the baronet—that the baronet—that Sir Philip himself has accompanied his mother and sisters."

"Indeed!" said Shirley.

"May I ask if you share the amazement with which I received this news?"

"No, sir."

"Is it news to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I mean—I mean—" pursued Mr. Sympson, now fidgeting in his chair, quitting his hitherto brief and tolerably clear phraseology, and returning to his customary wordy, confused, irritable style—"I mean to have a thorough explanation. I will not be put off. I—I shall insist on being heard, and on—on having my own way. My questions must be answered. I will have clear, satisfactory replies. I am not to be trifled with. Silence! It is a strange and an extraordinary thing—a very singular—a most odd thing! I thought all was right—knew no other; and there! the family are gone."

"I suppose, sir, they had a right to go."

"Sir Philip is gone!" with emphasis.

Shirley raised her brows.

"*Bon voyage!*" said she.

"This will not do; this must be altered, ma'am."

He drew his chair forward; he pushed it back; he looked perfectly incensed and perfectly helpless.

"Come, come, now, uncle!" expostulated Shirley; "do not begin to fret and fume, or we shall make no sense of the business. Ask me what you want to know. I am as willing to come to an explanation as you; I promise you truthful replies."

"I want—I demand to know, Miss Keeldar, whether Sir Philip has made you an offer."

"He has."

"You avow it?"

"I avow it. But now go on; consider that point settled."

"He made you an offer that night we dined at the Priory?"

"It is enough to say that he made it. Go on."

"He proposed in the recess—in the room that used to be a picture-gallery—that Sir Monckton converted into a saloon?"

No answer.

"You were both examining a cabinet. I saw it all; my sagacity was not at fault: it never is. Subsequently, you received a letter from him. On what subject—of what nature—were the contents?"

"No matter."

"Ma'am, is that the way in which you speak to me?"

Shirley's foot tapped quick on the carpet.

"There you sit, silent and sullen—you who promised truthful replies!"

"Sir, I have answered you thus far. Proceed."

"I should like to see that letter."

"You cannot see it."

"I must, and shall, ma'am. I am your guardian."

"Having ceased to be a ward, I have no guardian."

"Ungrateful being! Reared by me as my own daughter—"

"Once more, uncle, have the kindness to keep to the point. Let us both remain cool. For my part, I do not wish to get into a passion, but you know, once drive me beyond certain bounds, I care little what I say; I am not then soon checked. Listen. You have asked me whether Sir Philip made me an offer; that question is answered. What do you wish to know next?"

"I desire to know whether you accepted or refused him, and know it I will."

"Certainly; you ought to know it. I refused him."

"Refused him! You—you, Shirley Keeldar—refused Sir Philip Nunnely?"

"I did."

The poor gentleman bounced from his chair, and first rushed and then trotted through the room:

"There it is! There it is! There it is!"

"Sincerely speaking, I am sorry, uncle, you are so disappointed."

Concession, contrition, never do any good with some people; instead of softening and conciliating, they but embolden and harden them. Of that number was Mr. Sympson:

"*I* disappointed! What is it to me? Have *I* an interest in it? You would insinuate, perhaps, that I have motives?"

"Most people have motives of some sort for their actions."

"She accuses me to my face! I, that have been a parent to her, she charges with bad motives!"

"Bad motives I did not say."

"And now you prevaricate. You have no principles."

"Uncle, you tire me: I want to go away."

"Go you shall not; I will be answered. What are your intentions, Miss Keeldar?"

"In what respect?"

"In respect to matrimony."

"To be quiet and do just as I please."

"Just as you please! The words are to the last degree indecorous."

"Mr. Sympson, I advise you not to become insulting; you know I will not bear that."

"You read French. Your mind is poisoned with French novels; you have imbibed French principles."

"The ground you are treading now returns a mighty hollow sound under your feet. Beware!"

"It will end in infamy sooner or later; I have foreseen it all along."

"Do you assert, sir, that something in which *I* am concerned will end in infamy?"

"That it will—that it will! You said just now you would act as you please; you acknowledge no rules, no limitations."

"Silly stuff, and vulgar as silly."

"Regardless of decorum, you are prepared to fly in the face of propriety."

"You tire me, uncle."

"What, madam—what could be your reasons for refusing Sir Philip?"

"At last there is another sensible question; I shall be glad to reply to it. Sir Philip is too young for me; I regard him as a boy. All his relations—his mother especially—would be annoyed if he married me; such a step would embroil him with them. I am not his equal, in the world's estimation."

"Is that all?"

"Our dispositions are not compatible."

"Why, a more amiable gentleman never breathed."

"He is very amiable, very excellent, truly estimable, but not my master—not in one point. I could not trust myself with his happiness; I would not undertake the keeping of it for thousands. I will accept no hand which cannot hold me in check."

"I thought you liked to do as you please? You are vastly inconsistent."

"When I promise to obey, it shall be under the conviction that I can keep that promise; I could not obey a youth like Sir Philip. Besides, he would never command me; he would expect me always to rule, to guide, and I have no taste whatever for the office."

"You no taste for swaggering and subduing and ordering and ruling?"

"Not my husband, only my uncle."

"Where is the difference?"

"There is a slight difference; that is certain. And I know full well any man who wishes to live in decent comfort with me as a husband must be able to control me."

"I wish you had a real tyrant."

"A tyrant would not hold me for a day—not for an hour. I would rebel, break from him, defy him."

"Are you not enough to bewilder one's brain with your self-contradiction?"

"It is evident I bewilder your brain."

"You talk of Sir Philip being young: he is two and twenty."

"My husband must be thirty, with the sense of forty."

"You had better pick out some old man—some white-headed or bald-headed swain."

"No, thank you."

"You could lead some doting fool; you might pin him to your apron."

"I might do that with a boy, but it is not my vocation. Did I not say I prefer a master—one in whose presence I shall feel obliged and disposed to be good; one whose control my impatient temper must acknowledge; a man whose approbation can reward, whose displeasure punish, me; a man I shall feel it impossible not to love and very possible to fear?"

"What is there to hinder you from doing all this with Sir Philip? He is a baronet, a man of rank, property, connections, far above yours. If you talk of intellect, he is a poet; he writes verses, which you, I take it, cannot do, with all your cleverness."

"Neither his title, wealth, pedigree nor

poetry avail to invest him with the power I describe. These are feather-weights; they want ballast. A measure of sound, solid, practical sense would have stood him in better stead with me."

"You and Henry rave about poetry; you used to catch fire like tinder on the subject when you were a girl."

"Oh, uncle, there is nothing really valuable in this world—there is nothing glorious in the world to come—that is not poetry."

"Marry a poet, then, in God's name!"

"Show him to me, and I will."

"Sir Philip."

"Not at all. You are almost as good a poet as he."

"Madam, you are wandering from the point."

"Indeed, uncle, I wanted to do so, and I shall be glad to lead you away with me. Do not let us get out of temper with each other; it is not worth while."

"'Out of temper,' Miss Keeldar! I should be glad to know who is out of temper."

"I am not, yet."

"If you mean to insinuate that I am, I consider that you are guilty of impertinence."

"You will be soon if you go on at that rate."

"There it is! With your pert tongue you would try the patience of Job."

"I know I should."

"No levity, miss; this is not a laughing matter. It is an affair I am resolved to probe thoroughly, convinced that there is mischief at the bottom. You described just now, with far too much freedom for your years and sex, the sort of individual you would prefer as a husband; pray, did you paint from the life?"

Shirley opened her lips, but instead of speaking she only glowed rose-red.

"I shall have an answer to that question," affirmed Mr. Sympson, assuming vast courage and consequence on the strength of this symptom of confusion.

"It was an historical picture, uncle, from several originals."

"'Several originals'! Bless my heart!"

"I have been in love several times."

"This is cynical."

"With heroes of many nations."

"What next?"

"And philosophers."

"She is mad!"

"Don't ring the bell, uncle; you will alarm my aunt."

"Your poor dear aunt! what a niece has she!"

"Once I loved Socrates."

"Pooh! No trifling, ma'am."

"I admired Themistocles, Leonidas, Epaminondas."

"Miss Keeldar!"

"To pass over a few centuries, Washington was a plain man, but I liked him; but to speak of the actual present—"

"Ah! 'the actual present.'"

"To quit crude schoolgirl fancies and come to realities—"

"'Realities'! That is the test to which you shall be brought, ma'am."

"To avow before what altar I now kneel, to reveal the present idol of my soul—"

"You will make haste about it, if you please; it is near luncheon-time, and confess you shall."

"Confess I must. My heart is full of the

secret; it must be spoken. I only wish you were Mr. Helstone instead of Mr. Sympson; you would sympathize with me better."

"Madam, it is a question of common sense and common prudence, not of sympathy and sentiment, and so on. Did you say it was Mr. Helstone?"

"Not precisely, but as near as may be; they are rather alike."

"I *will* know the name; I *will* have particulars."

"They positively are rather alike; their very faces are not dissimilar—a pair of human falcons—and dry, direct, decided, both. But my hero is the mightier of the two; his mind has the clearness of the deep sea, the patience of its rocks, the force of its billows."

"Rant and fustian!"

"I dare say he can be harsh as a saw-edge and gruff as a hungry raven."

"Miss Keeldar, does the person reside in Briarfield? Answer me that."

"Uncle, I am going to tell you; his name is trembling on my tongue."

"Speak, girl!"

"That was well said, uncle. 'Speak, girl!' It is quite tragic. England has howled savagely against this man, uncle, and she will one day roar exultingly over him. He has been unscared by the howl, and he will be unelated by the shout."

"I said she was mad: she is."

"This country will change, and change again, in her demeanor to him; he will never change in his duty to her. Come, cease to chafe, uncle; I'll tell you his name."

"You shall tell me, or—"

"Listen! Arthur Wellesley, Lord Wellington."

Mr. Sympson rose up furious; he bounced out of the room, but immediately bounced back again, shut the door, and resumed his seat:

"Ma'am, you shall tell me this: will your principles permit you to marry a man without money—a man below you?"

"Never a man below me."

In a high voice:

"Will you, Miss Keeldar, marry a poor man?"

"What right have you, Mr. Sympson, to ask me?"

"I insist upon knowing."

"You don't go the way to know."

"My family respectability shall not be compromised."

"A good resolution; keep it."

"Madam, it is you who shall keep it."

"Impossible, sir, since I form no part of your family."

"Do you disown us?"

"I disdain your dictatorship."

"Whom will you marry, Miss Keeldar?"

"Not Mr. Sam Wynne, because I scorn him; not Sir Philip Nunnely, because I only esteem him."

"Whom have you in your eye?"

"Four rejected candidates."

"Such obstinacy could not be unless you were under improper influence."

"What do you mean? There are certain phrases potent to make my blood boil. 'Improper influence'! What old woman's cackle is that?"

"Are you a young lady?"

"I am a thousand times better: I am an honest woman, and as such I will be treated."

"Do you know," leaning mysteriously for-

ward and speaking with ghastly solemnity—"do you know the whole neighborhood teems with rumors respecting you and a bankrupt tenant of yours—the foreigner Moore?"

"Does it?"

"It does. Your name is in every mouth."

"It honors the lips it crosses, and I wish it may purify them."

"Is it that person who has power to influence you?"

"Beyond any whose cause you have advocated."

"Is it he you will marry?"

"He is handsome and manly and commanding."

"You declare it to my face? The Flemish knave! The low trader!"

"He is talented and venturous and resolute. 'Prince' is on his brow, and 'ruler' in his bearing."

"She glories in it! She conceals nothing! No shame, no fear!"

"When we speak the name of Moore, shame should be forgotten and fear discarded; the Moores know only honor and courage."

"I say she is mad."

"You have taunted me till my blood is up; you have worried me till I turn again."

"That Moore is the brother of my son's tutor. Would you let the usher call you 'sister'?"

"Mr. Sympson, I am sick at heart with all this weak trash; I will hear no more. Your thoughts are not my thoughts, your aims are not my aims, your gods are not my gods. We do not view things in the same light; we do not measure them by the same standard; we hardly speak in the same tongue. Let us part. It is not," she resumed, much excited—"it is not that I hate you. You are a good sort of man—perhaps you mean well in your way—but we cannot suit; we are at variance. You annoy me with small meddling, with petty tyranny; you exasperate my temper and make and keep me passionate. As to your small maxims, your narrow rules, your little prejudices, aversions, dogmas, bundle them off, Mr. Sympson; go offer them a sacrifice to the deity you worship. I'll none of them; I wash my hands of the lot. I walk by another creed, light, faith and hope than you."

"'Another creed'! I believe she is an infidel."

"An infidel to your religion—to your god. Your god, sir, is the world. In my eyes you too, if not an infidel, are an idolater. I conceive that you ignorantly worship; in all things you appear to me too superstitious. Sir, your god, your great Bel, your fish-tailed Dagon, rises before me as a demon. You, and such as you, have raised him to a throne, put on him a crown, given him a sceptre. Behold how hideously he governs! See him busied at the work he likes best—making marriages. He binds the young to the old, the strong to the imbecile; he stretches out the arm of Mezentius and fetters the dead to the living. In his realm there is hatred—secret hatred; there is disgust—unspoken disgust; there is treachery—family treachery; there is vice—deep, deadly, domestic vice. In his dominions children grow unloving between parents who have never loved; infants are nursed on deception from their very birth; they are reared in an atmosphere corrupt with lies. Your god rules at the bridal of kings:

look at your royal dynasties. Your deity is the deity of foreign aristocracies: analyze the blue blood of Spain. Your god is the Hymen of France: what is French domestic life? All that surrounds him hastens to decay; all declines and degenerates under his sceptre. Your god is a masked Death."

"This language is terrible! My daughters and you must associate no longer, Miss Keeldar; there is danger in such companionship. Had I known you a little earlier—But, extraordinary as I thought you, I could not have believed—"

"Now, sir, do you begin to be aware that it is useless to scheme for me—that in doing so you but sow the wind to reap the whirlwind? I sweep your cobweb-projects from my path that I may pass on unsullied. I am anchored on a resolve you cannot shake. My heart, my conscience, shall dispose of my hand—they only. Know this at last."

Mr. Sympson was becoming a little bewildered.

"Never heard such language," he muttered again and again, "never was so addressed in my life, never was so used."

"You are quite confused, sir. You had better withdraw, or I will."

He rose hastily:

"We must leave this place; they must pack up at once."

"Do not hurry my aunt and cousins; give them time."

"No more intercourse; she's not proper."

He made his way to the door; he came back for his handkerchief; he dropped his snuff-box; leaving the contents scattered on the carpet, he stumbled out. Tartar lay outside, across the mat; Mr. Sympson almost fell over him. In the climax of his exasperation, he hurled an oath at the dog and a coarse epithet at his mistress.

"Poor Mr. Sympson! He is both feeble and vulgar," said Shirley to herself. "My head aches, and I am tired," she added; and, leaning her head upon a cushion, she softly subsided from excitement to repose. One entering the room a quarter of an hour afterward found her asleep. When Shirley had been agitated, she generally took this natural refreshment; it would come at her call.

MR. DONNE'S SUCCESS IN LIFE.

This gentleman turned out admirably. His little school, his little church, his little parsonage, all owed their erection to him, and they did him credit; each was a model in its way. If uniformity and taste in architecture had been the same thing as consistency and earnestness in religion, what a shepherd of a Christian flock Mr. Donne would have made!

There was one art in the mastery of which nothing mortal ever surpassed Mr. Donne: it was that of begging. By his own unassisted efforts he begged all the money for all his erections. In this matter he had a grasp of plan, a scope of action, quite unique; he begged of high and low—of the shoeless cottage brat and the coroneted duke. He sent out begging-letters far and wide—to old Queen Charlotte, to the princesses her daughters, to her sons the royal dukes, to the prince-regent, to Lord Castlereagh, to every member of the ministry then in office; and, what is more remarkable, he screwed something out of every one of these personages. It is on record that he got five pounds from the close-fisted old lady Queen Char-

lotte, and two guineas from the royal profligate her eldest son. When Mr. Donne set out on begging expeditions, he armed himself in a complete suit of brazen mail. That you had given a hundred pounds yesterday was with him no reason why you should not give two hundred to-day; he would tell you so to your face, and ten to one get the money out of you: people gave to get rid of him. After all, he did some good with the cash; he was useful in his day and generation.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE
(Currer Bell).

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CONSTANTINE FRANCIS, COUNT DE VOLNEY.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Abd-ul-Hamid, son of Ahmed, emperor of the Turks, when the victorious Russians seized on the Crimea and planted their standards on the shore that leads to Constantinople, I was travelling in the empire of the Ottomans and through those provinces which were anciently the kingdoms of Egypt and Syria. My whole attention bent on whatever concerns the happiness of man in a social state, I visited cities and studied the manners of their inhabitants, entered palaces and observed the conduct of those who govern, wandered over the fields and examined the condition of those who cultivate them, and, nowhere perceiving aught but robbery and devastation, tyranny and wretchedness, my heart was oppressed with sorrow and indignation. I saw daily on my road fields abandoned, villages deserted and cities in ruin. Often I met with ancient monuments, wrecks of temples, palaces and fortresses, columns, aqueducts and tombs; and this spectacle led me to meditate on times past and filled my mind with serious and profound contemplations.

Arrived at Hems, on the banks of the Orontes, and being at no great distance from Palmyra of the desert, I resolved to see its celebrated monuments. After three days' travelling through an arid wilderness, having traversed the valley of caves and sepulchres, on issuing into the plain I was suddenly struck with a scene of the most stupendous ruins—a countless multitude of superb columns stretching in avenues beyond the reach of sight. Among them were magnificent edifices, some entire, others in ruins. The ground was covered on all sides with fragments of cornices, capitals, shafts, entablatures, pilasters, all of white marble and of the most exquisite workmanship. After a walk of three-quarters of an hour along these ruins, I entered the enclosure of a vast edifice formerly a temple dedicated to the sun, and, accepting the hospitality of some poor Arabian peasants who had built their huts in the area of the temple, I resolved to stay some days to contemplate at leisure the beauty of so many stupendous works.

Every day I visited some of the monuments which covered the plain, and one evening, absorbed in reflection, I had advanced to the valley of sepulchres. I ascended the heights which surround it, and from whence the eye commands the whole group of ruins and the immensity of the desert. The sun had just sunk below the horizon: a red border of light still marked his track behind the distant mountains of Syria; the full moon was rising in the east on a blue ground over the plains of the Euphrates; the sky was clear, the air calm and serene; the dying lamp of day still softened the hor-

rors of approaching darkness; the refreshing breeze of night attempered the sultry emanations from the heated earth; the herdsmen had led the camels to their stalls; the eye perceived no motion on the dusky and uniform plain; profound silence rested on the desert; the howlings only of the jackal* and the solemn notes of the bird of night were heard at distant intervals. Darkness now increased, and already through the dusk I could distinguish nothing more than the pale phantasies of columns and walls. The solitude of the place, the tranquillity of the hour, the majesty of the scene, impressed on my mind a religious pensiveness. The aspect of a great city deserted, the memory of times past, compared with its present state, all elevated my mind to high contemplations. I sat on the shaft of a column, and there, my elbow reposing on my knee and head reclining on my hand, my eyes fixed sometimes on the desert, sometimes on the ruins, I fell into a profound revery.

Here, said I—here once flourished an opulent city; here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes! These places now so desert were once animated by a living multitude; a busy crowd circulated in these streets now so solitary. Within these walls, where a mournful silence reigns, the noise of the arts and shouts of joy and festivity incessantly resounded. These piles of marble were regular palaces; these prostrate pillars adorned the majesty of temples; these raised galleries surrounded public places. Here a numerous people assembled for the sacred duties of religion or the anxious cares of their subsistence; here industry, parent of enjoyment, collected the riches of all climates, and the purple of Tyre was exchanged for the precious thread of Serica, the soft tissues of Cachemire for the sumptuous tapestry of Lydia, the amber of the Baltic for the pearls and perfumes of Arabia, the gold of Ophir for the tin of Thule. And now a mournful skeleton is all that subsists of this powerful city; naught remains of its vast domination but a doubtful and empty remembrance. To the tumultuous throng which crowded under these porticos has succeeded the solitude of death; the silence of the tomb is substituted for the bustle of public places; the opulence of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty; the palaces of kings are become a den of wild beasts; flocks fold on the area of the temple and unclean reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the gods. Ah! how has so much glory been eclipsed? How have so many labors been annihilated? Thus perish the works of men, and thus do empires and nations disappear.

And the history of former times revived in my mind. I recollected those distant ages when many illustrious nations inhabited these countries; I figured to myself the Assyrian on the banks of the Tigris, the Chaldean on those of the Euphrates, the Persian reigning from the Indus to the Mediterranean. I enumerated the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumea, of Jerusalem and Samaria, the warlike states of the Philistines and the commercial republics of Phœnicia. This Syria, said I, now so depopulated, then contained a hundred flourishing cities and abounded with towns, villages and hamlets.† Everywhere were seen cultivated fields, frequented roads

* A kind of fox that roves only during the night.

† According to the calculations of Josephus and Strabo, Syria must have contained ten millions of inhabitants; there are not two millions at the present day.

and crowded habitations. Ah! what are become of those ages of abundance and of life? How have so many brilliant creations of human industry vanished? Where are those ramparts of Nineveh, those walls of Babylon, those palaces of Persepolis, those temples of Baalbec and of Jerusalem? Where are those fleets of Tyre, those dockyards of Arad, those workshops of Sidon, and that multitude of sailors, of pilots, of merchants and of soldiers? Where those husbandmen, those harvests, those flocks and all the creation of living beings in which the face of the earth rejoiced? Alas! I have passed over this desolate land, I have visited the palaces once the theatre of so much splendor, and I beheld nothing but solitude and desolation. I sought the ancient inhabitants and their works, and could only find a faint trace like that of the foot of a traveller over the sand. The temples are fallen, the palaces overthrown, the ports filled up, the cities destroyed, and the earth, stripped of inhabitants, seems a dreary burying-place. Whence proceed such fatal revolutions? What causes have so altered the fortunes of these countries? Why are so many cities destroyed? Why has not this ancient population been reproduced and perpetuated? Why have blessings been banished hence and transferred for so many ages to other nations and different climes?

At these words, revolving in my mind the course of vicissitudes which have transmitted the sceptre of the world successively to people so different in religion and manners from those of ancient Asia to the most recent of Europe, this name of a natal land revived in me the sentiment of my country, and, turning my eyes toward her, I began to reflect on the situation in which I left her.* I called to mind her fields so richly cultivated, her roads so sumptuously constructed, her cities inhabited by a countless people, her fleets spread over every sea, her ports filled with the produce of either India, and, comparing with the activity of her commerce, the extent of her navigation, the magnificence of her monuments, the arts and industry of her inhabitants, what Egypt and Syria had once possessed, I was gratified to find in modern Europe the departed splendor of Asia. But the charm of my revery was soon dissolved by a last term of comparison. Reflecting that such had once been the activity of the places I was then contemplating, Who knows, said I, but such may one day be the abandonment of our countries? Who knows if on the banks of the Seine, the Thames or the Zuyder Zee, where now in the tumult of so many enjoyments the heart and the eye suffice not for the multitude of sensations—who knows if some traveller like myself shall not one day sit on their silent ruins and weep in solitude over the ashes of their inhabitants and the memory of their greatness?

Translation of JOEL BARLOW.

WOMAN.

FROM THE SANSKRIT OF CALIDASA.

THERE in the fane a beauteous creature stands,
The first, best work of the Creator's hands,
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like cherries, show,
And fawnlike eyes still tremble as they glow.

Translation of J. WILSON.

* In 1782, at the close of the American war.

WHO UNDERGROUND THE IRON STORED.

SELECTED FROM THE GERMAN OF E. M. ARNDT'S "DER GOTT DER EISEN WACHSEN LIESS."

WHO underground the iron stored
Cared not to see a slave,
Therefore to man the spear and sword
Into his hand he gave,
And gave therewith the valiant mood,
The speech-tide highly raging,
And bade him shed his dearest blood
And die the battle waging.

Then we're but Heaven's own will and way
In honest faith maintaining:
We do not earn a tyrant's pay
Our brother-men by braining;
But whoso fights for sluggard shame
To pieces all we'll cleave him:
In German soil and German name
No portion will we leave him.

O sacred German Fatherland,
O German honor true,
To thee, revered belovèd land,
We swear our faith anew.
We hale a curse on caitiffs all,
To feed the kite and crow,
And, like old Hermann once, we call
For vengeance, and we go.

Now roar and lighten whatso can,
And blaze up bright and clear;
And all you Germans, man by man,
To guard your homes appear!
Appear, and lift your hearts on high,
And lift your hands to heaven,
And man by man in chorus cry,
"The tyrant's yoke is riven!"

Translation of JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M. A.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.*

A DIALOGUE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF SAMUEL PEPYS, SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY IN THE REIGNS OF CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.

WHAT is liberty of conscience?

B. I know not, for, in truth, there is no liberty of science or conscience, nor believing what we please, no more than believing any object to be of that color of which we desire it should be.

A. But what is meant by that vulgar expression "liberty of conscience"?

B. Leave from the sovereign power that all or any of its subjects may worship God and profess opinions in matters purely spiritual as themselves think best for the quiet of their own souls here and eternal happiness after death.

A. What is a Church?

B. All the subjects of any sovereign assembled by his leave in the most representative to consult of spiritual matters; this representative is the national Church, being the *vox populi*, which is said to be *vox Dei*.

A. What are matters spiritual?

B. Such as concern the essence of God, of his persons and attributes, of angels, good and bad, of the spirits and souls of man and beast, of incorporeal substances, of invisible

* This curious document shows the crude ideas of the seventeenth century on liberty of conscience.

things, inaccessible places and immense trines and spaces.

A. What now is the liberty you mean?

B. That any man may worship God otherwise than as the aforementioned national Church appoints, and may profess opinions in spiritual matters other than those determined by the said Church, provided that such seeker of liberty do solemnly protest before God that he verily believes his particular opinions to be true, and that the same, with the manner of worship he desireth, is necessary for the peace and welfare of his soul, and that in all other matters he will submit to the laws of his sovereign.

A. What do you mean by liberty? for you said there was no liberty in believing.

B. I mean impunity—that is, no man shall be punished, in life, limb, liberty or estate, for dissenting from the national Church, leaving him to God to be punished for what is sinful therein, reserving still to the sovereign a right of punishing, or suppressing even, the same opinions, if inconsistent with the public peace and welfare of the people, of which the sovereign is to be judge.

A. How may this liberty be perpetuated under all forms and successions of government and changes of Parliament, and what oaths to be taken now or hereafter?

B. It seems to me it can only be perpetuated by the *vox populi*, or the voice of all the people who have souls to save, who are able to bear arms and are of years of discretion—suppose twenty-one years old. For in these doth visibly, naturally and perpetually lie the infallible or irresistible power concerning these matters of the soul.

A. Can all these people be represented practically and conveniently?

B. Yes; with less trouble, confusion and expense than a knight of the shire is chosen in any county of England.

A. But would not an assembly interfere with the present constitutions of Parliament?

B. No. It seems to me to be a bare council of quite another nature, without any legislative power at all, only to quiet the people concerning invisible and purely spiritual matters.

A. Is there no other way to regulate and perpetuate the liberty of conscience which you have described?

B. I cannot think of any at present, but will consider it further.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

A SERENADE.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which than on the lights above
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up! Look out, and be
A sister to the night.

Sleep not! Thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not! From her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady; from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

GEOMETRICAL RATIO OF INCREASE.

A STRUGGLE for existence inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. Every being which during its natural lifetime produces several eggs or seeds must suffer destruction during some period of its life, and during some season or occasional year, otherwise, on the principle of geometrical increase, its numbers would quickly become so inordinately great that no country could support the product. Hence, as more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, there must in every case be a struggle for existence —either one individual with another of the same species, or with the individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life. It is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, for in this case there can be no artificial increase of food and no prudential restraint from marriage. Although some species may be now increasing more or less rapidly in numbers, all cannot do so, for the world would not hold them.

There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that if not destroyed the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate in less than a thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from seven hundred and forty to seven hundred and fifty years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive, descended from the first pair.

But we have better evidence on this subject than mere theoretical calculations—namely, the numerous recorded cases of the astonishingly rapid increase of various animals in a state of nature, when circumstances have been favorable to them during two or three following seasons. Still more striking is the evidence from our domestic animals of many kinds which have run wild in several parts of the world; if the statements of the rate of increase of slow-breeding cattle and horses in South America, and latterly in Australia, had not been well authenticated, they would have been incredible. So it is with

plants; cases could be given of introduced plants which have become common throughout whole islands in a period of less than ten years. Several of the plants, such as the cardoon and a tall thistle, which are now the commonest over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface almost to the exclusion of every other plant, have been introduced from Europe, and there are plants which now range in India, as I hear from Dr. Falconer, from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, which have been imported from America since its discovery. In such cases—and endless others could be given—no one supposes that the fertility of the animals or plants has been suddenly and temporarily increased in any sensible degree. The obvious explanation is that the conditions of life have been highly favorable, and that there has consequently been less destruction of the old and young, and that nearly all the young have been enabled to breed. Their geometrical ratio of increase, the result of which never fails to be surprising, simply explains their extraordinarily rapid increase and wide diffusion in their new homes.

In a state of nature almost every full-grown plant annually produces seed, and amongst animals there are very few which do not annually pair; hence we may confidently assert that all plants and animals are tending to increase at a geometrical ratio, that all would rapidly stock every station in which they could anyhow exist, and that this geometrical tendency to increase must be checked by destruction at some period of life. Our familiarity with the larger domestic animals tends, I think, to mislead us: we see no great destruction falling on them, but we do not keep in mind that thousands are annually slaughtered for food, and that in a state of nature an equal number would have somehow to be disposed of.

The only difference between organisms which annually produce eggs or seeds by the thousand and those which produce extremely few is that the slow-breeders would require a few more years to people, under favorable conditions, a whole district, let it be ever so large. The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two; the Fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world. One fly deposits hundreds of eggs, and another, like the hippobosca, a single one, but this difference does not determine how many individuals of the two species can be supported in a district. A large number of eggs is of some importance to those species which depend on a fluctuating amount of food, for it allows them rapidly to increase in number. But the real importance of a large number of eggs or seeds is to make up for much destruction at some period of life, and this period in the great majority of cases is an early one. If an animal can in any way protect its own eggs or young, a small number may be produced and yet the average stock be fully kept up; but if many eggs or young are destroyed, many must be produced, or the species will become extinct. It would suffice to keep up the full number of a tree which lived on an average for a thousand years if a single seed were produced once in a thousand years, supposing that this seed were never destroyed and could be ensured to germinate in a fitting place. So that, in all cases, the average number of any animal or plant depends only indirectly on the number of its eggs or seeds.

In looking at Nature it is most necessary to keep the foregoing considerations always in mind—never to forget that every single organic being may be said to be striving to the utmost to increase in numbers, that each lives by a struggle at some period of its life, that heavy destruction inevitably falls either on the young or old during each generation or at recurrent intervals. Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount.

NATURE OF THE CHECKS TO INCREASE.

The causes which check the natural tendency of each species to increase are most obscure. Look at the most vigorous species; by as much as it swarms in numbers, by so much will it tend to increase still further. We know not exactly what the checks are even in a single instance. Nor will this surprise any one who reflects how ignorant we are on this head even in regard to mankind, although so incomparably better known than any other animal. Eggs or very young animals seem generally to suffer most, but this is not invariably the case. With plants there is a vast destruction of seeds, but from some observations which I have made it appears that the seedlings suffer most from germinating in ground already thickly stocked with other plants. Seedlings, also, are destroyed in vast numbers by various enemies. For instance, on a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleared, and where there could be no choking from other plants, I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up, and out of three hundred and fifty-seven no less than two hundred and ninety-five were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown—and the case would be the same with turf closely browsed by quadrupeds—be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous, though fully-grown plants: thus, out of twenty species grown on a little plot of mown turf (three feet by four) nine species perished from the other species being allowed to grow up freely.

The amount of food for each species of course gives the extreme limit to which each can increase, but very frequently it is not the obtaining food, but the serving as prey to other animals, which determines the average numbers of a species; thus there seems to be little doubt that the stock of partridges, grouse and hares on any large estate depends chiefly on the destruction of vermin. If not one head of game were shot during the next twenty years in England, and, at the same time, if no vermin were destroyed, there would, in all probability, be less game than at present, although hundreds of thousands of game-animals are now annually shot. On the other hand, in some cases, as with the elephant, none are destroyed by beasts of prey; for even the tiger in India most rarely dares to attack a young elephant protected by its dam.

Climate plays an important part in determining the average numbers of a species, and periodical seasons of extreme cold or drought seem to be the most effective of all checks. I estimated (chiefly from the greatly-reduced numbers of nests in the spring) that the winter of 1854–5 destroyed four-fifths of the birds in my own grounds; and this is a tremendous destruction, when we remember that ten per cent. is an extraordinarily severe mortality from epidemics with man. The

action of climate seems at first sight to be quite independent of the struggle for existence, but, in so far as climate chiefly acts in reducing food, it brings on the most severe struggle between the individuals, whether of the same or of distinct species, which subsist on the same kind of food. Even when climate—for instance, extreme cold—acts directly, it will be the least vigorous individuals or those which have got least food through the advancing winter which will suffer most. When we travel from south to north or from a damp region to a dry, we invariably see some species gradually getting rarer and rarer, and finally disappearing, and, the change of climate being conspicuous, we are tempted to attribute the whole effect to its direct action. But this is a false view: we forget that each species, even where it most abounds, is constantly suffering enormous destruction at some period of its life from enemies or from competitors for the same place and food; and if these enemies or competitors be in the least degree favored by any slight change of climate, they will increase in numbers, and, as each area is already fully stocked with inhabitants, the other species must decrease. When we travel southward and see a species decreasing in numbers, we may feel sure that the cause lies quite as much in other species being favored as in this one being hurt. So it is when we travel northward, but in a somewhat lesser degree, for the number of species of all kinds, and therefore of competitors, decreases northward; hence, in going northward or in ascending a mountain, we far oftener meet with stunted forms, due to the directly injurious action of climate, than we do in proceeding southward or in descending a mountain. When we reach the Arctic regions or snow-capped summits or absolute deserts, the struggle for life is almost exclusively with the elements.

That climate acts in main part indirectly by favoring other species we clearly see in the prodigious number of plants which in our gardens can perfectly well endure our climate, but which never become naturalized, for they cannot compete with our native plants nor resist destruction by our native animals.

When a species, owing to highly favorable circumstances, increases inordinately in numbers in a small tract, epidemics—at least, this seems generally to occur with our game-animals—often ensue; and here we have a limiting check independent of the struggle for life. But even some of these so-called epidemics appear to be due to parasitic worms which have from some cause—possibly, in part, through facility of diffusion amongst the crowded animals—been disproportionally favored; and here comes in a sort of struggle between the parasite and its prey.

On the other hand, in many cases a large stock of individuals of the same species, relatively to the numbers of its enemies, is absolutely necessary for its preservation. Thus we can easily raise plenty of corn and rape-seed, etc., in our fields, because the seeds are in great excess compared with the number of birds which feed on them; nor can the birds, though having a superabundance of food at this one season, increase in number proportionally to the supply of seed, as their numbers are checked during winter; but any one who has tried knows how troublesome it is to get seed from a few wheat or other such plants in a garden: I have in this case lost every single seed. This view of the necessity of a large stock of the same species for its preser-

vation explains, I believe, some singular facts in nature, such as that of very rare plants being sometimes extremely abundant in the few spots where they do exist, and that of some social plants being social—that is, abounding in individuals—even on the extreme verge of their range. For in such cases we may believe that a plant could exist only where the conditions of its life were so favorable that many could exist together, and thus save the species from utter destruction. I should add that the good effects of intercrossing and the ill effects of close interbreeding no doubt come into play in many of these cases.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE MOST SEVERE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AND VARIETIES OF THE SAME SPECIES.

As the species of the same genus usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other, than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the missel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the imported hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature, but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the foregoing remarks—namely, that the structure of every organic being is related in the most essential yet often hidden manner to that of all the other organic beings with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger, and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully-plumed seed of the dandelion and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants, so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds, as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favor the growth of the seedlings whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range: why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier, districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in numbers we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant, but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigor of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country amongst new competitors the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

It is good thus to try in imagination to give to any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. This ought to convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings—a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire. All that we can do is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply. CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S.

RALPH STACKPOLE AND THE QUAKER.

A SKETCH OF KENTUCKY LIFE IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

"FRIEND," said Nathan, "what does thee seek of me?"

"A fight," replied Captain Stackpole, uttering a war-whoop—"a fight, strannger, for the love of heaven!"

"Thee seeks it of the wrong person," said Nathan, "and I beg thee will get thee away."

"What!" said Stackpole; "aren't thee the Pennsylvania war-horse, the screamer of the meeting-house?"

"I am a man of peace," said the submissive Slaughter.

"Yea verily, verily and yea!" cried Ralph, snuffling through the nostrils, but assuming an air of extreme indignation. "Strannger, I've heerd of you. You're the man that holds it agin duty and conscience to kill Injuns, the redskin screamers! that refuses to defend the women, the splendiferous creaturs! and the

little children, the squal-a-baby d'ars! And wharfo'? Bec'ause as how you're a man of peace and no fight, you superiferous, long-legged, no-souled crittur! But I'm the gentleman to make a man of you, so down with your gun, and, 'tarnal death to me, I'll whip the cowardly devil out of you."

"Friend," said Nathan, his humility yielding to a feeling of contempt, "thee is theeself a cowardly person, or thee wouldn't seek a quarrel with one thee knows can't fight thee. Thee would not be so ready with thee match."

With that he stooped to gather up his skins—a proceeding that Stackpole, against whom the laugh was turned by this sally of Nathan's, resisted by catching him by the nape of the neck, twirling him round and making as if he really would have beaten him.

Even this the peaceful Nathan bore without anger or murmuring, but his patience fled when Stackpole, turning to the little dog, which by bristling its back and growling expressed a half inclination to take up its master's quarrel, applied his foot to its ribs with a violence that sent it rolling some five or six yards down the hill, where it lay for a time yelping and whining with pain.

"Friend," said Nathan, sternly, "thee is but a dog theeself, to harm the creature. What will thee have with me?"

"A fight! A fight, I tell thee," replied Captain Ralph, "till I teach thy leatherified conscience the new doctrines of Kentucky."

"Fight thee I cannot and dare not," said Nathan, and then added, "But if thee must have thee deserts, thee shall have them. Thee prides theeself upon thee courage and strength: will thee adventure with me a friendly fall?"

"Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!" cried the young men, vastly delighted at this unwonted spirit, while Captain Ralph himself expressed his pleasure by leaping into the air, crowing and dashing off his hat, which he kicked down the hill with as much good-will as he had previously bestowed upon the little dog.

"Off with your leather nightcap and down with your rifle," he cried, giving his own weapon into the hands of a looker-on, "and scrape some of the grease off your jacket; for, 'tarnal death to me, I shall give you the Virginny lock, fling you headfo'most, and you'll find yourself in a twinkling sticking fast right in the centre of the 'arth."

"Thee may find theeself mistaken," said Nathan, giving up his gun to one of the young men, but, instead of rejecting his hat, pulling it down tight over his brows. "There is locks taught among the mountains of Bedford that may be as good as them learned on the hills of Virginia. I am ready for thee."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Ralph Stackpole, springing toward his man and clapping his hands, one on Nathan's left shoulder, the other on his right hip. "Are you ready?"

"I am," replied Nathan.

"Down, then, you go, war you a buffalo;" and with that the captain of horse-thieves put forth his strength, which was very great, in an effort that appeared to Roland quite irresistible, though, as it happened, it scarce moved Nathan from his position.

"Thee is mistaken, friend," he cried, exerting his strength in return, and with an effect that no one had anticipated. By magic, as it seemed, the heels of the captain of horse-thieves were suddenly seen flying in the air, his head aiming at the earth, upon which it as suddenly descended with the vio-

lence of a bombshell, and there it would doubtless have burrowed like the aforesaid implement of destruction had the soil been soft enough for the purpose, or exploded into a thousand fragments had not the shell been double the thickness of an ordinary skull.

"Huzza! Bloody Nathan for ever!" shouted the delighted villagers.

"He has killed the man," said Forrester, "but bear witness, all, the fellow provoked his fate."

"Thanks to you, stranger, but not so dead as you reckon," said Ralph, rising to his feet and scratching his poll with a stare of comical confusion. "I say, strannger, here's my shoulders, but whar's my head? Do you reckon I had the worst of it?"

"Huzza for Bloody Nathan Slaughter! He has whipped the ramping tiger of Salt River," cried the young men of the station.

"Well, I reckon he has," said the magnanimous Captain Ralph, picking up his hat. Then walking up to Nathan, who had taken his dog into his arms to examine into the little animal's hurts, he cried with much good-humored energy, "Thar's my fo'-paw in token I've had enough of you and want no mo'. But I say, Nathan Slaughter," he added as he grasped the victor's hand, "it's nothing you can boast of to be the strongest man in Kentucky and the most sevagarous at a tussel, h'yar among murdering Injuns and scalping runnegades, and keep your fists off their top-nots. Thar's my idea; for I go for the doctrine that every able-bodied man should sarve his country and his neighbors and fight their foes, and them that does is men and gentlemen, and them that don't is cowards and rascals: that's my idea. And so fawwell."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE BLACK HILLS IN 1846.

FROM "THE OREGON TRAIL."*

GOVERNMENT OF THE SIOUX.—POWER OF A CHIEF.

THE Dahcotah or Sioux range over a vast territory, from the river St. Peter to the Rocky Mountains. They are divided into several independent bands, united under no central government and acknowledging no common head. The same language, usages and superstitions form the sole bond between them. They do not unite even in their wars. The bands of the east fight the Objibwas on the Upper Lakes; those of the west make incessant war upon the Snake Indians in the Rocky Mountains. As the whole people is divided into bands, so each band is divided into villages. Each village has a chief, who is honored and obeyed only so far as his personal qualities may command respect and fear. Sometimes he is a mere nominal chief; sometimes his authority is little short of absolute and his fame and influence reach beyond his own village, so that the whole band to which he belongs is ready to acknowledge him as their head. This was a few years since the case with the Ogillallah. Courage, address and enterprise may raise any warrior to the highest honor, especially if he be the son of a former chief or a member of a numerous family, to support him and avenge his quarrels; but when he has reached the dignity of chief and the old men and warriors by a peculiar ceremony have formally installed him, let it not be imagined that he assumes any of the outward signs of rank and honor. He knows too well on how frail a tenure he holds his station. He must conciliate his

* Published by Little, Brown & Co.

uncertain subjects. Many a man in the village lives better, owns more squaws and more horses and goes better clad than he. Like the Teutonic chiefs of old, he ingratiates himself with his young men by making them presents, thereby often impoverishing himself. If he fails to gain their favor, they will set his authority at naught and may desert him at any moment; for the usages of his people have provided no means of enforcing his authority. Very seldom does it happen—at least, among these Western bands—that a chief attains to much power unless he is the head of a numerous family. Frequently the village is principally made up of his relatives and descendants, and the wandering community assumes much of the patriarchal character.

The Western Dahcotah have no fixed habitations. Hunting and fighting, they wander incessantly, through summer and winter. Some follow the herds of buffalo over the waste of prairie; others traverse the Black Hills, thronging, on horseback and on foot, through the dark gulfs and sombre gorges, and emerging at last upon the "parks," those beautiful but most perilous hunting-grounds. The buffalo supplies them with the necessaries of life—with habitations, food, clothing, beds and fuel, strings for their bows, glue, thread, cordage, trail-ropes for their horses, coverings for their saddles, vessels to hold water, boats to cross streams and the means of purchasing all that they want from the traders. When the buffalo are extinct, they too must dwindle away.

LOVE OF WAR.

War is the breath of their nostils. Against most of the neighboring tribes they cherish a rancorous hatred, transmitted from father to son and inflamed by constant aggression and retaliation. Many times a year in every village the Great Spirit is called upon, fasts are made, the war-parade is celebrated and the warriors go out by handfuls at a time against the enemy. This fierce spirit awakens their most eager aspirations and calls forth their greatest energies. It is chiefly this that saves them from lethargy and utter abasement. Without its powerful stimulus they would be like the unwarlike tribes beyond the mountains, scattered among the caves and rocks like beasts and living on roots and reptiles. These latter have little of humanity except the form, but the proud and ambitious Dahcotah warrior can sometimes boast heroic virtues. It is seldom that distinction and influence are attained among them by any other course than that of arms. Their superstition, however, sometimes gives great power to those among them who pretend to the character of magicians, and their orators—such as they are—have their share of honor.

A PATRIARCH.

One morning we were summoned to the lodge of an old man, the Nestor of his tribe. We found him half sitting, half reclining, on a pile of buffalo-robes; his long hair—jet-black, though he had seen some eighty winters—hung on either side of his thin features. His gaunt but symmetrical frame did not more clearly exhibit the wreck of bygone strength than did his dark, wasted features, still prominent and commanding, bear the stamp of mental energies. Opposite the patriarch was his nephew, the young aspirant Mahto-Tatonka, and besides these there were one or two women in the lodge.

The old man's story is peculiar and illustrative of a superstition that prevails in full force among many of the Indian tribes. He was one of a powerful family renowned for warlike exploits. When a very young man, he submitted to the singular rite to which most of the tribe subject themselves before entering upon life. He painted his face black; then, seeking out a cavern in a sequestered part of the Black Hills, he lay for several days fasting and praying to the spirits. In the dreams and visions produced by his weakened and excited state he fancied, like all Indians, that he saw supernatural revelations. Again and again the form of an antelope appeared before him. The antelope is the graceful peace-spirit of the Ogillallah, but seldom is it that such a gentle visitor presents itself during the initiatory fasts of their young men: the terrible grizzly bear, the divinity of war, usually appears to fire them with martial ardor and thirst for renown. At length the antelope spoke. It told the young dreamer that he was not to follow the path of war, that a life of peace and tranquillity was marked out for him, that thenceforward he was to guide the people by his counsels and protect them from the evils of their own feuds and dissensions. Others were to gain renown by fighting the enemy, but greatness of a different kind was in store for him.

The visions beheld during the period of this fast usually determine the whole course of the dreamer's life. From that time Le Borgne—which was the only name by which we knew him—abandoned all thoughts of war and devoted himself to the labors of peace. He told his vision to the people. They honored his commission, and respected him in his novel capacity.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THOUGHT.

GIFT, like of gold, ne'er waxing old,
In silver chase arrayed;
Thought's gorg'ous band can ne'er be spanned,
Though time itself's delayed.

Jewel less price, augmented thrice,
With wealth sublime untold,
Whose wavelets slight beam out in light,
And beauteous truths unfold.

Thought softly steals, yet quick reveals,
And in might improves,
Till by its weight, stupendous, great,
Creation bows and moves.

W. A. GLOVER, M. D.

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

LET men lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies and detect new planets in their hiding-places; let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits and to give bonds for their punctual return; let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealment;" let them resolve the unresolvable nebulæ of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear: the sky will not fall nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvellous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence; let them foretell the path of the whirlwind and calculate the orbit of the storm; let them hang out their gigantic pendulums and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions; let them annihilate human pain and literally "charm ache with air and agony with ether." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth; let them rive asunder the massive rocks and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled-up strata; let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till leviathan and behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again; let them put Nature to the rack and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear; the foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God; let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection; let them not dare apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom; let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the divine nature.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE TARPEIAN ROCK AND THE CAPITOLINE TEMPLE OF ROME.

FROM THE GERMAN LECTURES OF BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.

THE Tarpeian rock was cut quite precipitous—a circumstance which at present is not visible everywhere, because houses of six and seven stories in height were built there, which, when demolished in the time of destruction, formed heaps of rubbish as high as two-thirds of the rock, and upon this rubbish houses were afterward erected. In one part of the rock there was a flight of one hundred steps, which was visible as late as the twelfth century.

The exact site of the Capitoline temple is a much-disputed question among antiquarians; it is strange that no ruins of it are remaining. The old opinion which was generally adopted until the time of Nardini is the true one: Fulvius, Marliani and Donati all agreed in stating that the temple was situated on the southern part of the hill; but Nardini perverts the whole matter by placing it on the north side, on the site now occupied by the church and convent of Araceli. The northern part formed the *arx*, as is clear from the history of the Gallic war; it was a very steep height—not a fortress, but only a strong point—and was occupied by houses of private citizens.

The Capitoline temple was built by the kings and completed by the first consuls; it was then consumed by fire in the time of

Sulla, but was restored and consecrated by Catulus. It was burnt down a second time under Vitellius, after which Vespasian rebuilt it with great splendor. Twelve years later fire again broke out, in an unaccountable manner, and Domitian restored it a third time. The immense splendor lavished upon it was probably the principal cause of its subsequent total destruction. It is scarcely possible to form any idea of its costly ornaments; the gates were of bronze covered with thick and solid plates of wrought gold. This gilding alone is said to have cost more than two millions sterling. Even the tiles which Genseric carried away were gilt.*

All ancient temples consist of two main parts, the cella and the space in front of the cella. The latter might be constructed in different ways; it might be sheltered by a roof or exposed to the open air, in which case it was enclosed by four walls or a portico all around. We generally imagine the altar to have been in the temple itself; in the ancient Christian churches (*basilicæ*) it always stood in the *apsis*, but in the temples it did not belong to the cella of the gods, but to the space in front of it. The cella was generally open, but could be closed; it was usually very small. The Roman temples often were of extremely small dimensions, and at present I scarcely know a chapel of an equally small size, not even in Italy, where there are some incredibly little chapels; for there were temples of which the cella was only seven or eight feet in diameter. The cella contained the statue of the god, and for this reason it was necessary to have the altar outside in the centre of the space in front of the cella, which was either exposed to the open air or could easily be aired, because the statue, in consequence of the burnt sacrifices, might have become disfigured by smoke or otherwise, and because the bones and the like might easily have created foul air in the cella, and thus produced injurious effects. In the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter the cella was divided into three sacella, separated by walls, for Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. But this cella was only the smallest part of the building; the larger was the space before it, where the ordinary donaria were hung up, except the more precious gifts, which were kept in the favissæ, or large catacombs under the temple in the lautumiæ. It is possible that they might still be discovered; a few traces of them are visible in the garden of Duke Caffarelli. In the twelfth century, under Pope Anacletus II., large ruins still existed, but a church was erected upon them which bore the name *S. Salvatoris in maximis* (supply *ruinis*), but has been destroyed long ago. Such names must always be attended to, for they often lead to important discoveries. The heaps of rubbish lying below by the side of the river belong, no doubt, to the temple; and if excavations were made, many valuable treasures might be discovered.

Translation of Dr. Leonhard Schmitz.

* "I will mention only one example to show how rich the Roman gildings were. In the Forum of Trajan the letters of an inscription were cut into the rock, and the letters themselves, consisting of gilt metal, were sunk into the openings. This is the method according to which the letters of inscriptions were generally put. In others the bronze letters were nailed to the wall, traces of which are still visible on the triumphal arch at Nismes; and French scholars have very ingeniously attempted from these holes of the nails to make out the whole inscription. In the Forum of Trajan a bronze letter has been found the gilding of which was valued at a ducat; all the rest had, of course, been carried off as plunder."

THE DEATH OF ROLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM "LA CHANSON DE ROLAND."

ACCORDING to the historian Eginhard (author of the "Life of Charlemagne" and the "Annals of the Franks"), Roland (the Orlando of the Italian Epics) was the nephew of Charlemagne, and held one of the chief commands in his army. On the return of that great emperor with his army from Spain, in the eighth century, Roland commanded the rear-guard. In the little pass of Roncesvalles the Gascons, aided by some vagabond Moors, after allowing the main body to enter France unmolested, set upon this rear-guard while it was in the narrow pass of the mountain, hurling rocks and logs upon them, and when they were entirely overcome setting upon them and destroying them to a man. This was on the 15th of August, 778.

"THE SONG OF ROLAND,"

from which the following extract is taken, had its origin in a poem by an unknown author composed toward the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century. In its present developed form it was presented to the world about the year 1070. It abounds in the marvellous, and while as to historic facts it may not be depended on, it gives internal historical evidence of great value concerning the men and the traditions of the time in which it was written. It is in the oldest French, and is of importance in the study of French philology. The extract here given begins with stanza 201, and presents Roland dying after prodigies of valor.

CCI.

"Roland feels that death has overtaken him and is stealing from his head to his heart. He totters to throw himself under a pine tree, couching upon the green herb with his face against the earth. Placing beneath him his olifant and his sword (that matchless Durendal which has accomplished such wonders in war), he turns his face toward the infidel host. And why? Because he wishes to have that told to Charlemagne and all the Frankish army. The noble count thus dies as a conqueror. He beats his breast. He repeats his *mea culpa* in penitence for his sins, and waves toward heaven his gauntleted hand.

CCII.

"Roland feels that his end has come. He lies there on the summit of a peak, looking toward Spain. With one hand he strikes his breast, exclaiming *mea culpa*: 'O my God, extend pardon with thy almighty power for my sins, for the little and for the great, for all that I have committed since the hour of my birth up to this present moment.' He extends his gauntlet upward with his right hand, while angels beat the air with their wings around him.

CCIII.

"There he lies under the pine tree—the Count Roland—desiring to turn himself toward Spain. Many memories pass rapidly through his mind—of all the countries he has conquered, of lovely France and of the people his kinsfolk, of Charlemagne his sovereign, who brought him up; and as he ponders he cannot restrain his tears and his sighs, nor does he wish at the last to forget himself. Anew he beseeches the pardon of God in these terms: 'O our true Father,' said he, 'who never liest, who brought from the dead holy Lazarus, and defended Daniel against

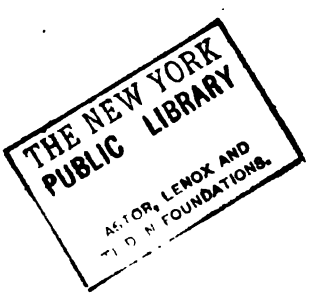
the lions, save, O save my soul, and defend it against all death-dangers by reason of the sins which I have committed in my life.' Once more he raises his glove to God with his right hand; the holy Gabriel receives it; then his head falls upon his arm, and he is gone, with hands clasped, to his end! God sends one of his cherubim and St. Michael to him, St. Gabriel accompanies them, and together they carry the soul of the count to Paradise." TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR.

CASTE IN INDIA.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED BY B. B. NAGARKAR OF BOMBAY, INDIA, ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1893.

WHAT is this Hindu institution of caste? In the social dictionary of India, "caste" is a most difficult word for you to understand. Caste may be defined as the classification of a society on the basis of birth and parentage. For example, the son or daughter of a priest must always belong to the caste of priests or Brahmans, even though he or she may never choose to follow their ancestral occupation. Those who are born in the family of soldiers belong to the soldier caste, though they may never prefer to go on butchering men. Thus the son of a grocer is born to be called a grocer, and the son of a shoemaker is fated to be called a shoemaker. Originally there were only four castes—the Brahman, or the priest; Kihateiya, or the soldier; Vaishya, or the merchant; and Shudra, or the serf. And these four ancient castes were not based on birth, but on occupation or profession. In ancient India the children of Brahman parents often took to a martial occupation, while the sons of a soldier were quite free to choose a peaceful occupation if they liked. But in modern India, by a strange process, the original four castes have been multiplied to no end and have been fixed most hard and fast. Now you find perhaps as many castes as there are occupations. There is a regular scale and a grade. You have the tailor caste and the tinker cast, the blacksmith caste and the goldsmith caste, the milkman caste and the carpenter caste, the groom caste and the sweeper caste. The operation of caste may be said to be confined principally to matters first of food and drink, second of matrimony and adoption, and third of the performance of certain religious rites and ceremonies.

Each caste has its own code of laws and its own system of observances. They will eat with some, but not with others. The higher ones will not so much as touch the lower ones. Intermarriages are strictly prohibited. Why, the proud and haughty Brahman will not deign to bear the shadow of a Shudra or low caste. In the West you have social classes; we in India have "castes." But remember that "classes" with you are a purely social institution, having no religious sanction. "Castes" with us are essentially a religious institution, based on the accident of birth and parentage. With a view to illustrate the difference between "classes" and "castes," I may say that in Western countries the lines of social division are parallel but horizontal, and, therefore, ranging in the social strata one above another. In India these lines are perpendicular, and, therefore, running from the top to the bottom of the body social, dividing and separating one social strata from another. The former arrangement is a source of strength and support, and the latter a source of alienation and weakness. Perhaps at one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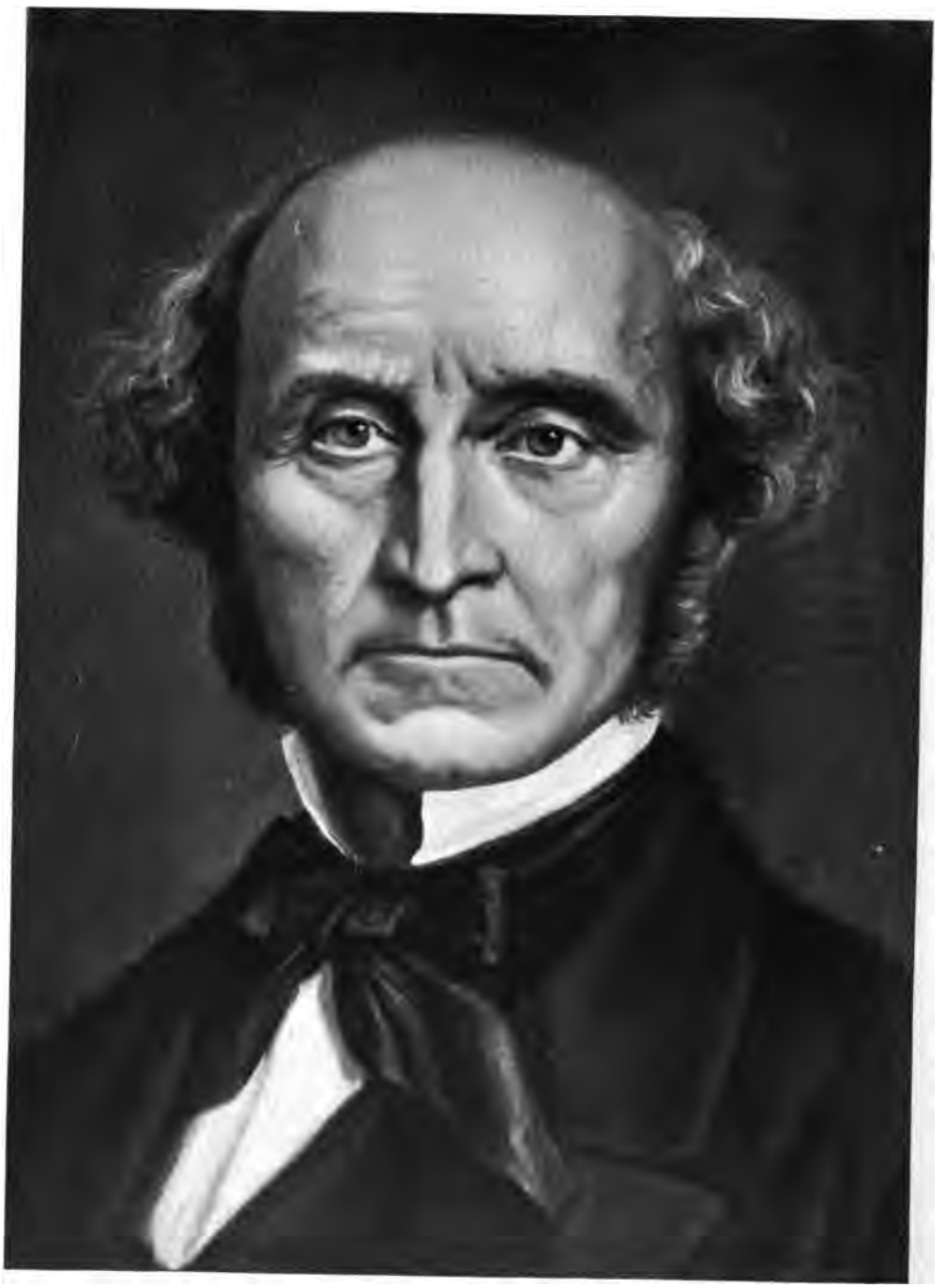

JOHN STUART MILL.

time in the history of India, when the condition of things was entirely different, and when the number of these castes was not so large nor their nature so rigid as now, the institution of caste did serve a high purpose; but now it is long, too long, since that social condition underwent a change. Under those ancient social and political environments of India the institution of caste was greatly helpful in centralizing and transmitting professional knowledge of arts and occupations, as also in grouping, binding together, and preserving intact the various guilds and artisan communities. But centuries ago that social and political environment ceased to exist, while the mischievous machinery of caste continues in full swing up to this day. Caste in India has divided the mass of Hindu society into innumerable classes and cliques. It has created a spirit of extreme exclusiveness. It has crowded and killed legitimate ambition, healthy enterprise, and combined adventure. It has fostered envy and jealousy between class and class, and set one community against another.

It is an unmitigated evil and the veriest social and national curse. Young India has been fully convinced that if the Hindu nation is once more to rise to its former glory and greatness this dogma of caste must be put down. The artificial restrictions and the unjust—nay, in many cases inhuman and unhuman—distinctions of caste must be abolished. Therefore the first item on the programme of social reform in India is the abolition of caste and the furtherance of free and brotherly intercourse between class and class, as also between individual and individual, irrespective of the accident of his birth and parentage, but mainly on the recognition of his moral worth and goodness of heart. Marriage between the members of two different castes is not allowed in India. The code of caste rules does not sanction any such unions under any circumstances. Necessarily, therefore, each class have been marrying for hundreds of years within the pale of their own caste. Now many castes and their sub-sections are so small that they are no larger than mere handfuls of families. These marriages within such narrow circles not only prevent the natural and healthy flow of fellow-feeling between the members of different classes, but, according to the law of evolution as now fully demonstrated, bring on the degeneration of the race.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

BESIDE the ocean, wandering on the shore,
I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me,
I may not care to reason out their lore;
Among the mountains, whose bright summits o'er
The flush of morning brightens, there may be
Only a sense of might and majesty;
And yet a thrill of infinite life they pour

Through all my being, and uplift me high
Above my little self and weary days.
So, in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky,
While mountainous thoughts tower o'er life's common ways,
And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

* We acknowledge the kind permission of Mr. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston, Mass., to use this selection.

MONEY.

[From *Principles of Political Economy.*]

IN order to understand the manifold functions of a circulating medium, there is no better way than to consider what are the principal inconveniences which we should experience if we had not such a medium. The first and most obvious would be the want of a common measure for values of different sorts. If a tailor had only coats and wanted to buy bread, or a horse, it would be very troublesome to ascertain how much bread he ought to obtain for a coat, or how many coats he should give for a horse. The calculations must be recommenced on different data every time he bartered his coats for a different kind of article; and there could be no current price or regular quotations of value. Whereas, now, each thing has a current price in money. As it is much easier to compare different lengths by expressing them in a common language called feet and inches, so it is much easier to compare values by means of a common language called pounds, shillings, and pence. In no other way can values be arranged one above another in a scale; in no other can a person conveniently calculate the sum of his possessions; and it is easier to ascertain and remember the relations of many things to one thing, than their innumerable cross relations with one another. This advantage of having a common language in which values may be expressed is, even by itself, so important that some such mode of expressing and computing them would probably be used even if a pound or a shilling did not express any real thing but a mere unit of calculation. It is said that there are African tribes in which this somewhat artificial contrivance actually prevails. They calculate the value of things in a sort of money account, called "macute." They say, one thing is worth ten macutes, another fifteen, another twenty. There is no real thing called a macute; it is a conventional unit for the more convenient comparison of things with one another.

This advantage, however, forms but an inconsiderable part of the economical benefits derived from the use of money. The inconveniences of barter are so great that without some more commodious means of effecting exchanges the division of employments could hardly have been carried to any considerable extent. A tailor who had nothing but coats might starve before he could find any person having bread to sell who wanted a coat; beside, he would not want as much bread at a time as would be worth a coat, and the coat could not be divided. Every person, therefore, would at all times hasten to dispose of his commodity in exchange for anything which, though it might not be fitted to his own immediate wants, was in great and general demand, and easily divisible, so that he might be sure of being able to purchase with it whatever was offered for sale. The primary necessaries of life possess these properties in a high degree. Bread is extremely divisible, and an object of universal desire. Still, this is not the sort of thing required; for of food, unless in expectation of a scarcity, no one wishes to possess more at once than is wanted for immediate consumption, so that a person is never sure of finding an immediate purchaser for articles of food, and unless soon disposed of, most of them perish. The thing which people would select to keep by them for making purchases must be one which, besides being divisible, and generally

desired, does not deteriorate by keeping. This reduces the choice to a small number of articles.

By a tacit concurrence, almost all nations, at a very early period, fixed upon certain metals, and especially gold and silver, to serve this purpose. No other substances unite the necessary qualities in so great a degree, with so many subordinate advantages. Next to food and clothing, and in some climates even before clothing, the strongest inclination in a rude state of society is for personal ornament, and for the kind of distinction which is obtained by rarity or costliness in such ornaments. After the immediate necessities of life were satisfied, every one was eager to accumulate as great a store as possible of things at once costly and ornamental—which were chiefly gold, silver, and jewels. These were the things which it most pleased every one to possess, and which there was most certainty of finding others willing to receive in exchange for any kind of produce. They were among the most imperishable of all substances. They were also portable, and, containing great value in small bulk, were easily hid—a consideration of much importance in an age of insecurity. Jewels are inferior to gold and silver in the quality of divisibility; and are of very various qualities, not to be accurately discriminated without great trouble. Gold and silver are eminently divisible, and when pure are always of the same quality; and their purity may be ascertained and certified by a public authority.

Accordingly, though furs have been employed as money in some countries, cattle in others, in Chinese Tartary cubes of tea closely pressed together, the shells called cowries on the coast of Western Africa, and in Abyssinia at this day blocks of rock-salt —though even of metals, the less costly have sometimes been chosen, as iron in Lacedæmon from an ascetic policy, copper in the early Roman republic from the poverty of the people—gold and silver have been everywhere preferred by nations which were able to obtain them, either by industry, commerce, or conquest. To the qualities which originally recommended them, another came to be added, the importance of which only unfolded itself by degrees. Of all commodities they are among the least influenced by any of the causes which produce fluctuations of value. No commodity is quite free from such fluctuations. Gold and silver have sustained, since the beginning of history, one great permanent alteration of value, from the discovery of the American mines; and some temporary variations,* . . . . but, on the whole, no commodities are so little exposed to causes of variation. They are more constant than almost any other things in their cost of production. And, from their durability, the total quantity in existence is at all times so great in proportion to the annual supply that the effect on value even of a change in the cost of production is not sudden, a very long time being required to diminish materially the quantity in existence, and even to increase it very greatly being no rapid process. Gold and silver, therefore, are more fit than any other commodity to be the subject of engagements for receiving or paying a given quantity at some distant period. If the engagement were made in

* Since Mr. Mill wrote this article new discoveries of gold and silver have been made in Australia and in the United States, which have led to such an increased production that their purchasing qualities have largely decreased.

corn, a failure of crops might increase the burden of the payment in one year to four-fold what was intended, or an exuberant harvest sink it in another to one-fourth. If stipulated in cloth, some manufacturing invention might permanently reduce the payment to a tenth of its original value.

When gold and silver had become virtually a medium of exchange, by becoming the things for which people generally sold and with which they generally bought whatever they had to sell or to buy, the contrivance of coining obviously suggested itself. By this process the metal was divided into convenient portions, of any degree of smallness, and bearing a recognized proportion to one another; and the trouble was saved of weighing and assaying it at every change of possessors, an inconvenience which on the occasion of small purchases would soon have become insupportable.

JOHN STUART MILL.

JAPANESE LYRICAL ODES.

THESE odes are from the old Yamato language, which the translator informs us "is a very noble and harmonious tongue." He also says that "they are familiar in every Japanese household, high and low, and every Japanese child has his memory stored with at least some of them, but few even among tolerably well-educated persons can understand perfectly the ancient dialect in which these odes are written or explain the allusions contained in them, and hence has arisen a crowd of commentaries, among which much notable difference of opinion is to be met with." There are one hundred of these poems, containing from four to eight lines each. They are called *Steps to the Summit of the Hundred Odes of a Hundred Poets.* They were all written between the seventh and thirteenth centuries, and were first compiled by Sadaihe, sometimes called Teika, who was a poet-priest and lived near Mount Ogura in Yamashire. He died A. D. 1241. While these odes are very crude they will compare favorably with the literature of Europe during the same period of time.

(From the revised edition by Koromo-gawa-daijin, published A. D. 1805 at Lioto and Ohosaka, Japan.)

TAGO'S SHORE.

By YAMBE NO AKAH'TO, who flourished about A. D. 715.

From where my home,—
  My lonely home,—on Tago's shore
Doth stand, the wandering eye may roam
  O'er Fusiyama's summit hoar,
    Whose lofty brow
  Is whitened by th' new-fallen snow.

MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

By SANGI TAKAMURA, who died A. D. 852. He was originally very poor, but became rich as a supervisor of ships coming from China. He was reported by envious people to the Tenshi as a robber and embezzler, and was banished to the Yasoshima, "Eighty Isles," on which occasion he indited his song to a friend. The Tenshi afterwards learned the innocence of the slandered Takamura, and restored him to his former rank.

Ye fishermen, who range the sea
  In many a barque, I pray ye tell
My fellow-villagers of me—
  How that, far o'er vast ocean's swell,
    In vessel frail
  Toward Yasoshima I sail.

To His Love.

By Kawara no Sadai-jin, who died A.D. 895. *Mojidsuri* is a silk fabric embroidered with intricate designs of flowers, etc.

Ah me! my soul with cares is vext,
Unnumbered, crowded, and perplext:
Than varied pattern more confus'd
On Mojidsuri fabric used,
The produce of Shinobu's loom,—
Shinobu in Michinokuland:
For whose sake—whose but thine—doth gloom
Hold o'er my failing heart command?

The Hamlet.

By Minamoto Mineyuki-ason, who was the grandson of the Emperor Ko-kwo. He died in the third year of Ten-kei (18), A. D. 940.

The hamlet bosom'd 'mid the hills
Aye lonely is; in winter-time
Its solitude with mis'ry fills
My mind,—for now the rig'rous clime
Hath banished every herb and tree
And every human face from me.

Autumn.

By Haru-michi no Tsurki, who died A.D. 864. The poet visits the wilds of Shiga-yama, and, on seeing the masses of dried and autumn-reddened maple-leaves entangled among the rocks of the mountain streams, composes the following stanza:

The winds of autumn have amassed
Dried withered leaves in ruddy heaps,
Have them in th' mountain-torrent cast,
Whose stream in stony channel sweeps;
Amid the rocks that bar the way
The Mom-ji's reddened leaves delay.

Forgotten.

By Ki no Tsurayuki, who flourished about the middle of the tenth century. Returning, after a long absence, to his native village, he finds that no one recognizes him, and everything appears strange. But the fragrancy of the wild cherry (sakura) has not altered, and is still familiar to him.

The comrades of my early days
Their former friend indifferent view
Who with a wondering eye doth gaze
On th' village that of old he knew
So well. O flower! thy fragrancy
Alone familiar seems to me!

A Vow.

By Kyowara no Motosuke, who died in the first year of Yei-so (25), about the middle of the tenth century. It is a proverb common in Michinoku "To keep a vow while the waves do not overleap Suyemats-yama" —*i. e.* to keep a vow for ever. The negative form used here is that of the original.

When last each other we embraced,
A solemn vow of faith we swore,—
And sealed it with the tears that chased
Adown our cheek our drench'd sleeves o'er—
That we our oath would fail to keep
When th' waves o'erleapt S'ye's pine-crown'd steep.

The Course of Love.

By Sone no Yoshitada. Nothing is known of this poet.

The fishers' barques in safety glide
O'er th' broad expanse of Yura's bay;
Their rudder lost o'er Yura's tide,
In vain uncertain path they stray:
The course of love doth, too,
A like uncertain path pursue.

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DYING.

By IDS'MI SH'KIBU, who was the daughter of Ohoye no Masatoki, wife of Yas'masa, Lord of Tamba. She lived about A. D. 1040.

Ere long for me this world shall end,
Thus doth my mind to me foretell;
Ere long to other world shall wend
My soul that thee hath lov'd so well.
Ah! would that thou
But once more wert beside me now!

AUTUMN'S CHILLY BLAST.

By SAKYO NO TAIU AKISUKE, who flourished about A. D. 1155.

When bloweth autumn's chilly blast,
Through rifts at times the moonbeams peep
From 'mid the dark clouds drifting past,
And earth in pallid radiance steep,
I love to see
The bright-edged shadows o'er the lea.

PLEASURE OF EARTHLY LIFE.

By KAMAKURA NO UDAIJIN. He became an Imperial personage A. D. 1303. The literal translation is: "How desirable is the life here on earth! How pleasant to watch the net-haul of the small boats of the fishermen plying near the shore."

O that throughout an endless life
I might in peace dwell, far from strife!
For ever watch the fishing yawl,
And view the nets' abundant haul:
How fair to me—
How pleasant such a lot would be!

AN IMPATIENT LOVER.

By GON-CHIU-NAGON SADAIHE, son of Toshi-nari. He entered the priesthood and died in the second year of Nin-ji (46) A. D. 1241. He is otherwise known as Teika, and was the compiler of the Hundred Odes.

On Mats'ho's shore, our meeting-place,
At dusky hour of night, I wait
My longed-for mistress to embrace;
Ah, why then ling'rest thou so late!
My ardent passion, than the fire
That heats the salt-pans, rages higher.

THE HUNDRED-CHAMBERED PALACE.

By JYUNTOKU IN. This royal poet was a son of Gotoba no In, whom he succeeded as emperor. Afterward he was deposed by Yoshitoki, and eventually was banished to the island of Sado, about A. D. 1209.

On the hundred-chambered palace, lo!
A rent and tattered roof is seen,
Where rank Shinobu weeds do grow:
How long, how hard our pain has been!

Translated into English A. D. 1866,
By H. V. DICKINS, M. B.

MY ARAB STEED.

FROM THE POLISH OF ADAM MICKIEWICZ.

MY Arab steed is black—
Black as the tempest cloud that flies
Across the dark and mutt'ring skies
And leaves a gloomy track.
His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare,
I give the winds his flowing mane,
And spur him smoking o'er the plain,
And none from earth to heaven dare
My path to chase in vain.
And as my barb like lightning flies,
I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
And see the stars with golden eyes,
Look down upon the plain.

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